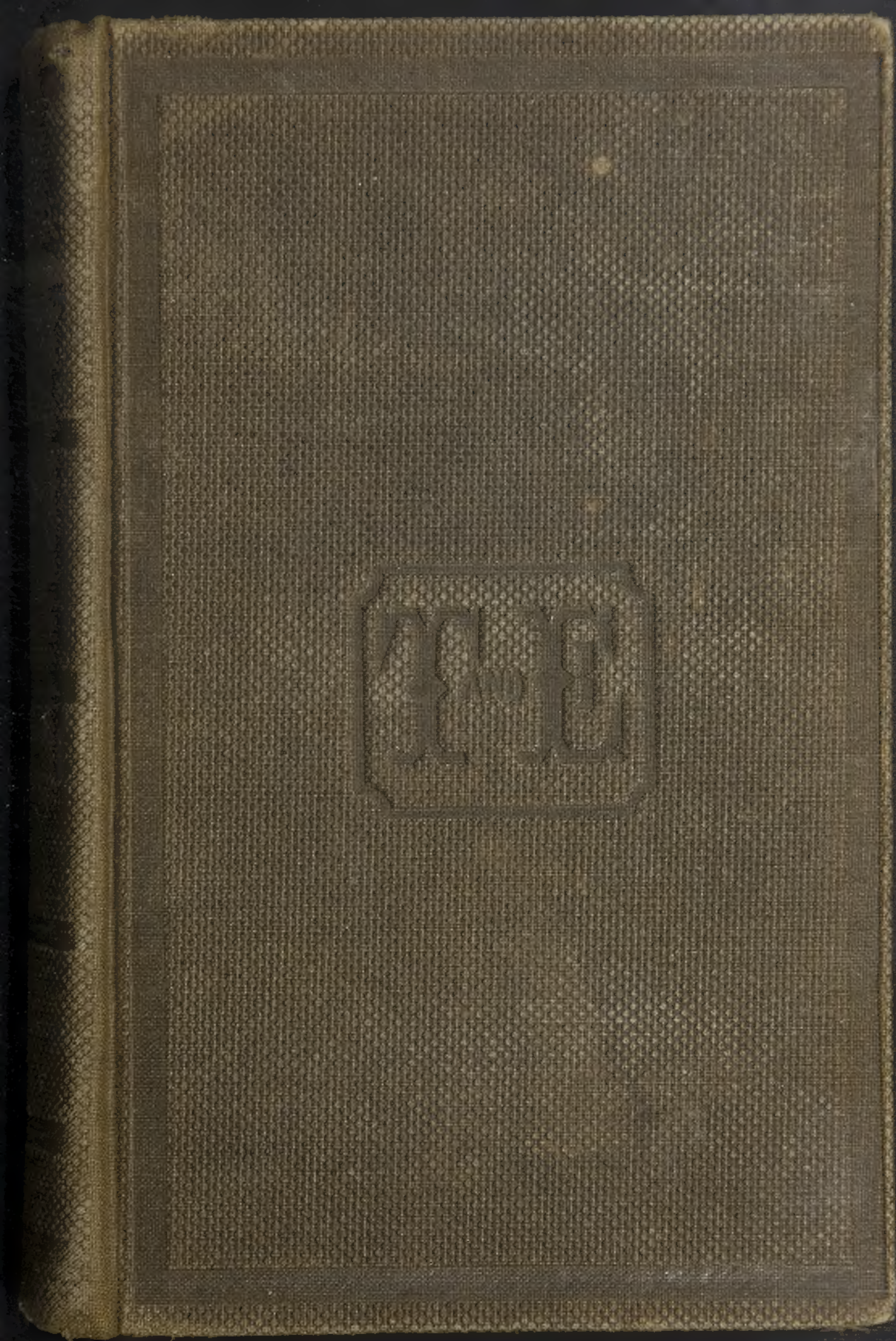




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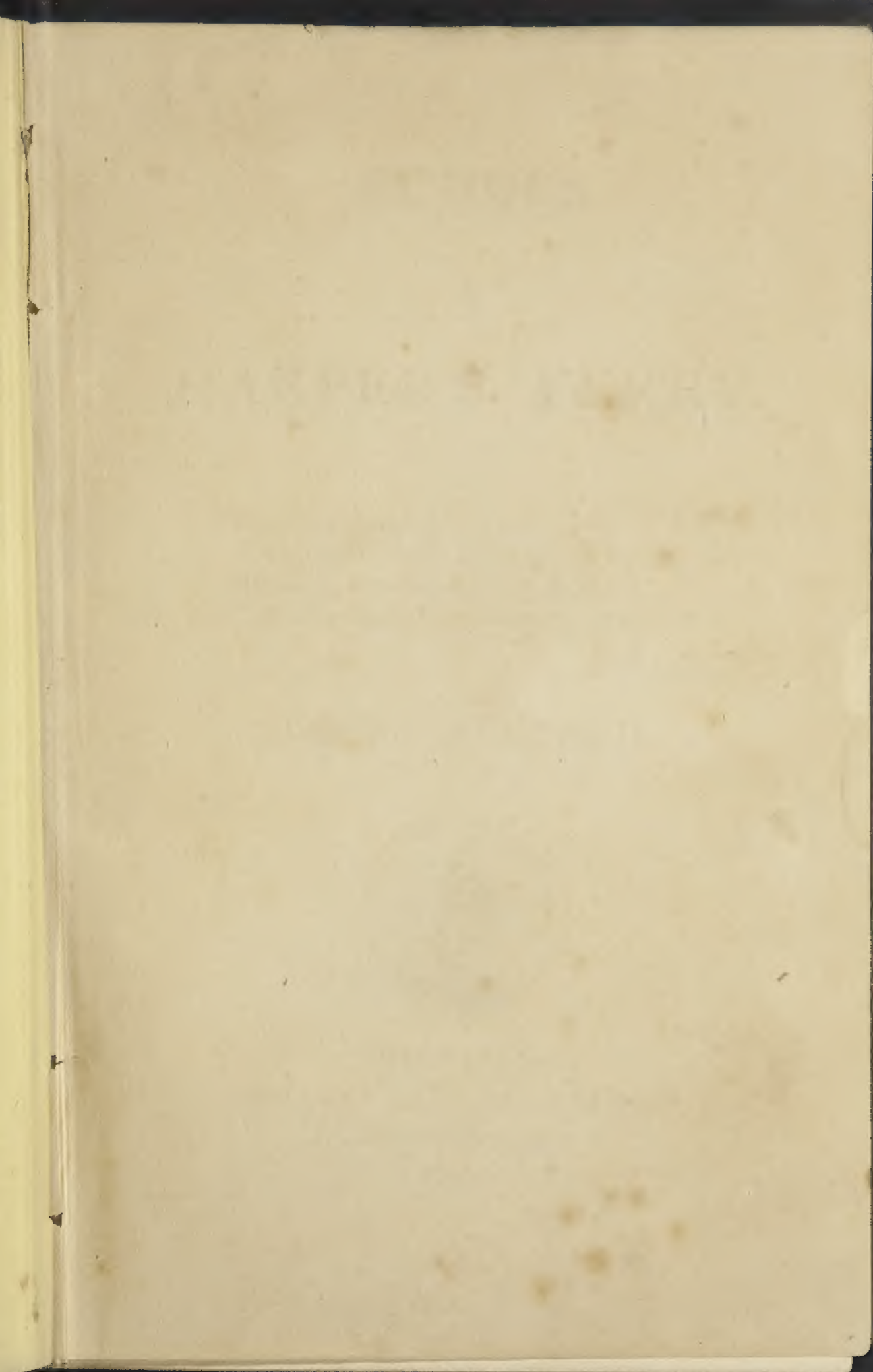
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ECHOES

HARPER'S FERRY

JAMES W. BEECH



BOSTON

THE NEW AND ENLARGED

EDITION OF

1880

ECHOES
OF
HARPER'S FERRY.

"By the rude Bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled;
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the World."

R. W. EMERSON.

JAMES REDPATH.



BOSTON:
THAYER AND ELDRIDGE,
114 AND 116 WASHINGTON ST.
1860.

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By JAMES REDPATH,

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DEDICATION.

TO GENERAL FABRE GEFFRARD,
President of the Republic of Hayti:

May it Please your Excellency: I dedicate this collection of ethical and political papers to you, as my first demurrer to the Haytien indictment against American character. You have done justly, I think, in refusing, in your speeches, to recognize our Union as a free Republic. For, in fifteen of our Southern States, men and women of your race, many of them with the blood of their tyrants in their veins, are held and reputed, by law and custom, and universal practice, as chattels personal or real estate; and, as such, are sold and exchanged, mortgaged and bequeathed! Professing to be Christian Commonwealths, these States unblushingly traffic in humanity! Professing to be Republican Communities, they deprive an entire race of every social, personal, and political right! Professing to be civilized Societies, they have inhumanly forced free citizens of color to leave their States, or be sold into eternal and irremediable Slavery!

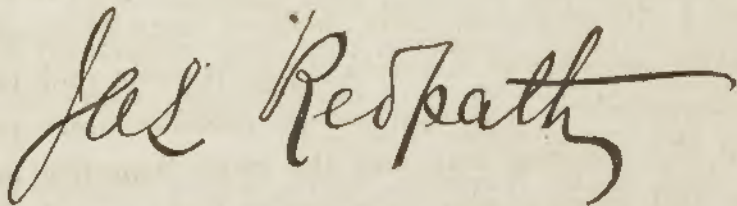
And, in the Northern States, where Slavery has ceased to exist, a spirit of intolerance, alike unchristian and un-republican, politically disfranchises and socially excommunicates your race.

I admit these facts. But there are thousands in my country who have not yet bowed the knee to the Southern Baal. Preëminent among them was an heroic old man, who dared to defy the Slave Power in its oldest stronghold. He died for your race; he died for his country. He laid down his life to cover the foul stain on our national escutcheon, by endeavoring to liberate the bondmen of the Southern States.

This event—the most glorious in the annals of the United States—has elicited from every free man an expression of his opinion on American Slavery.

Here, in this volume, are some of these utterances. Read them, President; they are worthy of your perusal. They mark the commencement of a new and more radically earnest crusade against the crime of the South, and the curse and disgrace of the Union. I think you will say, after reading them, in the words of a worthy Judge of Gonaives, to a native who denounced a foreign resident: “Stop! stop! my friend; although one may be a white, it does not *necessarily* follow that he is a dog.”

With the sincerest wishes for the prosperity of your Government, and the advancement of your nation, materially, morally, and in political power, I have the honor to remain, your friend and fellow-laborer in the cause of Freedom,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "Jas. Respath". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned above the printed name and date.

MALDEN, Massachusetts,
April, 14, 1860.

PREFACE.

I HAD two objects in view in editing this volume — first, to preserve, in a permanent form, the memorable words that have been spoken of Captain John Brown; and, second, to aid the families of the blacks and the men of color, who recently went to Heaven *via* Harper's Ferry, or who were murdered, with legal forms, at Charlestown, Virginia. The papers of which it consists have been revised by their authors, at my request; or they are printed, with their consent, from properly corrected editions.

My desire to preserve these papers, arises not so much from friendship for the memory of the Captain, or a personal sympathy for the surviving relatives of his brave colored followers, as from the hope that I may thereby fan the holy flame that their action kindled, until, becoming a consuming fire, it shall burn up, with thoroughness and speed, every vestige of the crime of American Slavery. For I do most sincerely believe, notwithstanding the craven speeches of timeserving politicians, and the good-God-good-devil exhortations of pusillanimous preachers, that the quickest way, and the most American way, and the only efficient way, in which to hasten on the Impending Crisis, — to bring to a speedy issue the approaching and Irresistible Conflict between Slavery and Freedom, —

is for the North to act on the aggressive, "remembering those in bonds as bound with them," — as Lafayette remembered America in her hour of trial, and America remembered Greece when she struggled for independence; or, to bring the illustration nearer home, and to make it more practical, as Henry Ward Beecher remembered Kansas, when the Southern barbarians were polluting her prairies, and filling her ravines with the corpses of Northern men. Agitation is good when it ultimates in action: but not otherwise. Sarcasm, wit, denunciation, and eloquence, are excellent preparatives for pikes, swords, rifles, and revolvers; but, of themselves, they yet never liberated a Slave Nation in this world, and they never will. Pharaoh can afford to be laughed at, and cursed, and denounced, with Israelites selling at two thousand dollars a head. It requires Moses, with the plagues at his command, to let the oppressed go free. The Beechers of our age are only useful in proportion as they prepare the way for the John Browns. When they try to oppose the progress of the actors, the preachers are to be summarily kicked out of the way. That is why I put Mr. Beecher's sermon on John Brown in the same class of productions as the speeches of Edward Everett and Charles O'Connor.

When the Freedom of Kansas was in danger, Mr. Beecher spoke bullets, — sixteen a minute, and half-ounce balls at that; he truly said that rifles were a moral agency, and that one might as well preach to buffaloes as to Border Ruffians; but now, when Slavery is in danger, he deprecates the assault on it, discovers "a right way" and "a wrong way;" and draws distinctions so critical and nice that he who runs may read that this champion of Liberty in Kansas is only a *white* man after all. He has

not yet come out to be a universal man, and to sympathize equally with all men, irrespective of races or conditions of life.

I thus introduce the name of Mr. Beecher, because, more than any other man I know, he embodies the average prejudice of the Northern States; and is the ablest and most eloquent exponent of that hypocritical cant which *talks* of sympathy for the Slave, and, at the same time, extinguishes all effective attempts to help him. He will bless Moses, and Washington, and Lafayette, and Joshua, and then damn John Brown with the faintest praise—if calling a hero a crazy man, and representing him as actuated by the base passion of revenge, can, indeed, under any circumstances, be designated praise. He will crow the loudest on the next “glorious Fourth,”—yet Washington fought with carnal weapons, and killed men by the cart-load, too. And the same argument which talks of John Brown’s inexpedient and bloody attempt applies equally to George Washington’s career. For, had the Revolutionary Fathers waited seventy years, a separation from the Mother Country could have been accomplished without bloodshed. The strength of the colonies would have made a war impossible. Yet they would not wait one year—far less seventy; and Mr. Beecher justly thinks that they acted rightly. But, for the Slaves, how very different a policy he suggests! They must wait—only Heaven knows how long. Until “the influence of National Freedom will *gradually* reach” them! Until they feel the universal summer of civilization! Until the Southern Christians shall feel a new inspiration! Until “the Pentecost comes,” and—“*the Slaves will be stirred up by their own masters!*” No wonder, then, that, such

being his policy,—no wonder, that, avowing himself a Waiter on Providence—he should say that Slavery must last “for ages.” But John Brown was not of such a selfish spirit, as—himself and his family being free—to preach non-intervention for God’s sorely persecuted people. His was that heroic Christianity which believed in helping God to help God’s cause. He would not have been guilty of the inconsistency of teaching equal rights to the negro race, as Mr. Beecher does, and then, in describing an invasion, “snuffing out” of his account the five colored men who heroically shared in it. He would not have mentioned the *white* men only. He would have regarded such an omission as quite equal to our church and our omnibus heathenisms. But I leave Mr. Beecher and Captain Brown to the verdict of impartial history, which will discriminate, justly, the respective merits of compromising words and uncompromising actions.

This volume has cost me no little labor. Apart from the correspondence which it has required, the immense number of journals that I have read in order to compile it, would hardly be credited. To read so much, and to find so little, is rather discouraging. But the signs of a grand progress, that one sees in the American press, amply repay the labor of reviewing it.

I have greatly altered my original plan in preparing this volume. I had intended to write a history of the effect of the Touchstone of Harper’s Ferry, on the men and parties, and Institutions of the Free States; but find, on reviewing my voluminous materials, that the time for it has not yet fully come.

I intended, also, to quote from the Bible those texts and passages in which oppression is denounced, and war

approved; and, in the second chapter, to republish the American Declaration of Independence—and to rest John Brown's defence on them alone. For, John Brown most earnestly believed the Bible to be the Word of Almighty God—as infallible as it is sacred. Now, in no book, not professedly military, are there more clear and unequivocal approvals of war, “as a moral agency,” than in the Sacred Volume of Christendom. Clergymen, who professedly believe the Bible, but take the liberty of seeking out a “better way” of serving God's poor than it recommends, will denounce, as it is natural to expect, John Brown's brave fulfilment of the Scripture; but, as they worship a different God from John Brown, he should not be held responsible to their tribunal, or accountable to their procrastinating Deity. The Bible tells us that “the Lord is a Man of War,” *not* a rose-water God; not a Being less attentive to the poor that cry, than solicitous for the safety of a Union of States or an American Board of Missions!

I do not quote these passages, because they would unduly enlarge my volume; and they can easily be found in every library and every home. For the same reason I refer only to the American Declaration of Independence.

Read them—the Bible and the Declaration—attentively, and earnestly; and then, thus guarded against sophistry, I do not fear that the proslavery papers in this Book will implant a single falsehood in any mind.

And now, sincerely repeating the toast of sturdy Sam. Johnson, “*Success to the next Negro Insurrection!*” I commit my collection to the careful study of the young men with hearts and heads in the Northern United States.

THE TOUCHSTONE.

A MAN there came, whence none could tell,
Bearing a Touchstone in his hand,
And tested all things in the land
By its unerring spell.

A thousand transformations rose,
From fair to foul, from foul to fair;
The golden crown he did not share,
Nor scorn the beggar's clothes.

Of heirloom jewels, prized so much,
Were many changed to chips and clods,
And even statues of the gods
Crumbled beneath its touch.

Then angrily the people cried,
"The loss outweighs the profit far,
Our goods suffice us as they are,
We will not have them tried."

But since they could not so avail
To check his unrelenting quest,
They seized him, saying, "Let him test
How real is our jail."

But though they slew him with their swords, —
And in the fire the Touchstone burned, —
Its doings could not be o'erturned,
Its undoings restored.

And when, to stop all future harm,
They strewed his ashes to the breeze,
They little guessed each grain of these,
Conveyed the perfect charm.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
TITLE, ...	1-2
DEDICATION, ...	3-4
PREFACE, ...	5-9
TABLE OF CONTENTS, ...	11-14
BOOK FIRST — BUNKER HILL, ...	15-122
BOOK SECOND — MOUNT SINAI, ...	123-236
BOOK THIRD — NON-INTERVENTIONISTS, ...	237-300
BOOK FOUR — NON-RESISTANTS, ...	301-357
BOOK FIVE — VOICE OF KANSAS, ...	359-383
BOOK SIX — JOHN BROWN'S PRISON LETTERS, ...	385-433
BOOK SEVEN — DEATH OF SAMSON, ...	435-454
APPENDIX, ...	455-514

Book First — Bunker Hill.

A Plea for Capt. John Brown, by Henry D. Thoreau, ...	17-42
The Lesson of the Hour, by Wendell Phillips, ...	43-66
Speech delivered at Tremont Temple, by R. W. Emerson, ...	67-71
Two Letters by Theodore Parker, ...	73-92
Speech by Theodore Tilton, ...	93-97
Two Letters by Victor Hugo, ...	99-104
The Puritan Principle, by Wendell Phillips, ...	105-118
Speech delivered at Salem, by Ralph Waldo Emerson, ...	119-122

Book Second — Mount Sinai.

The Beginning of the End of American Slavery, by Rev. Gilbert Haven, ...	125-140
---	---------

	PAGE
The Example and the Method of Emancipation by the Constitution of our Country and the Word of God, by Rev. Dr. Cheever, ...	141-175
Sermon by Rev. Edwin M. Wheelock, ...	177-194
The Conflict in America, by Rev. Fales Henry Newhall, ...	195-211
The Martyr's Death and the Martyr's Triumph, by Rev. Dr. Cheever, ...	213-235

Book Third — Non-Interbentionists.

Speech by Hon. Edward Everett, with Notes, ...	239-256
Sermon by Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, ...	257-279
A Daniel come to Judgment, ...	280
Speech by Hon. Charles O'Connor, ...	281-299

Book Four — Non-Resistants.

Poem on John Brown, by John G. Whittier; and his Controversy with William Lloyd Garrison thereon, ...	303-315
Causes and Consequences of the Affair at Harper's Ferry, by Rev. James Freeman Clarke, ...	317-331
Correspondence between Mrs. M. J. C. Mason, of Virginia, and Mrs. L. Maria Child, of Massachusetts, ...	333-347
Sermon by Rev. M. D. Conway, of Cincinnati, ...	349-357
Bunker Hill and Harper's Ferry both Failures, by Rev. Wm. H. Furness, ...	358

Book Five — Voice of Kansas.

Resolutions of the People of Lawrence, ...	360
The Age and the Man, by Col. William A. Phillips, ...	361-383

Book Six — John Brown's Prison Letters.

Letters from Northern Men, ...	387-411
Letters from Northern Women, ...	413-426
Letters from his Family and Relatives, ...	427-433

Book Seven — Death of Samson.

Services at Concord, ...	437-454
--------------------------------	---------

Contents.

13

Brief Testimonies.

	PAGE
Of the Winsted (Conn.) Herald, ...	16
Of Rev. Mr. Belcher, ...	176
Of Elizur Wright, ...	212
Of C. K. Whipple, ...	302
Of Richard Realf, ...	384
Of A. G. Riddle, ...	386
Of Hon. Daniel R. Tilden, Cleveland, Ohio, ...	434
Of the Fall River Monitor, ...	456

Poems.

The Touchstone, by William Allinghame, ...	10
Old John Brown, by Rev. E. H. Sears, ...	72
With a Rose, by L. M. Alcott, ...	98
The Virginia Scaffold, by Edna Dean Proctor, ...	124
John Brown, of Harper's Ferry, by C. P. H., ...	236
The Contrast, ...	238
How to Save the Union, by James Redpath, ...	300
John Brown, by John G. Whittier, ...	303
The True Poem, by John G. Whittier, ...	314
Old Brown, by William D. Howells, ...	316
John Brown's Final Victory, by George W. Light, ...	332
The Hero's Heart, by Mrs. L. Maria Child, ...	348
The Hoary Convict, ...	400
Courage and Hope, ...	410
Nearer, My God, to Thee, ...	411
Miserere Domine, ...	436
Hymn, ...	438
The Soul's Errand, ...	440
The Execution of Montrose, ...	446
Ode to John Brown, ...	449
Dirge, by F. B. Sanborn, ...	454

Autographs.

Of the Editor, ...	4
Of Henry D. Thoreau, ...	42
Of Wendell Phillips, ...	66
Of Ralph Waldo Emerson, ...	71

	PAGE
Of Rev. E. H. Sears, ...	72
Of Theodore Parker, ...	92
Of Theodore Tilton, ...	97
Of Miss L. M. Alcott, ...	98
Of Miss Edna Dean Proctor, ...	124
Of Rev. Gilbert Haven, ...	140
Of Dr. George B. Cheever, ...	175
Of Rev. Edwin M. Wheelock, ...	191
Of Rev. Fales Henry Newhall, ...	211
Of Elizur Wright, ...	212
Of Hon. Edward Everett, ...	252
Of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, ...	279
Of Hon. Charles O'Connor, ...	299
Of Charles K. Whipple, ...	302
Of John G. Whittier, ...	304
Of William Lloyd Garrison, ...	309
Of Rev. James Freeman Clarke, ...	331
Of Mrs. M. J. C. Mason, of Virginia, ...	335
Of Mrs. L. Maria Child, of Massachusetts, ...	347
Of Rev. M. D. Conway, ...	357
Of Col. William A. Phillips, ...	383
Of Richard Realf, ...	384
Of Capt. John Brown, ("John Brown's Prison Letters,")	385
Of Hon. Daniel R. Tilden, ...	386
Coat of Arms for Modern Virginia, ...	514

Appendix.

Editorial Introduction, ...	457-458
Slavery and the Union, ...	459-464
Relative Power of the North and the South, ...	464-469
The Commerce of North and South, ...	469-472
Cost of the Union, ...	472-478
The Great Struggle, ...	478-484
The South and Northern Interests, ...	484-487
Protection and Southern Interests, ...	487-490
North and South, ...	490-494
The Case as it stands, ...	494-496
Virginia, ...	496-501
Real Weakness of the South, ...	502-506
The Northern Slave States, ...	506-509
The Real Disunionists, ...	509-513

Book First.

BUNKER HILL.

"HE dared to undertake what you in the security of your sanctums only are bold to preach. He failed; had he succeeded, fifty coming years would have sanctified his grave with the holiness of a second Mount Vernon; granite and marble columns would rise to his memory; and the nation would add another to her jubilee days whereon her orators would utter their noblest sentences in eulogy of Old John Brown. Alas! it was not so to be — the slave toils on in an unloosened chain; the hero gasps in a dungeon; and, the Republican press cannot find room enough for their renunciations and denunciations of demented old John Brown. For one, we confess we love him — we honor him, we applaud him. He is honest in his principles — courageous in their defence; and we have yet to be taught, reading from that Book of inspiration we all acknowledge, how and wherein old John Brown is a transgressor. Do with him as we will, his ashes will some day be gathered to a hero's tomb; his name will be written with the Winkelreids, and Tells, and Washingtons of history, and the American schoolboy shall yet be taught to listen, with moistening eye and beating heart, to the story of Old John Brown."

Winstead (Connecticut) Herald.

I.

LECTURE BY HENRY D. THOREAU.*

I TRUST that you will pardon me for being here. I do not wish to force my thoughts upon you, but I feel forced myself. Little as I know of Captain Brown, I would fain do my part to correct the tone and the statements of the newspapers, and of my countrymen generally, respecting his character and actions. It costs us nothing to be just. We can at least express our sympathy with, and admiration of, him and his companions, and that is what I now propose to do.

First, as to his history. I will endeavor to omit, as much as possible, what you have already read. I need not describe his person to you, for probably most of you have seen and will not soon forget him. I am told that his grandfather, John Brown, was an officer in the Revolution; that he himself was born in Connecticut about the beginning of this century, but early went with his father to Ohio. I heard him say that his father was a contractor who furnished beef to the army there, in the war of 1812; that he accompanied him to the camp, and assisted him in that employment, seeing a good deal of military life, more, perhaps, than if he had been a soldier, for he was often present at the councils of the officers. Especially, he learned by experience how armies are supplied and maintained in the field — a work which, he observed, re-

* A Plea for Captain John Brown. read to the citizens of Concord, Mass., Sunday evening, October 30, 1859; also as the Fifth Lecture of the Fraternity Course, in Boston, November 1.

quires at least as much experience and skill as to lead them in battle. He said that few persons had any conception of the cost, even the pecuniary cost, of firing a single bullet in war. He saw enough, at any rate, to disgust him with a military life ; indeed, to excite in him a great abhorrence of it ; so much so, that though he was tempted by the offer of some petty office in the army, when he was about eighteen, he not only declined that, but he also refused to train when warned, and was fined for it. He then resolved that he would never have any thing to do with any war, unless it were a war for liberty.

When the troubles in Kansas began, he sent several of his sons thither to strengthen the party of the Free State men, fitting them out with such weapons as he had ; telling them that if the troubles should increase, and there should be need of him, he would follow to assist them with his hand and counsel. This, as you all know, he soon after did ; and it was through his agency, far more than any other's, that Kansas was made free.

For a part of his life he was a surveyor, and at one time he was engaged in wool-growing, and he went to Europe as an agent about that business. There, as every where, he had his eyes about him, and made many original observations. He said, for instance, that he saw why the soil of England was so rich, and that of Germany (I think it was) so poor, and he thought of writing to some of the crowned heads about it. It was because in England the peasantry live on the soil which they cultivate, but in Germany they are gathered into villages, at night. It is a pity that he did not make a book of his observations.

I should say that he was an old-fashioned man in his respect for the Constitution, and his faith in the permanence of this Union. Slavery he deemed to be wholly opposed to these, and he was its determined foe.

He was by descent and birth a New England farmer, a

man of great common sense, deliberate and practical as that class is, and tenfold more so. He was like the best of those who stood at Concord Bridge once, on Lexington Common, and on Bunker Hill, only he was firmer and higher principled than any that I have chanced to hear of as there. It was no abolition lecturer that converted him. Ethan Allen and Stark, with whom he may in some respects be compared, were rangers in a lower and less important field. They could bravely face their country's foes, but he had the courage to face his country herself, when she was in the wrong. A Western writer says, to account for his escape from so many perils, that he was concealed under a "rural exterior;" as if, in that prairie land, a hero should, by good rights, wear a citizen's dress only.

He did not go to the college called Harvard, good old Alma Mater as she is. He was not fed on the pap that is there furnished. As he phrased it, "I know no more of grammar than one of your calves." But he went to the great university of the West, where he sedulously pursued the study of Liberty, for which he had early betrayed a fondness, and having taken many degrees, he finally commenced the public practice of Humanity in Kansas, as you all know. Such were *his humanities*, and not any study of grammar. He would have left a Greek accent slanting the wrong way, and righted up a falling man.

He was one of that class of whom we hear a great deal, but, for the most part, see nothing at all—the Puritans. It would be in vain to kill him. He died lately in the time of Cromwell, but he reappeared here. Why should he not? Some of the Puritan stock are said to have come over and settled in New England. They were a class that did something else than celebrate their forefathers' day, and eat parched corn in remembrance of that time. They were neither Democrats nor Republicans, but men of simple habits, straightforward, prayerful; not thinking much of rulers who

did not fear God, not making many compromises, nor seeking after available candidates.

"In his camp," as one has recently written, and as I have myself heard him state, "he permitted no profanity; no man of loose morals was suffered to remain there, unless, indeed, as a prisoner of war. 'I would rather,' said he, 'have the small-pox, yellow fever, and cholera, all together in my camp, than a man without principle. * * * It is a mistake, sir, that our people make, when they think that bullies are the best fighters, or that they are the fit men to oppose these Southerners. Give me men of good principles, — God-fearing men, — men who respect themselves, and with a dozen of them I will oppose any hundred such men as these Buford ruffians.'" He said that if one offered himself to be a soldier under him, who was forward to tell what he could or would do, if he could only get sight of the enemy, he had but little confidence in him.

He was never able to find more than a score or so of recruits whom he would accept, and only about a dozen, among them his sons, in whom he had perfect faith. When he was here, some years ago, he showed to a few a little manuscript book, — his "orderly book" I think he called it, — containing the names of his company in Kansas, and the rules by which they bound themselves; and he stated that several of them had already sealed the contract with their blood. When some one remarked that, with the addition of a chaplain, it would have been a perfect Cromwellian troop, he observed that he would have been glad to add a chaplain to the list, if he could have found one who could fill that office worthily. It is easy enough to find one for the United States army. I believe that he had prayers in his camp morning and evening, nevertheless.

He was a man of Spartan habits, and at sixty was scrupulous about his diet at your table, excusing himself by saying that he must eat sparingly and fare hard, as became a soldier

or one who was fitting himself for difficult enterprises, a life of exposure.

A man of rare common sense and directness of speech, as of action; a transcendentalist above all, a man of ideas and principles, — that was what distinguished him. Not yielding to a whim or transient impulse, but carrying out the purpose of a life. I noticed that he did not overstate any thing, but spoke within bounds. I remember, particularly, how, in his speech here, he referred to what his family had suffered in Kansas, without ever giving the least vent to his pent-up fire. It was a volcano with an ordinary chimney-flue. Also referring to the deeds of certain Border Ruffians, he said, rapidly paring away his speech, like an experienced soldier, keeping a reserve of force and meaning, "They had a perfect right to be hung." He was not in the least a rhetorician, was not talking to Buncombe or his constituents any where, had no need to invent any thing, but to tell the simple truth, and communicate his own resolution; therefore he appeared incomparably strong, and eloquence in Congress and elsewhere seemed to me at a discount. It was like the speeches of Cromwell compared with those of an ordinary king.

As for his tact and prudence, I will merely say, that at a time when scarcely a man from the Free States was able to reach Kansas by any direct route, at least without having his arms taken from him, he, carrying what imperfect guns and other weapons he could collect, openly and slowly drove an ox-cart through Missouri, apparently in the capacity of a surveyor, with his surveying compass exposed in it, and so passed unsuspected, and had ample opportunity to learn the designs of the enemy. For some time after his arrival he still followed the same profession. When, for instance, he saw a knot of the ruffians on the prairie, discussing, of course, the single topic which then occupied their minds, he would, perhaps, take his compass and one of his sons, and proceed to run an imaginary line right through the very spot on which

that conclave had assembled, and when he came up to them, he would naturally pause and have some talk with them, learning their news, and, at last, all their plans perfectly ; and having thus completed his real survey, he would resume his imaginary one, and run on his line till he was out of sight.

When I expressed surprise that he could live in Kansas at all, with a price set upon his head, and so large a number, including the authorities, exasperated against him, he accounted for it by saying, "It is perfectly well understood that I will not be taken." Much of the time for some years he has had to skulk in swamps, suffering from poverty and from sickness, which was the consequence of exposure, befriended only by Indians and a few whites. But though it might be known that he was lurking in a particular swamp, his foes commonly did not care to go in after him. He could even come out into a town where there were more Border Ruffians than Free State men, and transact some business, without delaying long, and yet not be molested ; for said he, "No little handful of men were willing to undertake it, and a large body could not be got together in season."

As for his recent failure, we do not know the facts about it. It was evidently far from being a wild and desperate attempt. His enemy, Mr. Vallandigham, is compelled to say, that "it was among the best planned and executed conspiracies that ever failed."

Not to mention his other successes, was it a failure, or did it show a want of good management, to deliver from bondage a dozen human beings, and walk off with them by broad daylight, for weeks if not months, at a leisurely pace, through one State after another, for half the length of the North, conspicuous to all parties, with a price set upon his head, going into a court room on his way and telling what he had done, thus convincing Missouri that it was not profitable to try to hold slaves in his neighborhood ? — and this, not because the gov-

ernment menials were lenient, but because they were afraid of him.

Yet he did not attribute his success, foolishly, to "his star," or to any magic. He said, truly, that the reason why such greatly superior numbers quailed before him, was, as one of his prisoners confessed, because they *lacked a cause* — a kind of armor which he and his party never lacked. When the time came, few men were found willing to lay down their lives in defence of what they knew to be wrong; they did not like that this should be their last act in this world.

But to make haste to *his* last act, and its effects.

The newspapers seem to ignore, or perhaps are really ignorant of the fact, that there are at least as many as two or three individuals to a town throughout the North, who think much as the present speaker does about him and his enterprise. I do not hesitate to say that they are an important and growing party. We aspire to be something more than stupid and timid chattels, pretending to read history and our Bibles, but desecrating every house and every day we breathe in. Perhaps anxious politicians may prove that only seventeen white men and five negroes were concerned in the late enterprise; but their very anxiety to prove this might suggest to themselves that all is not told. Why do they still dodge the truth? They are so anxious because of a dim consciousness of the fact, which they do not distinctly face, that at least a million of the free inhabitants of the United States would have rejoiced if it had succeeded. They at most only criticise the tactics. Though we wear no crape, the thought of that man's position and probable fate is spoiling many a man's day here at the North for other thinking. If any one who has seen him here can pursue successfully any other train of thought, I do not know what he is made of. If there is any such who gets his usual allowance of sleep, I will warrant him to fatten easily under any circumstances which do not touch his body or purse. I put a piece of paper and a pencil

under my pillow, and when I could not sleep, I wrote in the dark.

On the whole, my respect for my fellow-men, except as one may outweigh a million, is not being increased these days. I have noticed the cold-blooded way in which newspaper writers and men generally speak of this event, as if an ordinary malefactor, though one of unusual "pluck," — as the Governor of Virginia is reported to have said, using the language of the cock-pit, "the gamest man he ever saw," — had been caught, and were about to be hung. He was not dreaming of his foes when the governor thought he looked so brave. It turns what sweetness I have to gall, to hear, or hear of, the remarks of some of my neighbors. When we heard at first that he was dead, one of my townsmen observed that "he died as the fool dieth;" which, pardon me, for an instant suggested a likeness in him dying to my neighbor living. Others, craven-hearted, said disparagingly, that "he threw his life away," because he resisted the government. Which way have they thrown *their* lives, pray? — Such as would praise a man for attacking singly an ordinary band of thieves or murderers. I hear another ask, Yankee-like, "What will he gain by it?" as if he expected to fill his pockets by this enterprise. Such a one has no idea of gain but in this worldly sense. If it does not lead to a "surprise" party, if he does not get a new pair of boots, or a vote of thanks, it must be a failure. "But he won't gain any thing by it." Well, no, I don't suppose he could get four-and-sixpence a day for being hung, take the year round; but then he stands a chance to save a considerable part of his soul — and *such* a soul! — when *you* do not. No doubt you can get more in your market for a quart of milk than for a quart of blood, but that is not the market that heroes carry their blood to.

Such do not know that like the seed is the fruit, and that, in the moral world, when good seed is planted, good fruit is inevitable, and does not depend on our watering and cultivat-

ing; that when you plant, or bury, a hero in his field, a crop of heroes is sure to spring up. This is a seed of such force and vitality, that it does not ask our leave to germinate.

The momentary charge at Balaklava, in obedience to a blundering command, proving what a perfect machine the soldier is, has, properly enough, been celebrated by a poet laureate; but the steady, and for the most part successful charge of this man, for some years, against the legions of Slavery, in obedience to an infinitely higher command, is as much more memorable than that, as an intelligent and conscientious man is superior to a machine. Do you think that that will go unsung?

“Served him right” — “A dangerous man” — “He is undoubtedly insane.” So they proceed to live their sane, and wise, and altogether admirable lives, reading their Plutarch a little, but chiefly pausing at that feat of Putnam, who was let down into a wolf’s den; and in this wise they nourish themselves for brave and patriotic deeds some time or other. The Tract Society could afford to print that story of Putnam. You might open the district schools with the reading of it, for there is nothing about Slavery or the Church in it; unless it occurs to the reader that some pastors are *wolves* in sheep’s clothing. “The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions” even, might dare to protest against *that* wolf. I have heard of boards, and of American boards, but it chances that I never heard of this particular lumber till lately. And yet I hear of Northern men, women, and children, by families, buying a “life membership” in such societies as these; — a life-membership in the grave! You can get buried cheaper than that.

Our foes are in our midst and all about us. There is hardly a house but is divided against itself, for our foe is the all but universal woodenness of both head and heart, the want of vitality in man, which is the effect of our vice; and hence are begotten fear, superstition, bigotry, persecu-

tion, and slavery of all kinds. We are mere figure-heads upon a hulk, with livers in the place of hearts. The curse is the worship of idols, which at length changes the worshipper into a stone image himself; and the New Englander is just as much an idolater as the Hindoo. This man was an exception, for he did not set up even a political graven image between him and his God.

A church that can never have done with excommunicating Christ while it exists! Away with your broad and flat churches, and your narrow and tall churches! Take a step forward, and invent a new style of out-houses. Invent a salt that will save you, and defend our nostrils.

The modern Christian is a man who has consented to say all the prayers in the liturgy, provided you will let him go straight to bed and sleep quietly afterward. All his prayers begin with "Now I lay me down to sleep," and he is forever looking forward to the time when he shall go to his "*long rest*." He has consented to perform certain old established charities, too, after a fashion, but he does not wish to hear of any new-fangled ones; he doesn't wish to have any supplementary articles added to the contract, to fit it to the present time. He shows the whites of his eyes on the Sabbath, and the blacks all the rest of the week. The evil is not merely a stagnation of blood, but a stagnation of spirit. Many, no doubt, are well disposed, but sluggish by constitution and by habit, and they cannot conceive of a man who is actuated by higher motives than they are. Accordingly they pronounce this man insane, for they know that *they* could never act as he does, as long as they were themselves.

We dream of foreign countries, of other times and races of men, placing them at a distance in history or space; but let some significant event like the present occur in our midst, and we discover, often, this distance and this strangeness between us and our nearest neighbors. *They* are our Austrias, and Chinas, and South Sea Islands. Our crowded soci-

ety becomes well spaced all at once, clean and hand-some to the eye, a city of magnificent distances. We discover why it was that we never got beyond compliments and surfaces with them before; we become aware of as many versts between us and them as there are between a wandering Tartar and a Chinese town. The thoughtful man becomes a hermit in the thoroughfares of the market-place. Impassable seas suddenly find their level between us, or dumb steppes stretch themselves out there. It is the difference of constitution, of intelligence, and faith, and not streams and mountains, that make the true and impassable boundaries between individuals and between states. None but the like-minded can come plenipotentiary to our court.

I read all the newspapers I could get within a week after this event, and I do not remember in them a single expression of sympathy for these men. I have since seen one noble statement, in a Boston paper, not editorial. Some voluminous sheets decided not to print the full report of Brown's words to the exclusion of other matter. It was as if a publisher should reject the manuscript of the New Testament, and print Wilson's last speech. The same journal which contained this pregnant news, was chiefly filled, in parallel columns, with the reports of the political conventions that were being held. But the descent to them was too steep. They should have been spared this contrast, been printed in an extra at least. To turn from the voices and deeds of earnest men to the *cackling* of political conventions! Office-seekers and speech-makers, who do not so much as lay an honest egg, but wear their breasts bare upon an egg of chalk! Their great game is the game of straws, or rather that universal aboriginal game of the platter, at which the Indians cried *hub, bub!* Exclude the reports of religious and political conventions, and publish the words of a living man.

But I object not so much to what they have omitted, as to what they have inserted. Even the *Liberator* called it "a

misguided, wild, and apparently insane — effort." As for the herd of newspapers and magazines, I do not chance to know an editor in the country who will deliberately print any thing which he knows will ultimately and permanently reduce the number of his subscribers. They do not believe that it would be expedient. How then can they print truth? If we do not say pleasant things, they argue, nobody will attend to us. And so they do like some travelling auctioneers, who sing an obscene song in order to draw a crowd around them. Republican editors, obliged to get their sentences ready for the morning edition, and accustomed to look at every thing by the twilight of politics, express no admiration, nor true sorrow even, but call these men "deluded fanatics" — "mistaken men" — "insane," or "crazed." It suggests what a *sane* set of editors we are blessed with, *not* "mistaken men"; who know very well on which side their bread is buttered, at least.

A man does a brave and humane deed, and at once, on all sides, we hear people and parties declaring, "I didn't do it, nor countenance *him* to do it, in any conceivable way. It can't be fairly inferred from my past career." I, for one, am not interested to hear you define your position. I don't know that I ever was, or ever shall be. I think it is mere egotism, or impertinent at this time. Ye needn't take so much pains to wash your skirts of him. No intelligent man will ever be convinced that he was any creature of yours. He went and came, as he himself informs us, "under the auspices of John Brown and nobody else." The Republican party does not perceive how many his *failure* will make to vote more correctly than they would have them. They have counted the votes of Pennsylvania & Co., but they have not correctly counted Captain Brown's vote. He has taken the wind out of their sails, the little wind they had, and they may as well lie to and repair.

What though he did not belong to your clique! Though

you may not approve of his method or his principles, recognize his magnanimity. Would you not like to claim kindredship with him in that, though in no other thing he is like, or likely, to you? Do you think that you would lose your reputation so? What you lost at the spile, you would gain at the bung.

If they do not mean all this, then they do not speak the truth, and say what they mean. They are simply at their old tricks still.

"It was always conceded to him," says one who calls him *crazy*, "that he was a conscientious man, very modest in his demeanor, apparently inoffensive, until the subject of Slavery was introduced, when he would exhibit a feeling of indignation unparalleled."

The slave-ship is on her way, crowded with its dying victims; new cargoes are being added in mid ocean; a small crew of slaveholders, countenanced by a large body of passengers, is smothering four millions under the hatches, and yet the politician asserts that the only proper way by which deliverance is to be obtained, is by "the quiet diffusion of the sentiments of humanity," without any "outbreak." As if the sentiments of humanity were ever found unaccompanied by its deeds, and you could disperse them, all finished to order, the pure article, as easily as water with a watering-pot, and so lay the dust. What is that that I hear cast overboard? The bodies of the dead that have found deliverance. That is the way we are "diffusing" humanity, and its sentiments with it.

Prominent and influential editors, accustomed to deal with politicians, men of an infinitely lower grade, say, in their ignorance, that he acted "on the principle of revenge." They do not know the man. They must enlarge themselves to conceive of him. I have no doubt that the time will come when they will begin to see him as he was. They have got to conceive of a man of faith and of religious principle, and

not a politician nor an Indian; of a man who did not wait till he was personally interfered with or thwarted in some harmless business before he gave his life to the cause of the oppressed.

If Walker may be considered the representative of the South, I wish I could say that Brown was the representative of the North. He was a superior man. He did not value his bodily life in comparison with ideal things. He did not recognize unjust human laws, but resisted them as he was bid. For once we are lifted out of the trivialness and dust of politics into the region of truth and manhood. No man in America has ever stood up so persistently and effectively for the dignity of human nature, knowing himself for a man, and the equal of any and all governments. In that sense he was the most American of us all. He needed no babbling lawyer, making false issues, to defend him. He was more than a match for all the judges that American voters, or office-holders of whatever grade, can create. He could not have been tried by a jury of his peers, because his peers did not exist. When a man stands up serenely against the condemnation and vengeance of mankind, rising above them literally *by a whole body*, — even though he were of late the vilest murderer, who has settled that matter with himself, — the spectacle is a sublime one, — didn't ye know it, ye Liberators, ye Tribunes, ye Republicans? — and we become criminal in comparison. Do yourselves the honor to recognize him. He needs none of your respect.

As for the Democratic journals, they are not human enough to affect me at all. I do not feel indignation at any thing they may say.

I am aware that I anticipate a little, that he was still, at the last accounts, alive in the hands of his foes; but that being the case, I have all along found myself thinking and speaking of him as physically dead.

I do not believe in erecting statues to those who still live

in our hearts, whose bones have not yet crumbled in the earth around us, but I would rather see the statue of Captain Brown in the Massachusetts State-House yard, than that of any other man whom I know. I rejoice that I live in this age — that I am his contemporary.

What a contrast, when we turn to that political party which is so anxiously shuffling him and his plot out of its way, and looking around for some available slaveholder, perhaps, to be its candidate, at least for one who will execute the Fugitive Slave Law, and all those other unjust laws which he took up arms to annul!

Insane! A father and six sons, and one son-in-law, and several more men besides, — as many at least as twelve disciples, — all struck with insanity at once; while the sane tyrant holds with a firmer gripe than ever his four millions of slaves, and a thousand sane editors, his abettors, are saving their country and their bacon! Just as insane were his efforts in Kansas. Ask the tyrant who is his most dangerous foe, the sane man or the insane. Do the thousands who know him best, who have rejoiced at his deeds in Kansas, and have afforded him material aid there, think him insane? Such a use of this word is a mere trope with most who persist in using it, and I have no doubt that many of the rest have already in silence retracted their words.

Read his admirable answers to Mason and others. How they are dwarfed and defeated by the contrast! On the one side, half brutish, half timid questioning; on the other, truth, clear as lightning, crashing into their obscene temples. They are made to stand with Pilate, and Gesler, and the Inquisition. How ineffectual their speech and action! and what a void their silence! They are but helpless tools in this great work. It was no human power that gathered them about this preacher.

What have Massachusetts and the North sent a few *sane* representatives to Congress for, of late years? — to declare

with effect what kind of sentiments? All their speeches put together and boiled down, — and probably they themselves will confess it, — do not match for manly directness and force, and for simple truth, the few casual remarks of crazy John Brown, on the floor of the Harper's Ferry engine house; — that man whom you are about to hang, to send to the other world, though not to represent *you* there. No, he was not our representative in any sense. He was too fair a specimen of a man to represent the like of us. Who, then, *were* his constituents? If you read his words understandingly you will find out. In his case there is no idle eloquence, no made, nor maiden speech, no compliments to the oppressor. Truth is his inspirer, and earnestness the polisher of his sentences. He could afford to lose his Sharpe's rifles, while he retained his faculty of speech, a Sharpe's rifle of infinitely surer and longer range.

And the *New York Herald* reports the conversation "*verbatim*"! It does not know of what undying words it is made the vehicle.

I have no respect for the penetration of any man who can read the report of that conversation, and still call the principal in it insane. It has the ring of a saner sanity than an ordinary discipline and habits of life, than an ordinary organization, secure. Take any sentence of it — "Any questions that I can honorably answer, I will; not otherwise. So far as I am myself concerned, I have told every thing truthfully. I value my word, sir." The few who talk about his vindictive spirit, while they really admire his heroism, have no test by which to detect a noble man, no amalgam to combine with his pure gold. They mix their own dross with it.

It is a relief to turn from these slanders to the testimony of his more truthful, but frightened, jailers and hangmen. Governor Wise speaks far more justly and appreciatingly of him than any Northern editor, or politician, or public personage, that I chance to have heard from. I know that you can afford

to hear him again on this subject. He says: "They are themselves mistaken who take him to be a madman. . . . He is cool, collected, and indomitable, and it is but just to him to say, that he was humane to his prisoners. . . . And he inspired me with great trust in his integrity as a man of truth. He is a fanatic, vain and garrulous," (I leave that part to Mr. Wise,) "but firm, truthful, and intelligent. His men, too, who survive, are like him. . . . Colonel Washington says that he was the coolest and firmest man he ever saw in defying danger and death. With one son dead by his side, and another shot through, he felt the pulse of his dying son with one hand, and held his rifle with the other, and commanded his men with the utmost composure, encouraging them to be firm, and to sell their lives as dear as they could. Of the three white prisoners, Brown, Stephens, and Coppie, it was hard to say which was most firm."

Almost the first Northern men whom the slaveholder has learned to respect!

The testimony of Mr. Vallandigham, though less valuable, is of the same purport, that "it is vain to underrate either the man or his conspiracy. . . . He is the farthest possible remove from the ordinary ruffian, fanatic, or madman."

"All is quiet at Harper's Ferry," say the journals. What is the character of that calm which follows when the law and the slaveholder prevail? I regard this event as a touchstone designed to bring out, with glaring distinctness, the character of this government. We needed to be thus assisted to see it by the light of history. It needed to see itself. When a government puts forth its strength on the side of injustice, as ours to maintain Slavery and kill the liberators of the slave, it reveals itself a merely brute force, or worse, a demoniacal force. It is the head of the Plug Uglies. It is more manifest than ever that tyranny rules. I see this government to be effectually allied with France and Austria in oppressing mankind. There sits a tyrant holding fettered

four millions of slaves; here comes their heroic liberator. This most hypocritical and diabolical government looks up from its seat on the gasping four millions, and inquires with an assumption of innocence, "What do you assault me for? Am I not an honest man? Cease agitation on this subject, or I will make a slave of you, too, or else hang you."

We talk about a *representative* government; but what a monster of a government is that where the noblest faculties of the mind, and the *whole* heart, are not *represented*. A semi-human tiger or ox, stalking over the earth, with its heart taken out and the top of its brain shot away. Heroes have fought well on their stumps when their legs were shot off, but I never heard of any good done by such a government as that.

The only government that I recognize, — and it matters not how few are at the head of it, or how small its army, — is that power that establishes justice in the land, never that which establishes injustice. What shall we think of a government to which all the truly brave and just men in the land are enemies, standing between it and those whom it oppresses? A government that pretends to be Christian and crucifies a million Christs every day?

Treason! Where does such treason take its rise? I cannot help thinking of you as you deserve, ye governments. Can you dry up the fountains of thought? High treason, when it is resistance to tyranny here below, has its origin in, and is first committed by the power that makes and forever recreates man. When you have caught and hung all these human rebels, you have accomplished nothing but your own guilt, for you have not struck at the fountain head. You presume to contend with a foe against whom West Point cadets and rifled cannon *point* not. Can all the art of the cannon-founder tempt matter to turn against its maker? Is the form in which the founder thinks he casts it more essential than the constitution of it and of himself?

The United States have a coffer of four millions of slaves. They are determined to keep them in this condition; and Massachusetts is one of the confederated overseers to prevent their escape. Such are not all the inhabitants of Massachusetts, but such are they who rule and are obeyed here. It was Massachusetts, as well as Virginia, that put down this insurrection at Harper's Ferry. She sent the marines there, and she will have to pay the penalty of her sin.

Suppose that there is a society in this State that out of its own purse and magnanimity saves all the fugitive slaves that run to us, and protects our colored fellow-citizens, and leaves the other work to the Government, so-called. Is not that government fast losing its occupation, and becoming contemptible to mankind? If private men are obliged to perform the offices of government, to protect the weak and dispense justice, then the government becomes only a hired man, or clerk, to perform menial or indifferent services. Of course, that is but the shadow of a government whose existence necessitates a Vigilant Committee. What should we think of the oriental Cadi even, behind whom worked in secret a vigilant committee? But such is the character of our Northern States generally; each has its Vigilant Committee. And, to a certain extent, these crazy governments recognize and accept this relation. They say, virtually, "We'll be glad to work for you on these terms, only don't make a noise about it." And thus the government, its salary being insured, withdraws into the back shop, taking the constitution with it, and bestows most of its labor on repairing that. When I hear it at work sometimes, as I go by, it reminds me, at best, of those farmers who in winter contrive to turn a penny by following the coopering business. And what kind of spirit is their barrel made to hold? They speculate in stocks, and bore holes in mountains, but they are not competent to lay out even a decent highway. The only *free* road, the Underground Railroad, is owned and managed by the Vigilant Committee.

They have tunnelled under the whole breadth of the land. Such a government is losing its power and respectability as surely as water runs out of a leaky vessel, and is held by one that can contain it.

I hear many condemn these men because they were so few. When were the good and the brave ever in a majority? Would you have had him wait till that time came? — till you and I came over to him? The very fact that he had no rabble or troop of hirelings about him, would alone distinguish him from ordinary heroes. His company was small indeed, because few could be found worthy to pass muster. Each one who there laid down his life for the poor and oppressed was a picked man, culled out of many thousands, if not millions; apparently a man of principle, of rare courage and devoted humanity; ready to sacrifice his life at any moment for the benefit of his fellow-man. It may be doubted if there were as many more their equals in these respects in all the country — I speak of his followers only — for their leader, no doubt, scoured the land far and wide, seeking to swell his troop. These alone were ready to step between the oppressor and the oppressed. Surely they were the very best men you could select to be hung. That was the greatest compliment which this country could pay them. They were ripe for her gallows. She has tried a long time, she has hung a good many, but never found the right one before.

When I think of him, and his six sons, and his son-in-law, — not to enumerate the others, — enlisted for this fight, proceeding coolly, reverently, humanely to work, for months, if not years, sleeping and waking upon it, summering and wintering the thought, without expecting any reward but a good conscience, while almost all America stood ranked on the other side, I say again, that it affects me as a sublime spectacle. If he had had any journal advocating "*his cause*," any organ, as the phrase is, monotonously and wearisomely playing the same old tune, and then passing round the hat, it would have

been fatal to his efficiency. If he had acted in any way so as to be let alone by the government, he might have been suspected. It was the fact that the tyrant must give place to him, or he to the tyrant, that distinguished him from all the reformers of the day that I know.

It was his peculiar doctrine that a man has a perfect right to interfere by force with the slaveholder, in order to rescue the slave. I agree with him. They who are continually shocked by slavery have some right to be shocked by the violent death of the slaveholder, but no others. Such will be more shocked by his life than by his death. I shall not be forward to think him mistaken in his method who quickest succeeds to liberate the slave. I speak for the slave when I say, that I prefer the philanthropy of Captain Brown to that philanthropy which neither shoots me nor liberates me. At any rate, I do not think it is quite sane for one to spend his whole life in talking or writing about this matter, unless he is continuously inspired, and I have not done so. A man may have other affairs to attend to. I do not wish to kill nor to be killed, but I can foresee circumstances in which both these things would be by me unavoidable. We preserve the so-called peace of our community by deeds of petty violence every day. Look at the policeman's billy and handcuffs! Look at the jail! Look at the gallows! Look at the chaplain of the regiment! We are hoping only to live safely on the outskirts of *this* provisional army. So we defend ourselves and our hen-roosts, and maintain slavery. I know that the mass of my countrymen think that the only righteous use that can be made of Sharpe's rifles and revolvers is to fight duels with them, when we are insulted by other nations, or to hunt Indians, or shoot fugitive slaves with them, or the like. I think that for once the Sharpe's rifles and the revolvers were employed in a righteous cause. The tools were in the hands of one who could use them.

The same indignation that is said to have cleared the tem-

ple once will clear it again. The question is not about the weapon, but the spirit in which you use it. No man has appeared in America, as yet, who loved his fellow-man so well, and treated him so tenderly. He lived for him. He took up his life and he laid it down for him. What sort of violence is that which is encouraged, not by soldiers but by peaceable citizens, not so much by laymen as by ministers of the gospel, not so much by the fighting sects as by the Quakers, and not so much by Quaker men as by Quaker women?

This event advertises me that there is such a fact as death — the possibility of a man's dying. It seems as if no man had ever died in America before, for in order to die you must first have lived. I don't believe in the hearses, and palls, and funerals that they have had. There was no death in the case, because there had been no life; they merely rotted or sloughed off, pretty much as they had rotted or sloughed along. No temple's veil was rent, only a hole dug somewhere. Let the dead bury their dead. The best of them fairly ran down like a clock. Franklin — Washington — they were let off without dying; they were merely missing one day. I hear a good many pretend that they are going to die; or that they have died, for aught that I know. Nonsense! I'll defy them to do it. They haven't got life enough in them. They'll deliquesce like fungi, and keep a hundred eulogists mopping the spot where they left off. Only half a dozen or so have died since the world began. Do you think that you are going to die, sir? No! there's no hope of you. You haven't got your lesson yet. You've got to stay after school. We make a needless ado about capital punishment — taking lives, when there is no life to take. *Memento mori!* We don't understand that sublime sentence which some worthy got sculptured on his gravestone once. We've interpreted it in a grovelling and snivelling sense; we've wholly forgotten how to die.

But be sure you do die, nevertheless. Do your work, and finish it. If you know how to begin, you will know when to end.

These men, in teaching us how to die, have at the same time taught us how to live. If this man's acts and words do not create a revival, it will be the severest possible satire on the acts and words that do. It is the best news that America has ever heard. It has already quickened the feeble pulse of the North, and infused more and more generous blood into her veins and heart, than any number of years of what is called commercial and political prosperity could. How many a man who was lately contemplating suicide has now something to live for!

One writer says that Brown's peculiar monomania made him to be "dreaded by the Missourians as a supernatural being." Sure enough, a hero in the midst of us cowards is always so dreaded. He is just that thing. He shows himself superior to nature. He has a spark of divinity in him.

"Unless above himself he doth erect himself,
How poor a thing is man!"

Newspaper editors argue also that it is a proof of his *insanity* that he thought he was appointed to do this work which he did — that he did not suspect himself for a moment! They talk as if it were impossible that a man could be "divinely appointed" in these days to do any work whatever; as if vows and religion were out of date as connected with any man's daily work, — as if the agent to abolish Slavery could only be somebody appointed by the President, or by some political party. They talk as if a man's death were a failure, and his continued life, be it of whatever character, were a success.

When I reflect to what a cause this man devoted himself, and how religiously, and then reflect to what cause his judges and all who condemn him so angrily and fluently devote themselves, I see that they are as far apart as the heavens and earth are asunder.

The amount of it is, our "*leading men*" are a harmless kind of folk, and they know *well enough* that *they* were not divinely appointed, but elected by the votes of their party.

Who is it whose safety requires that Captain Brown be hung? Is it indispensable to any Northern man? Is there no resource but to cast these men also to the Minotaur? If you do not wish it, say so distinctly. While these things are being done, beauty stands veiled and music is a screeching lie. Think of him — of his rare qualities! such a man as it takes ages to make, and ages to understand; no mock hero, nor the representative of any party. A man such as the sun may not rise upon again in this benighted land. To whose making went the costliest material, the finest adamant; sent to be the redeemer of those in captivity; and the only use to which you can put him is to hang him at the end of a rope! You who pretend to care for Christ crucified, consider what you are about to do to him who offered himself to be the saviour of four millions of men.

Any man knows when he is justified, and all the wits in the world cannot enlighten him on that point. The murderer always knows that he is justly punished; but when a government takes the life of a man without the consent of his conscience, it is an audacious government, and is taking a step towards its own dissolution. Is it not possible that an individual may be right and a government wrong? Are laws to be enforced simply because they were made? or declared by any number of men to be good, if they are *not* good? Is there any necessity for a man's being a tool to perform a deed of which his better nature disapproves? Is it the intention of law-makers that *good* men shall be hung ever? Are judges to interpret the law according to the letter, and not the spirit? What right have *you* to enter into a compact with yourself that you *will* do thus or so, against the light within you? Is it for *you* to *make up* your mind — to form any resolution whatever — and not accept the convictions that are forced upon

you, and which ever pass your understanding? I do not believe in lawyers, in that mode of attacking or defending a man, because you descend to meet the judge on his own ground, and, in cases of the highest importance, it is of no consequence whether a man breaks a human law or not. Let lawyers decide trivial cases. Business men may arrange that among themselves. If they were the interpreters of the everlasting laws which rightfully bind man, that would be another thing. A counterfeiting law-factory, standing half in a slave land and half in a free! What kind of laws for free men can you expect from that?

I am here to plead his cause with you. I plead not for his life, but for his character — his immortal life; and so it becomes your cause wholly, and is not his in the least. Some eighteen hundred years ago Christ was crucified; this morning, perchance, Captain Brown was hung. These are the two ends of a chain which is not without its links. He is not Old Brown any longer; he is an angel of light.

I see now that it was necessary that the bravest and humanest man in all the country should be hung. Perhaps he saw it himself. I *almost fear* that I may yet hear of his deliverance, doubting if a prolonged life, if *any* life, can do as much good as his death.

“Misguided”! “Garrulous”! “Insane”! “Vindictive”! So ye write in your easy chairs, and thus he wounded responds from the floor of the Armory, clear as a cloudless sky, true as the voice of nature is: “No man sent me here; it was my own prompting and that of my Maker. I acknowledge no master in human form.”

And in what a sweet and noble strain he proceeds, addressing his captors, who stand over him: “I think, my friends, you are guilty of a great wrong against God and humanity, and it would be perfectly right for any one to interfere with you so far as to free those you wilfully and wickedly hold in bondage.”

And referring to his movement: "It is, in my opinion, the greatest service a man can render to God."

"I pity the poor in bondage that have none to help them; that is why I am here; not to gratify any personal animosity, revenge, or vindictive spirit. It is my sympathy with the oppressed and the wronged, that are as good as you, and as precious in the sight of God."

You don't know your testament when you see it.

"I want you to understand that I respect the rights of the poorest and weakest of colored people, oppressed by the slave power, just as much as I do those of the most wealthy and powerful."

"I wish to say, furthermore, that you had better, all you people at the South, prepare yourselves for a settlement of that question, that must come up for settlement sooner than you are prepared for it. The sooner you are prepared the better. You may dispose of me very easily. I am nearly disposed of now; but this question is still to be settled — this negro question, I mean; the end of that is not yet."

I foresee the time when the painter will paint that scene, no longer going to Rome for a subject; the poet will sing it; the historian record it; and, with the Landing of the Pilgrims and the Declaration of Independence, it will be the ornament of some future national gallery, when at least the present form of Slavery shall be no more here. We shall then be at liberty to weep for Captain Brown. Then, and not till then, we will take our revenge.

Henry D. Thoreau.

II.

LECTURE BY WENDELL PHILLIPS.*

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: Of course I do not expect—speaking from this platform, and to you—to say any thing on the vital question of the hour, which you have not already heard. But, when a great question divides the community, all men are called upon to vote, and I feel to-night that I am simply giving my vote. I am only saying “ditto” to what you hear from this platform day after day. And I would willingly have avoided, ladies and gentlemen, even at this last moment, borrowing this hour from you. I tried to do better by you. Like the Irishman in the story, I offered to hold the hat of Hon. Thomas Corwin, of Ohio, (enthusiastic applause,) if he would only make a speech, and, I am sorry to say, he declines, most unaccountably, this generous offer. (Laughter.) So I must fulfil my appointment, and deliver my lecture myself.

“The Lesson of the Hour?” I think the lesson of the hour is insurrection. (Sensation.) Insurrection of thought always precedes the insurrection of arms. The last twenty years have been an insurrection of thought. We seem to be entering on a new phase of this great American struggle. It seems to me that we have never accepted, as Americans, we have never accepted our own civilization. We have held

* Entitled “The Lesson of the Hour,” delivered at Brooklyn, N. Y., Tuesday evening, November 1, 1859.

back from the inference which we ought to have drawn from the admitted principles which underlie our life. We have all the timidity of the old world, when we think of the people; we shrink back, trying to save ourselves from the inevitable might of the thoughts of the millions. The idea on the other side of the water seems to be, that man is created to be taken care of by somebody else. God did not leave him fit to go alone; he is in everlasting pupilage to the wealthy and the educated. The religious or the comfortable classes are an ever-present probate court to take care of him. The Old World, therefore, has always distrusted the average conscience — the common sense of the millions.

It seems to me the idea of our civilization, underlying all American life, is, that men do not need any guardian. We need no safeguard. Not only the inevitable, but the best, power this side of the ocean, is the unfettered average common sense of the masses. Institutions, as we are accustomed to call them, are but pasteboard, and intended to be against the thought of the street. Statutes are mere milestones, telling how far yesterday's thought had travelled; and the talk of the sidewalk to-day is the law of the land. You may regret this; but the fact stands; and if our fathers fore-saw the full effect of their principles, they must have planned and expected it. With us, Law is nothing unless close behind it stands a warm living public opinion. Let that die or grow indifferent, and statutes are waste paper — lack all executive force. You may frame them strong as language can make, but once change public feeling, and through them or over them rides the real wish of the people. The good sense and conscience of the masses are our only title-deeds and police force. The Temperance cause, the Anti-Slavery movement, and your Barnburner party prove this. You may sigh for a strong government, anchored in the convictions of past centuries, and able to protect the minority against the majority; able to defy the ignorance, the mistake, or the passion, as well

as the high purpose, of the present hour. You may prefer the unchanging *terra firma* of despotism; but still the fact remains, that we are launched on the ocean of an unchained democracy, with no safety but in those laws of gravity that bind the ocean in its bed—the instinctive love of right in the popular heart—the divine sheet-anchor, that the race gravitates towards right, and that the right is always safe and best.

Somewhat briefly stated, such is the idea of American civilization; uncompromising faith—in the average selfishness, if you choose—of all classes, neutralizing each other, and tending towards that fair play that Saxons love. But it seems to me that, on all questions, we dread thought; we shrink behind something; we acknowledge ourselves unequal to the sublime faith of our fathers; and the exhibition of the last twenty years and of the present state of public affairs is, that Americans dread to look their real position in the face.

They say in Ireland that every Irishman thinks that he was born sixty days too late, (laughter,) and the world owes him sixty days. The consequence is, when a trader says such a thing is so much for cash, the Irishman thinks cash means to him a bill of sixty days. (Laughter.) So it is with Americans. They have no idea of absolute right. They were born since 1787, and absolute right means the truth diluted by a strong decoction of the Constitution of '89. They breathe that atmosphere; they do not want to sail outside of it; they do not attempt to reason outside of it. Poisoned with printer's ink, or choked with cotton dust, they stare at absolute right, as the dream of madmen. For the last twenty years, there has been going on, more or less heeded and understood in various States, an insurrection of ideas against the limited, cribbed, cabined, isolated American civilization, interfering to restore absolute right. If you said to an American, for instance, any thing in regard to temperance, slavery, or any thing else, in the course of the last twenty years—any thing about a principle, he ran back instantly to the safety of

such a principle, to the possibility of its existing with a particular sect, with a church, with a party, with a constitution, with a law. He had not yet raised himself to the level of daring to trust justice, which is the preliminary consideration to trusting the people; for whether native depravity be true or not, it is a truth, attested by all history, that the race gravitates towards justice, and that making fair allowance for differences of opinion, there is an inherent, essential tendency to the great English principle of fair play at the bottom of our natures. (Loud applause.) The Emperor Nicholas, it is said, ordered his engineers to lay down for him a railway from St. Petersburg to Moscow, and presently the engineers brought him a large piece of card-paper, on which was laid down, like a snake, the designed path for the iron locomotive between the two capitals. "What's that?" said Nicholas. "That's the best road," was the reply. "What do you make it crooked for?" "Why, we turn this way to touch this great city, and to the left to reach that immense mass of people, and to the right again to suit the business of that district." "Yes." The emperor turned the card over, made a new dot for Moscow, and another for St. Petersburg, took a ruler, made a straight line, and said, "Build me that road." (Laughter.)

"But what will become of this depot of trade? — of that town?" "I don't know; they must look out for themselves." (Cheers.) And omnipotent democracy says of Slavery, or of a church, "This is justice, and that is iniquity; the track of God's thunderbolt is a straight line from one to the other, and the Church or State that cannot stand it must get out of the way. (Cheers.) Now our object for twenty years has been to educate the mass of the American people up to that level of moral life, which shall recognize that free speech carried to this extent is God's normal school, educating the American mind, throwing upon it the grave responsibility of deciding a great question, and by means of that responsibility, lifting

it to a higher level of intellectual and moral life. Responsibility educates, and politics is but another name for God's way of teaching the masses ethics, under the responsibility of great present interest. To educate man is God's ultimate end and purpose in all creation. Trust the people with the gravest questions, and in the long run you educate the race; while, in the process, you secure not perfect, but the best possible, institutions. Now scholarship stands on one side, and, like your *Brooklyn Eagle*, says, "This is madness!" Well, poor man, he thinks so! (Laughter.) The very difficulty of the whole matter is, that he does think so, and this normal school that we open is for him. His seat is on the lowest end of the lowest bench. (Laughter and applause.) But he only represents that very chronic distrust which pervades all that class, specially the timid, educated mind of these Northern States. Anacharsis went into the forum at Athens, and heard a case argued by the great minds of the day, and saw the vote. He walked out into the streets, and somebody said to him, "What think you of Athenian liberty?" "I think," said he, "wise men argue causes, and fools decide them." Just what the timid scholar two thousand years ago said in the streets of Athens, that which calls itself the scholarship of the United States, says to-day of popular agitation, that it lets wise men argue questions, and fools decide them. But that unruly Athens, where fools decided the gravest questions of polity, and right, and wrong, where it was not safe to be just, and where property, which you had garnered up by the thrift and industry of to-day, might be wrung from you by the prejudices of the mob to-morrow; that very Athens probably secured the greatest human happiness and nobleness of its era, invented art, and sounded for us the depths of philosophy; God lent to it the noblest intellects, and it flashes to-day the torch that gilds yet the mountain peaks of the old world; while Egypt, the hunker conservative of antiquity, where nobody dared to differ from the priest, or to be

wiser than his grandfather ; where men pretended to be alive, though swaddled in the grave clothes of creed and custom as close as their mummies in linen, is hid in the tomb it inhabited ; and the intellect which Athens has created for us digs to-day those ashes to find out what hunkerism knew and did. (Cheers.) Now my idea of American civilization is, that it is a second part, a repetition of that same sublime confidence in the public conscience and the public thought that made the groundwork of Grecian Democracy.

We have been carrying on this insurrection of thought for thirty years. There have been various evidences of growth in education ; I will tell you of one. The first evidence that a sinner, convicted of sin, and too blind or too lazy to reform, the first evidence he gives that his nature has been touched, is, that he becomes a hypocrite ; he has the grace to pretend to be something. Now, the first evidence that the American people gave of that commencing grace of hypocrisy was this : in 1831, when we commenced the Anti-Slavery agitation, the papers talked about Slavery, Bondage, American Slavery, boldly, frankly, and bluntly. In a few years it sounded hard ; it had a grating effect ; the toughest throat of the hardest Democrat felt it as it came out. So they spoke of the "patriarchal institution," (laughter,) then of the "domestic institution," (continued laughter,) and then of the "peculiar institution," (laughter,) and in a year or two it got beyond that. Mississippi published a report from her Senate, in which she went a stride further, and described it as "economic subordination." (Renewed laughter.) A Southern Methodist bishop was taken to task for holding slaves in reality, but his Methodist brethren were not courageous enough to say "slaves" right out in meeting, and so they advised the bishop to get rid of his "impediment," (loud laughter ;) and the late Mr. Rufus Choate, in the last Democratic canvass in my own State, undertaking and obliged to refer to the institutions of the South, and unwilling that his old New England lips, that

had spoken so many glorious free truths, should foul their last days with the hated word, phra-ed it "a different type of industry." Now, hypocrisy — why, "it is the homage that Vice renders to Virtue." When men begin to weary of capital punishment, they banish the gallows inside the jail-yard, and let nobody see it without a special card of invitation from the sheriff. And so they have banished Slavery into pet phra-ses and fancy flash-words. If, one hundred years hence, you should dig our Egyptian Hunkerism up from the grave into which it is rapidly sinking, we should need a commentator of the true German blood to find out what all these queer, odd, peculiar, imaginative paraphrases mean in this middle of the Nineteenth Century. This is one evidence of progress.

I believe in moral suasion. The age of bullets is over. The age of ideas is come. I think that is the rule of our age. The old Hindoo dreamed, you know, that he saw the human race led out to its varied fortune. First, he saw men bitted and curbed, and the reins went back to an iron hand. But his dream changed on and on, until at last he saw men led by reins that came from the brain, and went back into an unseen hand. It was the type of governments; the first despotism, palpable, iron; and the last our government, a government of brains, a government of ideas. I believe in it — in public opinion.

Yet, let me say, in passing, I think you can make a better use of iron than forging it into chains. If you must have the metal, put it into Sharpe's rifles. It is a great deal better used that way than in fetters; types are better than bullets, but bullets a thousand times rather than a clumsy statue of a mock great man, for hypocrites to kneel down and worship in a state-house yard. (Loud and renewed cheers, and great hissing.) I am so unused to hisses lately, that I have forgotten what I had to say. (Laughter and hisses.) I only know I meant what I did say.

My idea is, public opinion, literature, education, as governing elements.

But some men seem to think that our institutions are necessarily safe, because we have free schools and cheap books, and a public opinion that controls. But that is no evidence of safety. India and China had schools for fifteen hundred years. And books, it is said, were once as cheap in Central and Northern Asia, as they are in New York. But they have not secured liberty, nor a controlling public opinion to either nation. Spain for three centuries had municipalities and town governments, as independent and self-supporting, and as representative of thought, as New England or New York has. But that did not save Spain. De Tocqueville says that fifty years before the great revolution, public opinion was as omnipotent in France as it is to-day, but it did not make France free. You cannot save men by machinery. What India, and France, and Spain wanted, was live men, and that is what we want to-day; men who are willing to look their own destiny, and their own responsibilities, in the face. "Grant me to see, and Ajax asks no more," was the prayer the great poet put into the lips of his hero in the darkness that overspread the Grecian camp. All we want of American citizens is the opening of their own eyes, and seeing things as they are. The intelligent, thoughtful, and determined gaze of twenty millions of Christian people, there is nothing — no institution wicked and powerful enough to be capable of standing against it. In Keats's beautiful poem of "Lamia," a young man had been led captive by a phantom girl, and was the slave of her beauty, until the old teacher came in and fixed his thoughtful eye upon the figure, and it vanished.

You see the great commonwealth of Virginia fitly represented by a pyramid standing upon its apex. A Connecticut born man entered at one corner of her dominions, and fixed his cold gray eye upon the government of Virginia, and it

almost vanished in his very gaze. For it seems that Virginia, for a week, asked leave "to be" of John Brown at Harper's Ferry. (Cheers and applause.) Connecticut has sent out many a schoolmaster to the other thirty States; but never before so grand a teacher as that Litchfield born schoolmaster at Harper's Ferry, writing as it were upon the Natural Bridge in the face of nations his simple copy: "Resistance to tyrants is obedience to God." (Loud cheers.)

I said that the lesson of the hour was insurrection. I ought not to apply that word to John Brown of Osawatimie, for there was no insurrection in his case. It is a great mistake to call him an insurgent. This principle that I have endeavored so briefly to open to you, of absolute right and wrong, states what? Just this: "Commonwealth of Virginia!" There is no such thing. Lawless, brutal force is no basis of a government, in the true sense of that word. *Quæ est enim civitas?* asks CICERO. *Omnis ne conventus etiam ferorum et immanium?* *Omnis ne etiam fugitivorum ac latronum congregata unum in locum multitudo?* CERTE NEGABIS. No civil society, no government, can exist except on the basis of the willing submission of all its citizens, and by the performance of the duty of rendering equal justice between man and man.

Whatever calls itself a government, and refuses that duty, or has not that assent, is no government. It is only a pirate ship. Virginia, the commonwealth of Virginia! She is only a chronic insurrection. I mean exactly what I say. I am weighing my words now. She is a pirate ship, and John Brown sails the sea a Lord High Admiral of the Almighty, with his commission to sink every pirate he meets on God's ocean of the nineteenth century. (Cheers and applause.) I mean literally and exactly what I say. In God's world there are no majorities, no minorities; one, on God's side, is a majority. You have often heard here, doubtless, and I need not tell you the ground of morals. The rights of that one

man are as sacred as those of the miscalled commonwealth of Virginia. Virginia is only another Algiers. The barbarous horde who gag each other, imprison women for teaching children to read, prohibit the Bible, sell men on the auction-blocks, abolish marriage, condemn half their women to prostitution, and devote themselves to the breeding of human beings for sale, is only a larger and blacker Algiers. The only prayer of a true man for such is, "Gracious Heaven! unless they repent, send soon their Exmouth and Decatur." John Brown has twice as much right to hang Gov. Wise, as Gov. Wise has to hang him. (Cheers and hisses.) You see I am talking of that absolute essence of things that lives in the sight of the Eternal and the Infinite; not as men judge it in the rotten morals of the nineteenth century, among a herd of States that calls itself an empire, because it raises cotton and sells slaves. What I say is this: Harper's Ferry was the only government in that vicinity. Look at the trial. Virginia, true to herself, has shown exactly the same haste that the pirate does when he tries a man on deck, and runs him up to the yard-arm. Unconsciously she is consistent. Now, you do not think this to-day, some of you, perhaps. But I tell you what absolute History shall judge of these forms and phantoms of ours. John Brown began his life, his public life, in Kansas. The South planted that seed; it reaps the first fruit now. Twelve years ago the great men in Washington, the Websters and the Clays, planted the Mexican war; and they reaped their appropriate fruit in Gen. Taylor and Gen. Pierce pushing them from their statesmen's stools. The South planted the seeds of violence in Kansas, and taught peaceful Northern men familiarity with the bowie-knife and revolver. They planted nine hundred and ninety-nine seeds, and this is the first one that has flowered; this is the first drop of the coming shower. People do me the honor to say, in some of the western papers, that this is traceable to some teachings of mine. It is too much honor to such as me.

Gladly, if it were not fulsome vanity, would I clutch this laurel of having any share in the great resolute daring of that man who flung himself against an empire in behalf of justice and liberty. They were not the bravest men who fought at Saratoga and Yorktown, in the war of 1776. O, no! it was rather those who flung themselves, at Lexington, few and feeble, against the embattled ranks of an empire, till then thought irresistible. Elderly men, in powdered wigs and red velvet, smoothed their ruffles, and cried, "Madmen!" Full-fed custom-house clerks said, "A pistol shot against Gibraltar!" But Captain Ingraham, under the stars and stripes, dictating terms to the fleet of the Cæsars, was only the echo of that Lexington gun. Harper's Ferry is the Lexington of to-day. Up to this moment, Brown's life has been one unmixed success. Prudence, skill, courage, thrift, knowledge of his time, knowledge of his opponents, undaunted daring — he had all these. He was the man who could leave Kansas, and go into Missouri, and take eleven men and give them to liberty, and bring them off on the horses which he carried with him, and two which he took as tribute from their masters in order to facilitate escape. Then, when he had passed his human *protéges* from the vulture of the United States to the safe shelter of the English lion, this is the brave, frank, and sublime truster in God's right and absolute justice, that entered his name in the city of Cleveland, "John Brown, of Kansas," advertised there two horses for sale, and stood in front of the auctioneer's stand, notifying all bidders of — what some would think — the defect in the title. (Laughter.) But he added, with nonchalance, when he told the story, — "They brought a very excellent price." (Laughter.) This is the man who, in the face of the nation, avowing his right, and laboring with what strength he had in behalf of the wronged, goes down to Harper's Ferry to follow up his work. Well, men say he failed. Every man has his Moscow. Suppose he did fail, every man meets his Waterloo at last. There

are two kinds of defeat. Whether in chains or in laurels, LIBERTY knows nothing but victories. Soldiers call Bunker Hill a defeat; but Liberty dates from it, though Warren lay dead on the field. Men say the attempt did not succeed. No man can command success. Whether it was well planned, and *deserved* to succeed, we shall be able to decide when Brown is free to tell us all he knows. Suppose he did fail, in one sense, he has done a great deal still. Why, this is a decent country to live in now. (Laughter and cheers.) Actually, in this Sodom of ours, twenty-two men have been found ready to die for an idea. God be thanked for John Brown, that he has discovered or created them. (Cheers.) I should feel some pride, if I was in Europe now, in confessing that I was an American. (Applause.) We have redeemed the long infamy of sixty years of subservience. But look back a bit. Is there any thing new about this? Nothing at all. It is the natural result of Anti-slavery teaching. For one, I accept it; I expected it. I cannot say that I prayed for it; I cannot say that I hoped for it. But at the same time, no sane man has looked upon this matter for twenty years, and supposed that we could go through this great moral convulsion, the great classes of society crashing and jostling against each other like frigates in a storm, and that there would not come such scenes as these.

In 1835 it was the other way. Then it was my bull that gored your ox. Then ideas came in conflict, and men of violence, men who trusted in their own right hands, men who believed in bowie-knives — such sacked the city of Philadelphia; such made New York to be governed by a mob; Boston saw its mayor suppliant and kneeling to the chief of a broadcloth mob in broad daylight. It was all on that side. The natural result, the first result of this starting of ideas, is like people who get half awaked, and use the first weapons that lie at hand. The first show and unfolding of national life, were the mobs of 1835. People said it served us right;

we had no right to the luxury of speaking our own minds ; it was too expensive ; these lavish, prodigal, luxurious persons walking about here, and actually saying what they think. Why, it was like speaking loud in the midst of the avalanches. To say "Liberty" in a loud tone, the Constitution of 1789 might come down — it would not do. But now things have changed. We have been talking thirty years. Twenty years we have talked every where, under all circumstances ; we have been mobbed out of great cities, and pelted out of little ones ; we have been abused by great men and by little papers. (Laughter and applause.) What is the result ? The tables have been turned ; it is your bull that has gored my ox now. And men that still believe in violence, the five points of whose faith are the fist, the bowie-knife, fire, poison, and the pistol, are ranged on the side of Liberty, and, unwilling to wait for the slow but sure steps of thought, lay on God's altar the best they have. You cannot expect to put a real Puritan Presbyterian, as John Brown is — a regular Cromwellian dug up from two centuries — in the midst of our New England civilization, that dare not say its soul is its own, nor proclaim that it is wrong to sell a man at auction, and not have him show himself as he is. Put a hound in the presence of a deer, and he springs at his throat if he is a true bloodhound. Put a Christian in the presence of a sin, and he will spring at its throat if he is a true Christian. Into an acid we may throw white matter, but unless it is chalk, it will not produce agitation. So, if in a world of sinners you were to put American Christianity, it would be calm as oil. But put one Christian, like John Brown of Osawatomic, and he makes the whole crystallize into right and wrong, and marshal themselves on one side or the other. God makes him the text, and all he asks of our comparatively cowardly lips is to preach the sermon, and say to the American people that, whether that old man succeeded in a worldly sense or not, he stood a representative of law, of government, of right, of justice, of religion,

and they were a mob of murderers that gathered about him, and sought to wreak vengeance by taking his life. The banks of the Potomac, doubly dear now to History and to Man! The dust of Washington rests there; and History will see forever on that river-side the brave old man on his pallet, whose dust, when God calls him hence, the Father of his country would be proud to make room for beside his own. But if Virginia tyrants dare hang him, after this mockery of a trial, it will take two more Washingtons at least to make the name of the State any thing but abominable in time to come. (Applause and hisses.) Well, I say what I really think, (cheers, and cries of "good, good.") George Washington was a great man. Yet I say what I really think. And I know, ladies and gentlemen, that, educated as you have been by the experience of the last ten years here, you would have thought me the silliest as well as the most cowardly man in the world, if I should have come, with my twenty years behind me, and talked about any thing else to-night except that great example which one man has set us on the banks of the Potomac. You expected, of course, that I should tell you my real opinion of it.

I value this element that Brown has introduced into American politics. The South is a great power—no cowards in Virginia. (Laughter.) It was not cowardice. (Laughter.) Now, I try to speak very plain, but you will misunderstand me. There is no cowardice in Virginia. The South are not cowards. The lunatics in the Gospel were not cowards when they said, "Art thou come to torment us before the time?" (Laughter.) They were brave enough, but they saw afar off. They saw the tremendous power that was entering into that charmed circle; they knew its inevitable victory. Virginia did not tremble at an old gray-headed man at Harper's Ferry; they trembled at a John Brown in every man's own conscience. He had been there many years, and, like that terrific scene which Beckford has drawn for us in his *Hall of*

Eblis, where the crowd runs around, each man with an incurable wound in his bosom, and agrees not to speak of it; so the South has been running up and down its political and social life, and every man keeps his right hand pressed on the secret and incurable sore, with an understood agreement, in Church and State, that it never shall be mentioned, for fear the great ghastly fabric shall come to pieces at the talismanic word. Brown uttered it; cried, "Slavery is sin! come, all true men, help pull it down," and the whole machinery trembled to its very base.

I value this movement for another reason. Did you ever see a blacksmith shoe a restless horse? If you have, you have seen him take a small cord and tie the upper lip. Ask him what he does it for, he will tell you to give the beast something to think of. (Laughter.) Now, the South has extensive schemes. She grasps with one hand a Mexico, and with the other she dictates terms to the Church, she imposes conditions on the State, she buys up Webster with a little or a promise, and Everett with nothing. (Great laughter and applause.) John Brown has given her something else to think of. He has turned her attention inwardly. He has taught her that there has been created a new element in this Northern mind; that it is not merely the thinker, that it is not merely the editor, that it is not merely the moral reformer, but the idea has pervaded all classes of society. Call them madmen if you will. Hard to tell who's mad. The world says one man is mad. John Brown said the same of the Governor. You remember the madman in Edinburgh. A friend asked him what he was there for. "Well," cried he, "they said at home that I was mad; and I said I was not; but they had the majority." (Laughter.) Just so it is in regard to John Brown. The nation says he is mad. I appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober; I appeal from the American people, drunk with cotton, and the *New York Observer*, (loud and long laughter,) to the American people fifty.

years hence, when the light of civilization has had more time to penetrate, when self-interest has been rebuked by the world rising and giving its verdict on these great questions, when it is not a small band of Abolitionists, but the civilization of the nineteenth century, in all its varied forms, interests, and elements, that undertakes to enter the arena, and discuss this last great reform. When that day comes, what will be thought of these first martyrs, who teach us how to live and how to die?

Has the slave a right to resist his master? I will not argue that question to a people hoarse with shouting ever since July 4, 1776, that all men are created equal, that the right to liberty is inalienable, and that "resistance to tyrants is obedience to God." But may he resist to blood — with rifles? What need of proving that to a people who load down Bunker Hill with granite, and crowd their public squares with images of Washington; ay, worship the sword so blindly that, leaving their oldest statesmen idle, they go down to the bloodiest battle field in Mexico to drag out a President? But may one help the slave resist, as Brown did? Ask Byron on his death-bed in the marshes of Missolonghi. Ask the Hudson as its waters kiss your shore, what answer they bring from the grave of Ko-ciu-ko. I hide the Connecticut Puritan behind Lafayette, bleeding at Brandywine, in behalf of a nation his rightful king forbade him to visit.

But John Brown violated the law. Yes. On yonder desk lie the inspired words of men who died violent deaths for breaking the laws of Rome. Why do you listen to them so reverently? Huss and Wickliffe violated laws, why honor them? George Washington, had he been caught before 1783, would have died on the gibbet, for breaking the laws of his sovereign. Yet I have heard that man praised within six months. Yes, you say, but these men broke *bad* laws. Just so. It is honorable, then, to break *bad* laws, and such law-

breaking History loves and God blesses ! Who says, then, that slave laws are not ten thousand times worse than any those men resisted ? Whatever argument *excuses* them, makes John Brown a saint.

Suppose John Brown had not staid at Harper's Ferry. Suppose on that momentous Monday night, when the excited imaginations of two thousand Charlestown people had enlarged him and his little band into four hundred white men and two hundred blacks, he had vanished, and when the gallant troops arrived there, two thousand strong, they had found nobody ! The mountains would have been peopled with enemies ; the Alleghanies would have heaved with insurrection ! You never would have convinced Virginia that all Pennsylvania was not armed and on the hills. Suppose Massachusetts, free Massachusetts, had not given the world the telegraph to flash news like sunlight over half the globe. Then Tuesday would have rolled away, while slow-spreading through dazed Virginia crawled the news of this event. Meanwhile, a hundred men having rallied to Brown's side, he might have marched across the quaking State to Richmond and pardoned Governor Wise. Nat Turner's success, in 1831, shows this would have been possible. Free thought, mother of invention, not Virginia, baffled Brown. But free thought, in the long run, strangles tyrants. Virginia has not slept sound since Nat Turner led an insurrection in 1831, and she bids fair never to have a nap now. (Laughter.) For this is not an insurrection ; this is the penetration of a different element. Mark you, it is not the oppressed race rising. Recollect history. There never was a race held in actual chains that vindicated its own liberty but one. There never was a serf nor a slave whose own sword cut off his own chain but one. Blue-eyed, light-haired Anglo-Saxon, it was not our race. We were serfs for three centuries, and we waited till commerce, and Christianity, and a different law, had melted our fetters. We were crowded down into a villanage which

crushed out our manhood so thoroughly that we had not vigor enough left to redeem ourselves. Neither France nor Spain, neither the Northern nor the Southern races of Europe have that bright spot on their escutcheon, that they put an end to their own slavery. Blue-eyed, haughty, contemptuous Anglo-Saxons, it was the black — the only race in the record of history that ever, after a century of oppression, retained the vigor to write the charter of its emancipation with its own hand in the blood of the dominant race. Despised, calumniated, slandered San Domingo is the only instance in history where a race, with indestructible love of liberty, after bearing a hundred years of oppression, rose up under their own leader, and with their own hands wrested chains from their own limbs. Wait, garrulous, ignorant, boasting Saxon, till you have done half as much, before you talk of the cowardice of the black race !

The slaves of our country have not risen, but, as in most other cases, redemption will come from the interference of a wiser, higher, more advanced civilization on its exterior. It is the almost universal record of history, and ours is a repetition of the same drama. We have awakened at last the enthusiasm of both classes — those that act from impulse, and those that act from calculation. It is a libel on the Yankee to think that it includes the whole race, when you say that if you put a dollar on the other side of hell, the Yankee will spring for it at any risk, (laughter ;) for there is an element even in the Yankee blood that obeys ideas ; there is an impulsive, enthusiastic aspiration, something left to us from the old Puritan stock ; that which made England what she was two centuries ago ; that which is fated to give the closest grapple with the Slave Power to-day. This is an invasion by outside power. Civilization in 1600 crept along our shores, now planting her foot, and then retreating ; now gaining a foothold, and then receding before barbarism, till at last came Jamestown and Plymouth, and then thirty States.

Harper's Ferry is perhaps one of Raleigh's or Gosnold's colonies, vanishing and to be swept away; by and by will come the immortal one hundred, and Plymouth Rock, with "MANIFEST DESTINY" written by God's hand on their banner, and the right of unlimited "ANNEXATION" granted by Heaven itself.

It is the lesson of the age. The first cropping out of it is in such a man as John Brown. Grant that he did not measure his means; that he was not thrifty as to his method; he did not calculate closely enough, and he was defeated. What is defeat? Nothing but education — nothing but the first step to something better. All that is wanted is, that our public opinion shall not creep around like a servile coward, corrupt, disordered, insane public opinion, and proclaim that Governor Wise, because he *says* he is a Governor, *is* a Governor; that Virginia is a State, because she *says* she is so.

Thank God, I am not a citizen. You will remember, all of you, citizens of the United States, that there was not a Virginia gun fired at John Brown. Hundreds of well-armed Maryland and Virginia troops rushed to Harper's Ferry and — went away! *You* shot him! Sixteen marines, to whom you pay eight dollars a month — your own representatives. When the disturbed State could not stand on her own legs for trembling, you went there and strengthened the feeble knees, and held up the palsied hand. Sixteen men, with the Vulture of the Union above them — (sensation) — your representatives! It was the covenant with death and agreement with hell, which you call the Union of thirty States, that took the old man by the throat with a pirate hand; and it will be the disgrace of our civilization if a gallows is ever erected in Virginia that bears his body. "The most resolute man I ever saw," says Governor Wise, "the most daring, the coolest. I would trust his truth about any question. The sincerest!" Sincerity, courage, resolute daring, beating in a heart that feared God, and dared all to help

his brother to liberty — Virginia has nothing, nothing for those qualities but a scaffold! (Applause.) In her broad dominion she can only afford him six feet for a grave! God help the Commonwealth that bids such welcome to the noblest qualities that can grace poor human nature! Yet that is the acknowledgment of Governor Wise himself! I will not dignify such a horde with the name of a *Despotism*; since Despotism is sometimes magnanimous. Witness Russia, covering Schamyl with generous protection. Compare that with mad Virginia, hurrying forward this ghastly trial.

They say it cost the officers and persons in responsible positions more effort to keep hundreds of startled soldiers from shooting the five prisoners, sixteen marines had made, than it cost those marines to take the Armory itself. Soldiers and civilians — both alike — only a mob fancying itself a government! And mark you, I have said they were not a government. They not only are not a government, but they have not even the remotest idea of what a government is. (Laughter.) They do not begin to have the faintest conception of what a civilized government is. Here is a man arraigned before a jury, or about to be. The State of Virginia, as she calls herself, is about to try him. The first step in that trial is a jury; the second is a judge; and at the head stands the Chief Executive of the State, who holds the power to pardon murder; and yet that very Executive, who, according to the principles of the sublimest chapter in Algernon Sydney's immortal book, is bound by the very responsibility that rests on him, to keep his mind impartial as to the guilt of any person arraigned, hastens down to Richmond, hurries to the platform, and proclaims to the assembled Commonwealth of Virginia, "The man is a murderer, and ought to be hung." Almost every lip in the State might have said it except that single lip of its Governor; and the moment he had uttered these words, in the theory of the English law, it was not possible to impanel an impartial jury in the Com-

monwealth of Virginia; it was not possible to get the materials and the machinery to try him according to even the ugliest pattern of English jurisprudence. And yet the Governor does not know that he has written himself down *non compos*, and the Commonwealth that he governs supposes itself still a Christian polity. They have not the faintest conception of what goes to make up government. The worst Jeffries that ever, in his most drunken hour, climbed up a lamp-post in the streets of London, would not have tried a man who could not stand on his feet. There is no such record in the blackest roll of tyranny. If Jeffries could speak, he would thank God that at last his name might be taken down from the gibbet of History, since the Virginia Bench has made his worst act white, set against the blackness of this modern infamy. (Applause.) And yet the New York press daily prints the accounts of the *trial*. Trial! In the names of Holt and Somers, of Hale and Erskine, of Parsons, Marshall, and Jay, I protest against the name. *Trial* for life, in Anglo-Saxon dialect, has a proud, historic meaning. It includes indictment by impartial peers; a copy of such indictment and a list of witnesses furnished the prisoner, with ample time to scrutinize both; liberty to choose, and time to get counsel; a sound body and a sound mind to arrange one's defence; I need not add, a judge and jury impartial as the lot of humanity will admit; honored bulwarks and safeguards, each one the trophy and result of a century's struggle. Wounded, fevered, lying half unconscious on his pallet, unable to stand on his feet, the trial half finished before his first request for aid had reached his friends, — no list of witnesses or knowledge of them till the crier, calling the name of some assassin of his comrades, wakes him to consciousness; the judge a tool, and the prosecutor seeking popularity by pandering to the mob; no decent form observed, and the essence of a fair trial wholly wanting, our History and Law alike protest against degrad-

ing the honored name of *Jury Trial* by leading it to such an outrage as this. The Inquisition used to break every other bone in a man's body, and then lay him on a pallet, giving him neither counsel nor opportunity to consult one, and wring from his tortured mouth something like a confession, and call it a trial. But it was heaven-robed innocence compared with the trial, or what the New York press call so, that has been going on in crazed and maddened Charlestown.

I wish I could say any thing worthy of the great deed which has taken place in our day — the opening of the sixth seal, the pouring out of the last vial but one on a corrupt and giant Institution. I know that many men will deem me a fanatic for uttering this wholesale vituperation, as it will be called, upon a State, and this indorsement of a madman. I can only say that I have spoken on this Anti-slavery question before the American people thirty years; that I have seen the day when this same phase of popular feeling — rifles and force — was on the other side. You remember the first time I was ever privileged to stand on this platform by the magnanimous generosity of your clergyman, when New York was about to bully and crush out the freedom of speech at the dictation of Capt. Rynders. From that day to this, the same braving of public thought has been going on from here to Kansas, until it bloomed in the events of the last three years. It has changed the whole face of the sentiment in these Northern States. You meet with the evidence of it every where. When the first news from Harper's Ferry came to Massachusetts, if you were riding in the cars, if you were walking in the streets, if you met a Democrat, or a Whig, or a Republican, no matter what his politics, it was a singular circumstance that he did not speak of the guilt of Brown, of the atrocity of the deed, as you might have expected. The first impulsive expression, the first outbreak of every man's words was, "What a pity he did not succeed! (Laughter.) What a fool he was for not going off Monday, when he had all he wanted! How strange that he

did not take his victory, and march away with it!" It indicated the unconscious leavening of a sympathy with the attempt. Days followed on; they commenced what they called their trial; you met the same classes again; no man said he ought to be hung; no man said he was guilty; no man predicated any thing of his moral position; every man voluntarily and inevitably seemed to give vent to his indignation at the farce of a trial, indicative again of that unheeded, potent, unconscious, but widespread sympathy on the side of Brown.

Do you suppose that these things mean nothing? What the tender and poetic youth dreams to-day, as Emerson says, and conjures up with inarticulate speech, is to-morrow the vociferated result of public opinion, and the day after is the charter of nations. The American people have begun to feel. The mute eloquence of the fugitive slave has gone up and down the highways and byways of the country; it will annex itself to the great American heart of the North, even in the most fossil state of its hunkerism, as a latent sympathy with its right side. This blow, like the first gun at Lexington, "heard around the world,"—this blow at Harper's Ferry reveals men. Watch those about you, and you will see more of the temper and unconscious purpose and real moral position of men than you would imagine. This is the way nations are to be judged. Be not in a hurry; action will come soon enough from this sentiment. We stereotype feeling into intellect, and then into statutes, and finally into national character. We have now the first stage of growth. Nature's live growths crowd out and rive dead matter. Ideas strangle statutes. Pulse-beats wear down granite, whether piled in jails or capitols. The people's hearts are the only title-deeds after all. Your Barnburners said, "Patroon titles are unrighteous." Judges replied, "Such is the law." Wealth shrieked, "Vested rights!" Parties talked of Constitutions; still, the people said, "Sin." They shot a sheriff. A parrot press cried, "Anarchy!" Lawyers growled, "Murder!"—still, nobody

was hung, if I recollect aright. To-day, the *heart* of the Barnburner beats in the statute-book of your State. John Brown's movement against Slavery is exactly the same. Wait a while, and you'll all agree with me. What is fanaticism to-day is the fashionable creed to-morrow, and trite as the multiplication table a week after.

John Brown has stirred those omnipotent pulses — LYDIA MARIA CHILD's is one. She says, "That dungeon is the place for me," and writes a letter in magnanimous appeal to the better nature of Gov. Wise. She says in it, "John Brown is a hero; he has done a noble deed. I think he was all right; but he is sick; he is wounded; he wants a woman's nursing. I am an Abolitionist; I have been so thirty years. I think Slavery is a sin, and John Brown a saint; but I want to come and nurse him; and I pledge my word that if you will open his prison door, I will use the privilege, under sacred honor, only to nurse him. I enclose you a message to Brown; be sure and deliver it." And the message was, "Old man, God bless you! You have struck a noble blow; you have done a mighty work; God was with you; your heart was in the right place. I send you across five hundred miles the pulse of a woman's gratitude." And Gov. Wise has opened the door, and announced to the world that she may go in. John Brown has conquered the pirate. (Applause.) Hope! there is hope every where. It is only the universal history:

"Right forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the throne;
But that scaffold sways the future, and behind the dim unknown
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above his own."

Wendell Phillips

III.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.*

MR. CHAIRMAN AND FELLOW-CITIZENS: I share the sympathy and sorrow which have brought us together. Gentlemen who have preceded me have well said that no wall of separation could here exist. This commanding event, which has brought us together—the sequel of which has brought us together,—eclipses all others which have occurred for a long time in our history, and I am very glad to see that this sudden interest in the hero of Harper's Ferry has provoked an extreme curiosity in all parts of the Republic, in regard to the details of his history. Every anecdote is eagerly sought, and I do not wonder that gentlemen find traits of relation readily between him and themselves. One finds a relation in the church, another in the profession, another in the place of his birth. He was happily a representative of the American Republic. Captain John Brown is a farmer, the fifth in descent from Peter Brown, who came to Plymouth in the Mayflower, in 1620. All the six have been farmers. His grandfather, of Simsbury, in Connecticut, was a captain in the Revolution. His father, largely interested as a raiser of stock, became a contractor to supply the army with beef, in the war of 1812, and our Captain John Brown, then a boy, with his father, was present, and witnessed the

* Delivered in Tremont Temple, on Saturday evening, November 18, at a meeting held for the relief of the family of John Brown.

surrender of General Hull. He cherishes a great respect for his father, as a man of strong character, and his respect is probably just. For himself, he is so transparent that all men see him through. He is a man to make friends wherever on earth courage and integrity are esteemed — (applause) — the rarest of heroes, a pure idealist, with no by-ends of his own. Many of you have seen him, and every one who has heard him speak has been impressed alike by his simple, artless goodness, joined with his sublime courage. He joins that perfect Puritan faith which brought his fifth ancestor to Plymouth Rock, with his grandfather's ardor in the Revolution. He believes in two articles — two instruments shall I say? — the Golden Rule and the Declaration of Independence; (applause) — and he used this expression in conversation here concerning them, "Better that a whole generation of men, women, and children should pass away by a violent death, than that one word of either should be violated in this country." There is a Unionist — there is a strict constructionist for you! (Applause and laughter.) He believes in the Union of the States, and he conceives that the only obstruction to the Union is Slavery, and for that reason, as a patriot, he works for its abolition. The Governor of Virginia has pronounced his eulogy in a manner that discredits the moderation of our timid parties. His own speeches to the court have interested the nation in him. What magnanimity, and what innocent pleading, as of childhood! You remember his words — "If I had interfered in behalf of the rich, the powerful, the intelligent, the so-called great, or any of their friends, parents, wives, or children, it would all have been right. No man in this court would have thought it a crime. But I believe that to have interfered as I have done, for the despised poor, I have done no wrong, but right."

It is easy to see what a favorite he will be with history, which plays such pranks with temporary reputations. Nothing can resist the sympathy which all elevated minds must feel with

Brown, and through them the whole civilized world; and, if he must suffer, he must drag official gentlemen into an immortality most undesirable, and of which they have already some disagreeable forebodings. (Applause.) Indeed, it is the *reductio ad absurdum* of Slavery, when the Governor of Virginia is forced to hang a man whom he declares to be a man of the most integrity, truthfulness, and courage he has ever met. Is that the kind of man the gallows is built for? It were bold to affirm that there is within that broad Commonwealth, at this moment, another citizen as worthy to live, and as deserving of all public and private honor, as this poor prisoner.

But we are here to think of relief for the family of John Brown. To my eyes, that family looks very large and very needy of relief. It comprises his brave fellow-sufferers in the Charlestown jail; the fugitives still hunted in the mountains of Virginia and Pennsylvania; the sympathizers with him in all the States; and I may say, almost every man who loves the Golden Rule and the Declaration of Independence, like him, and who sees what a tiger's thirst threatens him in the malignity of public sentiment in the Slave States. It seems to me that a common feeling joins the people of Massachusetts with him. I said John Brown was an idealist. He believed in his ideas to that extent that he existed to put them all into action; he said "he did not believe in moral suasion; — he believed in putting the thing through." (Applause.) He saw how deceptive the forms are. We fancy, in Massachusetts, that we are free; yet it seems the Government is quite unreliable. Great wealth, — great population, — men of talent in the Executive, on the Bench, — all the forms right, — and yet, life and freedom are not safe. Why? Because the Judges rely on the forms, and do not, like John Brown, use their eyes to see the fact behind the forms.

They assume that the United States can protect its witness or its prisoner. And, in Massachusetts, that is true,

but the moment he is carried out of the bounds of Massachusetts, the United States, it is notorious, afford no protection at all; the Government, the Judges, are an envenomed party, and give such protection as they give in Utah to honest citizens, or in Kansas; such protection as they gave to their own Commodore Paulding, when he was simple enough to mistake the formal instructions of his Government for their real meaning. (Applause.) The State Judges fear collision between their two allegiances; but there are worse evils than collision; namely, the doing substantial injustice. A good man will see that the use of a Judge is to secure good government, and where the citizen's weal is imperilled by abuse of the Federal power, to use that arm which can secure it, viz., the local government. Had that been done on certain calamitous occasions, we should not have seen the honor of Massachusetts trailed in the dust, stained to all ages, once and again, by the ill-timed formalism of a venerable Bench. If Judges cannot find law enough to maintain the sovereignty of the State, and to protect the life and freedom of every inhabitant not a criminal, it is idle to compliment them as learned and venerable. What avails their learning or veneration? At a pinch, they are of no more use than idiots. After the mischance they wring their hands, but they had better never have been born. A Vermont Judge Hutchinson, who has the Declaration of Independence in his heart, a Wisconsin Judge, who knows that laws are for the protection of citizens against kidnappers, is worth a court house full of lawyers so idolatrous of forms as to let go the substance. Is any man in Massachusetts so simple as to believe that when a United States Court in Virginia, now, in its present reign of terror, sends to Connecticut, or New York, or Massachusetts, for a witness, it wants him for a witness? No; it wants him for a party; it wants him for meat to slaughter and eat. And your *habeas corpus* is, in any way in which it has been, or, I fear, is likely to be used, a nuisance, and not a protection; for it takes away his right

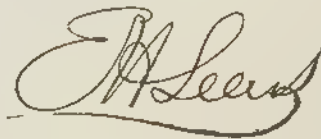
reliance on himself, and the natural assistance of his friends and fellow-citizens, by offering him a form which is a piece of paper. But I am detaining the meeting on matters which others understand better. I hope, then, that in administering relief to John Brown's family, we shall remember all those whom his fate concerns, all who are in sympathy with him, and not forget to aid him in the best way, by securing freedom and independence in Massachusetts.

R. W. Emerson

"OLD JOHN BROWN."

Not any spot six feet by two
We hold a man like thee;
John Brown will tramp the shaking earth
From the Blue Ridge to the sea;
Till the strong angel comes at last,
And opes each dungeon door,
And God's "Great Charter" holds and waves
O'er all his humble poor.

And then the humble poor will come
In that far distant day,
And from the felon's nameless grave
They'll brush the leaves away;
And gray old men will point the spot
Beneath the pine-tree shade,
As children ask, with streaming eyes,
Where "Old John Brown" was laid.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "E. A. Sears". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned below the poem.

IV.

LETTERS FROM THEODORE PARKER.

ROME, November 24, 1859.

MY DEAR FRIEND: I see by a recent telegraph which the steamer of November 2d brought from Boston, that the Court found Captain Brown guilty, and passed sentence upon him. It is said Friday, December 2d, is fixed as the day for hanging him. So, long before this reaches you, my friend will have passed on to the reward of his magnanimous public services, and his pure, upright, private life. I am not well enough to be the minister to any Congregation, least of all to one like that which, for so many years, helped my soul, while it listened to my words. Surely, the Twenty-Eighth Congregational Society in Boston needs a minister, not half dead, but alive all over; and yet, while reading the accounts of the affair at Harper's Ferry, and of the sayings of certain men at Boston, whom you and I know only too well, I could not help wishing I was at home again, to use what poor remnant of power is left to me in defence of the True and the Right.*

America is rich in able men, in skilful writers, in ready and accomplished speakers. But few men dare treat public affairs with reference to the great principles of justice, and the American Democracy; nay, few with reference to any remote future, or even with a comprehensive survey of the present. Our public writers ask what effect will this opinion

have on the Democratic party, or the Republican party? how will it affect the next Presidential election? what will the great State of Pennsylvania, or Ohio, or New York say to it? This is very unfortunate for us all, especially when the people have to deal practically and that speedily with a question concerning the very existence of Democratic institutions in America; for it is not to be denied that we must give up DEMOCRACY if we keep SLAVERY or give up SLAVERY if we keep DEMOCRACY.

I greatly deplore this state of things. Our able men fail to perform their natural function — to give valuable instruction and advice to the people; and, at the same time, they debase and degrade themselves. The hurrahs and the offices they get are poor compensation for falseness to their own consciences.

In my best estate, I do not pretend to much political wisdom, and still less now while sick; but I wish yet to set down a few thoughts for your private eye, and, it may be, for the ear of the Fraternity. They are, at least, the result of long meditation on the subject; besides, they are not at all new nor peculiar to me, but are a part of the Public Knowledge of all enlightened men.

1. *A man, held against his will as a slave, has a natural right to kill every one who seeks to prevent his enjoyment of liberty.* This has long been recognized as a self-evident proposition, coming so directly from the Primitive Instincts of Human Nature, that it neither required proofs nor admitted them.

2. *It may be a natural duty of the slave to develop this natural right in a practical manner, and actually kill all those who seek to prevent his enjoyment of liberty.* For, if he continue patiently in bondage: First, he entails the foulest of curses on his children; and, second, he encourages other men to commit the crime against nature which he allows his own master to commit. It is my duty to preserve my own body

from starvation. If I fail thereof through sloth, I not only die, but incur the contempt and loathing of my acquaintances while I live. It is not less my duty to do all that is in my power to preserve my body and soul from Slavery; and if I submit to that through cowardice, I not only become a bondman, and suffer what thralldom inflicts, but I incur also the contempt and loathing of my acquaintance. Why do freemen scorn and despise a slave? Because they think his condition is a sign of his cowardice, and believe that he ought to prefer death to bondage. The Southerners hold the Africans in great contempt, though mothers of their children. Why? Simply because the Africans are slaves; that is, because the Africans fail to perform the natural duty of securing freedom by killing their oppressors.

3. *The freeman has a natural right to help the slaves recover their liberty, and in that enterprise to do for them all which they have a right to do for themselves.* This statement, I think, requires no argument or illustration.

4. *It may be a natural duty for the freeman to help the slaves to the enjoyment of their liberty, and, as means to that end to aid them in killing all such as oppose their natural freedom.* If you were attacked by a wolf, I should not only have a right to aid you in getting rid of that enemy, but it would be my DUTY to help you in proportion to my power. If it were a MURDERER, and not a wolf, who attacked you, the duty would be still the same. Suppose it is not a murderer who would kill you, but a KIDNAPPER who would enslave, does that make it less my duty to help you out of the hands of your enemy? Suppose it is not a kidnapper who would make you a bondman, but a SLAVEHOLDER who would keep you one, does that remove my obligation to help you?

5. *The performance of this duty is to be controlled by the freeman's power and opportunity to help the slaves.* (The Impossible is never the Obligatory.) I cannot help the slaves in Dahomey or Bornou, and am not bound to try. I can help

those who escape to my own neighborhood, and I ought to do so. My duty is commensurate with my power; and, as my power increases, my duty enlarges along with it. If I *could* help the bondmen in Virginia to their freedom as easily and effectually as I can aid the runaway at my own door, then I OUGHT to do so.

These five maxims have a direct application to America at this day, and the people of the Free States have a certain dim perception thereof, which, fortunately, is becoming clearer every year.

Thus, the people of Massachusetts *feel* that they ought to protect the fugitive slaves who come into our State. Hence come, first the irregular attempts to secure their liberty, and the declarations of noble men, like Timothy Gilbert, George W. Barnes, and others, that they will do so even at great personal risk; and, secondly the statute laws made by the legislature to accomplish that end.

Now, if Massachusetts had the power to do as much for the slaves in Virginia as for the runaways in her own territory, we should soon see those two sets of measures at work in *that* direction also.

I find it is said in the Democratic newspapers that "Captain Brown had many friends at the North, who sympathized with him in general, and in special approved of this particular scheme of his; they furnished him with some twelve or twenty thousand dollars, it would seem." I think much more than that is true of us. If he *had* succeeded in running off one or two thousand slaves to Canada, even at the expense of a little violence and bloodshed, *the majority of men in New England would have rejoiced, not only in the End, but also in the Means.* The first successful attempt of a considerable number of slaves to secure their freedom by violence will clearly show how deep is the sympathy of the people for them, and how strongly they embrace the five principles I mentioned above. A little success of

that sort will serve as *priming* for the popular cannon ; it is already *loaded*.

Of course, I was not astonished to hear that an attempt had been made to free the slaves in a certain part of Virginia, nor should I be astonished if another "insurrection" or "rebellion" took place in the State of ———, or a third in ———, or a fourth in ———. Such things are to be expected; for they do not depend merely on the private will of men like Captain Brown and his associates, but on the great General Causes which move all human kind to hate Wrong and love Right. Such "insurrections" will continue as long as Slavery lasts, and will increase, both in frequency and in power, just as the people become intelligent and moral. Virginia may hang John Brown and all that family, but she cannot hang the HUMAN RACE; and, until that is done, noble men will rejoice in the motto of that once magnanimous State — "*Sic semper Tyrannis!*" "Let such be the end of every oppressor."

It is a good Anti-Slavery picture on the Virginia shield: a man standing on a tyrant and chopping his head off with a sword; only I would paint the sword-holder *black* and the tyrant *white*, to show the *immediate application* of the principle. The American people will have to march to rather severe music, I think, and it is better for them to face it in season. A few years ago it did not seem difficult first to check Slavery, and then to end it without any bloodshed. I think this cannot be done now, nor ever in the future. All the great charters of HUMANITY have been writ in blood. I once hoped that of American Democracy would be engrossed in less costly ink; but it is plain, now, that our pilgrimage must lead through a Red Sea, wherein many a Pharaoh will go under and perish. Alas! that we are not wise enough to be just, or just enough to be wise, and so gain much at small cost!

Look, now, at a few notorious facts:

I. There are four million slaves in the United States violently withheld from their natural right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Now, they are our fellow countrymen — yours and mine — just as much as any four million *white* men. Of course, you and I owe them the duty which one man owes another of his own nation — the duty of instruction, advice, and protection of natural rights. If they are starving, we ought to help feed them. The color of their skins, their degraded social condition, their ignorance, abates nothing from their natural claim on us, or from our natural duty toward them.

There are men in all the Northern States who feel the obligation which citizenship imposes on them — the duty to help those slaves. Hence arose the ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, which seeks simply to excite the white people to perform their natural duty to their dark fellow-countrymen. Hence comes CAPTAIN BROWN'S EXPEDITION — an attempt to help his countrymen enjoy their natural right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

He sought by violence what the Anti-Slavery Society works for with other weapons. The two agree in the end, and differ only in the means. Men like Captain Brown will be continually rising up among the white people of the Free States, attempting to do their *natural duty* to their black countrymen — that is, help them to freedom. Some of these efforts will be successful. Thus, last winter, Captain Brown himself escorted eleven of his countrymen from bondage in Missouri to freedom in Canada. He did not snap a gun, I think, although then, as more recently, he had his fighting tools at hand, and would have used them, if necessary. Even now, the Underground Railroad is in constant and beneficent operation. By-and-by it will be an Overground Railroad from Mason and Dixon's line clear to Canada: the only *tunnelling* will be in the Slave States. Northern men applaud the brave conductors of that Locomotive of Liberty.

When Thomas Garrett was introduced to a meeting of political Free-Soilers in Boston, as "the man who had helped eighteen hundred slaves to their natural liberty," even that meeting gave the righteous Quaker *three times three*. All honest Northern hearts beat with admiration of such men; nay, with love for them. Young lads say, "I wish that heaven would make me such a man." The wish will now and then be father to the fact. You and I have had opportunity enough, in twenty years, to see that this philanthropic patriotism is on the increase at the North, and the special direction it takes is toward the liberation of their countrymen in bondage.

Not many years ago, Boston sent money to help the Greeks in their struggle for *political freedom*, (they never quite lost their *personal liberty*,) but with the money, she sent what was more valuable and far more precious, one of her most valiant and heroic sons, who staid in Greece to fight the great battle of Humanity. Did your friend, Dr. Samuel G. Howe, lose the esteem of New England men by that act? He won the admiration of Europe, and holds it still.

Nay, still later, the same dear old Boston — Hunkers have never been more than rats and mice in her house, which she suffers for a time and then drives out twelve hundred of them at once on a certain day of March, 1776, — that same dear old Boston sent the same Dr. Howe to carry aid and comfort to the Poles, then in deadly struggle for their political existence. Was he disgraced because he lay seven-and-forty days in a Prussian jail in Berlin? Not even in the eyes of the Prussian King, who afterwards sent him a gold medal, whose metal was worth as many dollars as that philanthropist lay days in the despot's jail. It is said, "Charity should begin at home." The American began a good ways off, but has been working homeward ever since. The Dr. Howe of to-day would and ought to be more ready to help an American to *personal liberty*, than a Pole or a Greek to mere political free-

dom, and would find more men to furnish aid and comfort to our own countrymen, even if they were black. It would not surprise me if there were other and well-planned attempts in other States to do what Captain Brown heroically, if not successfully, tried in Virginia. Nine out of ten may fail — the tenth will succeed. The victory over General Burgoyne more than made up for all the losses in many a previous defeat; it was the beginning of the end. Slavery will not die a dry death; it may have as many lives as a cat; at last, it will die like a mad dog in a village, with only the enemies of the human kind to lament its fate, and they too cowardly to appear as mourners.

II. But it is not merely white men who will fight for the liberty of Americans; the negroes will take their defence into their own hands, especially if they can find white men to lead them. No doubt the African race is greatly inferior to the Caucasian in general intellectual power, and also in that instinct for liberty which is so strong in the Teutonic family, and just now obvious in the Anglo-Saxons of Britain and America; besides, the African race have but little desire for vengeance — the lowest form of the love of justice. Here is one example out of many: In Santa Cruz, the old slave laws were the most horrible, I think, I ever read of in modern times, unless those of the Carolinas be an exception. If a slave excited others to run away, for the first offence his right leg was to be cut off; for the second offence, his other leg. This mutilation was not to be done by a surgeon's hand; the poor wretch was laid down on a log, and his legs chopped off with a plantation axe, and the stumps plunged into boiling pitch, to stanch the blood, and so save the *property* from entire destruction; for the live *Torso* of a slave might serve as a warning. No action of a court was requisite to inflict this punishment; any master could thus mutilate his bondman. Even from 1830 to 1846, it was common for owners to beat their offending victims with "tamarind rods" six feet

long and an inch in thickness at the bigger end — rods thick set with ugly thorns. When that process was over, the lacerated back was washed with a decoction of the Manchineel, a poison tree, which made the wounds fester and long remain open.

In 1846, the negroes were in "rebellion," and took possession of the island; they were 25,000, the whites 3000. But the blacks did not hurt the hair of a white man's head; they got their freedom, but they took no revenge! Suppose 25,000 Americans, held in bondage by 3000 Algerines on a little island, should get their masters into their hands, how many of the 3000 would see the next sun go down?

No doubt it is through the absence of this desire of natural vengeance, that the Africans have been reduced to bondage, and kept in it.

But *there is a limit even to the negro's forbearance.* San Domingo is not a great way off. The revolution which changed its black inhabitants from tame slaves into wild men, took place after you had ceased to call yourself a boy.

It shows what may be in America, with no white man to help. In the Slave States there is many a possible San Domingo, which may become actual any day; and, if not in 1860, then in some other "year of our Lord." Besides, America offers more than any other country to excite the slave to love of Liberty, and the effort for it. We are always talking about "Liberty," boasting that we are "the freest people in the world," declaring that "a man would die, rather than be a slave." We continually praise our Fathers "who fought the Revolution." We build monuments to commemorate even the humblest beginning of that great national work. Once a year, we stop all ordinary work, and give up a whole day to the noisiest kind of rejoicing for the War of Independence. How we praise the "champions of liberty!" How we point out the "infamy of the British oppressors!" "They would make our Fathers slaves," say we, "and we slew the oppressor — *Sic semper Tyrannis!*"

Do you suppose this will fail to produce its effect on the black man, one day? The South must either give up keeping "Independence Day," or else keep it in a little more thorough fashion. Nor is this all: the Southerners are continually taunting the negroes with their miserable nature. "You are only half human," say they, "not capable of freedom." "Hay is good for horses, not for hogs," said the *philosophic* American who now "represents the great Democracy" at the court of Turin. *So, liberty is good for white men, not for negroes.* Have they souls? I don't know that — *non mi ricordo.* "Contempt," says the proverb, "will cut through the shell of the tortoise." And, one day, even the sluggish African will wake up under the threefold stimulus of the Fourth of July cannon, the whip of the slaveholder, and the sting of his heartless mockery. Then, if "oppression maketh wise men mad," what do you think it will do to African slaves, who are familiar with scenes of violence, and all manner of cruelty? Still more: if the negroes have not general power of mind, or instinctive love of liberty, equal to the whites, they are much our superiors in *power of cunning*, and in *contempt for death* — rather formidable qualities in a servile war. There already have been several risings of slaves in this century; they spread fear and consternation. The future will be more terrible. Now, in case of an insurrection, not only is there, as Jefferson said, "no attribute of the Almighty" which can take sides with the master, but *there will be many white men who will take part with the slave.* Men like the Lafayettes of the last century, and the Dr. Howes of this, may give the insurgent negro as effectual aid as that once rendered to America and Greece; and the public opinion of an enlightened world will rank them among its heroes of noblest mark.

If I remember rightly, some of your fathers were in the battle of Lexington, and that at Bunker Hill. I believe, in the course of the war which followed, every able-bodied man

in your town (Newton) was in actual service. Nowadays, their descendants are proud of the fact. One day it will be thought not less heroic for a negro to fight for his personal liberty, than for a white man to fight for political independence, and against a tax of three pence a pound on tea. Wait a little, and things will come round.

III. The existence of Slavery endangers all our Democratic institutions. It does this if only tolerated as an exceptional measure — a matter of present convenience, and still more when proclaimed as an instancial principle, a rule of political conduct for all time and every place. Look at this: In 1790, there were (say) 300,000 slaves; soon they make their first doubling, and are 600,000; then their second, 1,200,000; then their third, 2,400,000. They are now in the process of doubling the fourth time, and will soon be 4,800,000; then comes the fifth double, 9,600,000; then the sixth, 19,200,000. Before the year of our Lord nineteen hundred, there will be twenty million slaves!

An Anglo-Saxon with common sense does not like this Africanization of America; he wishes the superior race to multiply rather than the inferior. Besides, it is plain to a one-eyed man that Slavery is an irreconcilable enemy of the progressive development of Democracy; that, if allowed to exist, it must be allowed to spread, to gain political, social, and ecclesiastical power; and all that it gains for the slaveholders is just so much taken from the freemen.

Look at this! — there are twenty Southern representatives who represent nothing but property in man, and yet their vote counts as much in Congress as the twenty Northerners who stand for the will of 1,800,000 freemen. Slavery gives the South the same advantage in the choice of President; consequently the slaveholding South has long controlled the federal power of the Nation.

Look at the recent acts of the Slave Power! The Fugitive Slave bill, the Kansas-Nebraska bill, the Dred Scott decision,

the fillibustering against Cuba, (till found too strong,) and now against Mexico and other feeble neighbors, and, to crown all, the actual re-opening of the African slave-trade!

The South has kidnapped men in Boston, and made the Judges of Massachusetts go under her symbolic chain to enter the Courts of Justice. (!) She has burned houses and butchered innocent men in Kansas, and the perpetrators of that wickedness were rewarded by the Federal Government with high office and great pay! Those things are notorious; they have stirred up some little indignation at the North, and free-men begin to think of defending their liberty. Hence came the Free-Soil party, and hence the Republican party; it contemplates no direct benefit to the slave, only the defence of the white man in his national rights, or his conventional privileges. It will grow stronger every year, and also bolder. It must lay down principles as a platform to work its measures on; the principles will be found to require much more than what was at first proposed, and, even from this platform, Republicans will promptly see that *they cannot defend the natural rights of freemen without destroying that Slavery which takes away the natural rights of a negro*. So, first, the wise and just men of the party will sympathize with such as seek to liberate the slaves, either peacefully or by violence; next, they will declare their opinions in public; and, finally, the whole body of the party will come to the same sympathy and the same opinion. Then, of course, they will encourage men like Captain Brown, give him money and all manner of help, and also encourage the slaves, whenever they shall rise, to take their liberty at all hazards. When called to help put down an insurrection of the slaves, they will go readily enough, and do the work by removing the cause of insurrection: that is — *by destroying Slavery itself*.

An Anti-Slavery party, under one name or another, will before long control the Federal Government, and will exercise its constitutional rights, and perform its constitutional

duty, and "guarantee a republican form of government to every State in the Union." That is a work of time and peaceful legislation. But the short work of violence will be often tried, and each attempt will gain something for the cause of humanity, even by its dreadful process of blood.

IV. But there is yet another agency that will act against Slavery. There are many mischievous persons who are ready for any wicked work of violence. They abound in the City of New York, (a sort of sink where the villany of both hemispheres settles down, and genders that moral pestilence which steams up along the columns of *The New York Herald* and *The New York Observer*, the great escape-pipes of secular and ecclesiastical wickedness;) they commit the great crimes of violence and robbery at home, plunder emigrants, and engage in the slave-trade, or venture on filibustering expeditions. This class of persons is common in all the South. One of the legitimate products of her "peculiar institution," they are familiar with violence, ready and able for murder. Public opinion sustains such men. Bully Brooks was but one of their representatives in Congress. Nowadays they are fond of Slavery, defend it, and seek to spread it. But the time must come one day — it may come any time — when the lovers of mischief will do a little filibustering at home, and rouse up the slaves to rob, burn, and kill. Prudent carpenters sweep up all the shavings in their shops at night, and remove this food of conflagration to a safe place, lest the spark of a candle, the end of a cigar, or a friction-match should swiftly end their wealth slowly gathered together. The South takes pains to strew her carpenter's shop with shavings, and fill it full thereof. She encourages men to walk abroad with naked candles in their hands and lighted cigars in their mouths; then they scatter friction-matches on the floor, and dance a filibustering jig thereon. She cries, "Well done! Hurrah for Walker!" "Hurrah for Brooks!" "Hurrah for the bark Wanderer and its cargo of slaves! Up with the bowie-knife!

Down with justice and humanity!" The South must reap as she sows; where she scatters the wind the whirlwind will come up. It will be a pretty crop for her to reap. Within a few years the South has BURNED ALIVE eight or ten negroes. Other black men looked on, and learned how to fasten the chain, how to pile the green wood, how to set this Hell-fire of Slavery agoing. The apprentice may be slow to learn, but he has had teaching enough by this time to know the art and mystery of torture; and, depend upon it, the negro will one day apply it to his old tormentors. The Fire of Vengeance may be waked up even in an African's heart, especially when it is fanned by the wickedness of a white man: then it runs from man to man, from town to town. What shall put it out? *The white man's blood!*

Now, Slavery is a wickedness so vast and so old, so rich and so respectable, supported by the State, the Press, the Market, and the Church, that all those agencies are needed to oppose it with — those and many more which I cannot speak of now. You and I prefer the peaceful method; but I, at least, shall welcome the violent if no other accomplish the end. So will the great mass of thoughtful and good men at the North: else why do we honor the Heroes of the Revolution, and build them monuments all over our blessed New England? I think you gave money for that of Bunker Hill: I once thought it a folly; now I recognize it as a great sermon in stone, which is worth not only all the money it cost to build it, but all the blood it took to lay its corner-stones. Trust me, its lesson will not be in vain — at the North, I mean; for the LOGIC OF SLAVERY will keep the South on its lower course, and drive it on more swiftly than before. "Captain Brown's expedition was a failure," I hear it said. I am not quite sure of that. True, it kills fifteen men by sword and shot, and four or five men by the gallows. But it shows the weakness of the greatest Slave State in America, the worthlessness of her soldiery, and the utter fear which Slavery genders in the

bosoms of the masters. Think of the condition of the City of Washington, while Brown was at work!

Brown will die, I think, like a martyr, and also like a saint. His noble demeanor, his unflinching bravery, his gentleness, his calm, religious trust in God, and his words of truth and soberness, cannot fail to make a profound impression on the hearts of Northern men; yes, and on Southern men. For "every human heart is human," &c. I do not think the money wasted, nor the lives thrown away. Many acorns must be sown to have one come up; even then the plant grows slow; but it is an Oak at last. None of the Christian martyrs died in vain; and from Stephen, who was stoned at Jerusalem, to Mary Dyer, whom our fathers hanged on a bough of "the great tree" on Boston Common, I think there have been few spirits more pure and devoted than John Brown's, and none that gave up their breath in a nobler cause. Let the American State hang his body, and the American Church damn his soul; still, the blessing of such as are ready to perish will fall on him, and the universal justice of the Infinitely Perfect God will take him welcome home. The road to heaven is as short from the gallows as from a throne; perhaps, also, as easy.

I suppose you would like to know something about myself. Rome has treated me to bad weather, which tells its story in my health, and certainly does not mend me. But I look for brighter days and happier nights. The sad tidings from America — my friends in peril, in exile, in jail, killed, or to be hung — have filled me with grief, and so I fall back a little, but hope to get forward again. God bless you and yours, and comfort you!

Ever affectionately yours,

THEODORE PARKER.

To FRANCIS JACKSON, Esq., Boston.

ROME, December 24, 1859.

WHAT a stormy time you are having in America! Your cradle was rocked in the Revolution, and now in your old age you see the storm of another Revolution beginning: none knows when and where it shall end. Yesterday, the telegraph brought us the expected intelligence that the Slaveholders had hung Captain John Brown! Of course I knew from the moment of his capture what his fate would be; the logic of Slavery is stronger than the intellect or personal will of any man, and it bears all Southern politicians along with it. No martyr whose tragic story is writ in the Christian books ever bore himself more heroically than Captain Brown; for he was not only a martyr, — any bully can be that, — but also a SAINT — which no bully can ever be. None ever fell in a more righteous cause: — it has a great future, too, which he has helped bring nearer and make more certain. I confess I am surprised to find love for the man, admiration for his conduct, and sympathy with his object, so wide-spread in the North, especially in New England, and more particularly in dear, good, old Boston! Think of the Old South on the same platform with Emerson and Phillips! Think of sermons like Wheelock's, Newhall's, Freeman Clarke's, and Cheever's Thanksgiving sermon at New York — an Orthodox minister of such bulk putting John Brown before Moses! The New York *Herald* had an extract from ———'s sermon. It was such as none but a mean soul could preach on such an occasion; but we must remember that it taxes a mean man as much to be mean and little, as it does a noble one to be grand and generous. Every minister must bear sermons after his kind; "for of a thorn men do not gather figs, nor of a bramble-bush gather they grapes." I rather think the Cur-tises did not fire a hundred cannon on Boston Common when they heard that John Brown was hung, as they did when the Fugitive Slave Bill passed. There has been a little change since 1850, and men not capable of repentance are yet liable

to shame — and if they cannot be converted, may yet be scared.

Well, things can never stand as they did three months ago. On the morning of the 19th of April, 1775, at day-break, Old England and New — Great Britain and the Thirteen Colonies — were one nation. At sunrise, they were two. The fire of the grenadiers made reconciliation impossible, and there must be war and separation. It is so now. Great events turn on small hinges, and let mankind march through. How different things happen from what we fancy! All good institutions are founded on some great truth of the mind or conscience; and, when such a truth is to be put over the world's highway, we think it must be borne forward on the shoulders of some mighty horse whom God has shod strong all round for that special purpose, and we wonder where the creature is, and when he will be road-ready; and look after his deep foot-prints, and listen for his step or his snorting. But it sometimes happens that the Divine Providence uses quite humble cattle to bear his most precious burdens, both fast and far. Some 3000 or 4000 years ago, a body of fugitives — slaves — poor, leprous, ill-clad, fled out of Egypt, under the guidance of a man who slew an Egyptian. He saw a man do a vile thing to one of his slaves, and lynched him on the spot — then ran for it.

Those fugitive slaves had a great truth. The world, I think, had not known before "The Oneness of God;" — at least, their leader had it, and for hundreds of years did this despised people keep the glorious treasure which Egypt did not know — which Greece and Rome never understood. Who would have thought the ark of such salvation would have been trusted to such feeble hands!

Some 1800 or 1900 years ago, who would have looked to a Jewish carpenter of Galilee, and a Jewish tent-maker of Tarsus in Cilicia, with few adherents — fishermen — obscure people — unlearned and ignorant men, — who would have

looked to such persons for a truth of religion which should overturn all the temples of the old world, and drive the gods of Olympus from their time-honored thrones of reverence and power? The Rome of the Popes is, no doubt, as Polytheistic as the Rome of the Cæsars — but the old gods are gone, and men worship the Fisherman and the Tent-maker.

It was the Augustinian Monk who broke the Roman Hierarchy to atoms. Tough in the brains, tough in the bones, mighty also by his love of the people and his trust in God, he did what it seemed only the great councils of the learned could accomplish — he routed the Popes, and wrested the German world from their rude and bloody gripe.

At a later day, when the new Continent which God had kept from the foundation of the world — a virgin hid away between the Atlantic and the Pacific seas — was to be joined to Humanity, in the hopes of founding such a Family of Men as the world had never seen, was there any one who would have thought that the Puritan, hated in his British home, and driven out thence with fire and sword, would be the Representative of Humanity, and claim and win that Bride, and wed her too, with nuptials now so auspicious? Yet so it turns out; and the greatest social and political achievement of the human race is wrought out by that Puritan, with his Bride — whose only dower was her broad lands. Really, it seems as if God chose the small things to confound the great. But when we look again, and study carefully the relation which these seemingly insignificant agents bear to the whole force of Humanity, then it appears they were the very agents most fit for the work they did. I think it will turn out so in the case of Captain Brown. What the masterly eloquence of Seward could not accomplish, even by his manly appeal to the Higher Law, nor the eloquence of Phillips and Sumner, addressed to the conscience and common sense of the people, seems likely to be brought to pass by John Brown — no statesman, no orator, but an upright and downright man, who

took his life in his hand, and said, "*Slavery shall go down* even if it be put down with red swords!" I thanked God for John Brown years ago: he and I are no strangers, and still more now his sainthood is crowned with martyrdom. I am glad he came from that Mayflower company — that his grandfather was a captain in the Revolutionary war: — the true aristocratic blood of America runs in such veins. All the grand institutions of America, which give such original power to the people, came from that Puritan stock, who trusted in God, and kept their powder dry — who stood up straight when they prayed, and also when they fought. Yes, all the grand original ideas, which are now on their way to found new institutions, and will make the future better than the past or present — they come from the same source.

Virginia may be the mother of Presidents, (she yet keeps the ashes of two great ones, — only their ashes, not their souls,) but it is New England that is mother of great ideas. God is their Father — mother also of communities, rich with intelligence and democratic power.

John Brown came from a good lineage; his life proves it — and his death. It is not for you or me to select the instruments wherewith the providence of mankind has the world's work done by human hands; it is only for us to do our little duty, and take the good and ill which come of it.

When the monster which hinders the progress of Humanity is to be got rid of, no matter if the battle-axe have rust on its hilt, and spots, here and there, upon its blade — mementoes of ancient work; if its edge have but the power to bite, the monster shall be cloven down, and mankind walk triumphantly on, to-morrow, to fresh work and triumphs new.

But I did not mean to write you such a letter as this — it wrote itself, and I could'nt help it. I cannot sleep nights, for thinking of these things. I am ashamed to be sick and good for nothing in times like these, but can't help it, and must be judged by what I can do, not can't and don't.

It is curious to find the slaves volunteering to go to shoot men (in buckram) who are coming "a thousand at a time, to rescue Captain Brown"! The African is as much superior to the Anglo-Saxon in cunning and arts of hypocrisy — except the ecclesiastical — as he is inferior in general power of mind. Didn't a negro in Savannah tell a Northern minister, "I no want to be free! — I only 'fraid to be slave of sin! dat's it, massa, I's fraid of de Debil, not of massa!" What a guffaw he gave when with his countrymen alone! and how he mimicked the gestures of the South-side, white-choked priest, who bore "his great commission in his work"!

But I end as I began — what a stormy time is before us! There are not many men of conscience like John Brown, but abundance of men of wrath; — and the time for them — I know not when it is.

Farewell!

Theo. Parker

V.

SPEECH OF THEODORE TILTON.*

I HAVE listened to the striking of your city bell! Who knows but it marked the very hour and moment when the gate of Heaven was opened, and the spirit of a new martyr passed in! To-day the nation puts to death its noblest citizen! (Cheers and hisses.) What was his crime? Guilty of what? Guilty of loving his fellow-men too well! (Applause and hisses.) Guilty of a heart of too great human kindness! Guilty of too well "remembering them that are in bonds as bound with them!" Has the brave old man still a few moments more of life? Then, though he cannot hear our words, let us say, "God bless him, and farewell!" (Applause and hisses.) But if the last sad moment is already passed, what then remains? I know not what remains for you, but as for me, *I feel like throwing roses upon that scaffold and that coffin!* (Mingled applause and hisses, which continued for some moments, during which the speaker advanced to the edge of the platform, and folded his arms.) Honor! thrice honor to the good Christian who to-day dies in the faith! It is the hour not of his defeat, but of his triumph! Our hearts are large for him to-day!

But what can I say? This is a time for silence rather than

* Delivered at noon of the 2d of December, at a public meeting of the friends of John Brown's cause in Philadelphia. As the speaker rose to address the audience the clock struck twelve.

for words. We are standing by the old man's open grave, waiting for his body to be buried. When friends gather together to speak of a good man who has departed, every one has some word to utter which is peculiar to himself; some word which best expresses what is each man's most grateful and endearing memory of him who has gone. My own tribute to John Brown, which I offer on this day of his death, is gratitude for the influence which his heroism, his fortitude, and his faith have exerted upon my religious life. I have been made a better Christian by that man's life and death. His own great faith has strengthened mine. His own great courage has quickened mine. His Christian example of unwavering heroism and patience — in prison, under his wounds, in prospect of the gallows — all this has inspired me to a higher religious life. It has kindled within my heart a greater love to God and to my fellow-men. This is a tribute to his memory which I cannot to-day withhold.

I do not judge him merely by his last great act. John Brown was a Christian long before the great eye of the world was set on him; for, from his sixteenth year to his fifty-ninth, he has been a true and honored member of the Church of Christ. The world has not watched all that long career, but it has seen enough in a few days in his prison to make it wonder and admire.

You remember how he received the Governor of Virginia. He stood in his presence as Paul stood before Agrippa, not wishing to exchange places, but only holding out his hand and saying, "I would that thou wert altogether as I am, save the bonds!" (Applause.) You remember how he received his sentence. When the Earl of Argyle who, with his own hands put upon the head of Charles II. the crown of England, was afterwards condemned to death by the same king, the stern old Presbyterian, on hearing his fate, arose in court, and said, "The king honors me with a speedy gratitude; for while I helped him only to a crown which must shortly perish, he

hastens me to a crown that is incorruptible, and that fadeth not away." So that other stern old Presbyterian, who dies this day in Virginia, arose in court and uttered a speech of equal heroism and moral grandeur—a speech that will go down to the end of time with all the grand words of all the world's heroes. (Applause and hisses.)

I cannot look upon his steadfastness without first marvelling, and then thanking God. John Brown was a Puritan—the sixth in descent from the band of Pilgrims who stepped on Plymouth Rock. I think of him and go back to old Bishop Hooper of English history—the first Puritan, the father of the Pilgrim Fathers—who, when he was condemned to death for conscience' sake, wrote in his cell at Newgate, "I have spoken the truth with my lips; I have written it with my pen; I am ready to confirm it, by God's grace, with my blood!" John Brown's letters, written in his cell at Charlestown, bear in every line the same heroic testimony to God's truth! (Applause, mingled with loud hisses.) It is this high and grand faith in God that has sustained him in the long hours of his imprisonment, from its beginning until to-day that now ends it.

I have no fear how he mounted that scaffold. I have heard no news, but I believe in my soul that when the telegraph shall flash the story, it will tell of no faltering, no tremulous step, no recantation—nothing but faith, constancy, cheerfulness, heroism! When the great Marquis of Montrose, who suffered in Scotland for the cause of Church and King, was led to execution, it was a day of dark skies and threatening storms, but as he approached the scaffold the sun for a moment broke through the clouds and shone full upon his head—as if the Divine glory had come to crown the saint before the martyr! And he mounted the ladder, as if it had been the ladder which Jacob saw, and walked straightway up into Heaven. So to-day, amid the greater clouds and shadows that have fallen upon our sad hearts, I believe that a light brighter than the sun has shone upon the old man who has

this day gone to the gallows, and that, as he looked up for the last time toward the heavens over his head,—

“God’s glory smote him on the face!”

(Cheers and hisses.)

He died no dishonorable death. Did you notice, in his late letter, which Dr. Furness read, the little line to his wife, “Think not that any ignomy has fallen upon you or upon your children, because I have come to the scaffold!” Ah! the scaffold is sometimes a throne greater than a king’s. They who suffer upon it rule the world more than emperors!

You heard Mr. Hale’s lecture last night. He said, “The highest province of history is to vindicate a good man from obloquy and reproach.” To that impartial history which vindicates the martyrs and turns their martyrdom into glory, we commend to-day the name and memory of the martyr, John Brown! (Applause and hisses.) The deed of this day will not die! It will live in history as long as there shall be a history for heroes! Said Latimer to Ridley, when the blaze of martyrdom was wrapping them both around like a garment, “Be of good comfort, Master Ridley; we have this day lighted a candle in England which, by God’s grace, no man shall ever put out.” To-day God looks down from heaven on a martyrdom whose light shall shine over the world brighter than any blazing fire that ever gilded fagot or stake! This scaffold in Virginia shall stand as long as the world shall stand! No man can ever strike it down, or put it away! It will abide forever, as the monument of a Christian man who lived a hero and died a martyr, and whose name, to-day bequeathed to history, shall go down through the world gathering increasing honor through all coming time! (Great clapping and hissing.) I recall at this hour of noon those beautiful words of the New Testament, in the story of Saul, the persecutor of the prophets, struck down on his way

to Damascus — “ *At midday, O king, I saw in the way a light from Heaven above the brightness of the sun!* ” He fell to the ground, blinded and terrified! He rose to his feet, converted and transformed! I pray God that at this hour of midday, at this solemn and awful moment of death, this nation may be struck down upon its knees, by the sudden glory of God bursting out of Heaven — and that it may be humbled in the dust until it shall rise repentant, and the scales shall fall from its eyes, and the whole nation shall stand at last in the light and liberty of the sons of God! (Applause and hisses, during which Mr. Tilton took his seat.)

Theodore Tilton

WITH A ROSE,

That Bloomed on the Day of John Brown's Martyrdom.

IN the long silence of the night,
Nature's benignant power
Woke aspirations for the light
Within the folded flower.

Its presence and the gracious day
Made summer in the room,
But woman's eyes shed tender dew
On the little rose in bloom.

Then blossomed forth a grander flower,
In the wilderness of wrong,
Untouched by Slavery's bitter frost,
A soul devout and strong.
God-watched, that century plant uprose,
Far shining through the gloom,
Filling a nation with the breath
Of a noble life in bloom.

A life so powerful in its truth,
A nature so complete ;
It conquered ruler, judge and priest,
And held them at its feet.
Death seemed proud to take a soul
So beautifully given,
And the gallows only proved to him
A stepping stone to heaven.

Each cheerful word, each valiant act,
So simple, so sublime,
Spoke to us through the reverent hush
Which sanctified that time.
That moment when the brave old man
Went so serenely forth,
With footsteps whose unfaltering tread
Reëchoed through the North.

The sword he wielded for the right
Turns to a victor's palm ;
His memory sounds forever more,
A spirit-stirring psalm.
No breath of shame can touch his shield,
Nor ages dim its shine ;
Living, he made life beautiful, —
Dying, made death divine.

No monument of quarried stone,
No eloquence of speech,
Can grave the lessons on the land
His martyrdom will teach.
No eulogy like his own words,
With hero-spirit rife,
" I truly serve the cause I love,
By yielding up my life."

L. M. Alcott.

VI.

LETTERS OF VICTOR HUGO.

HAUTEVILLE HOUSE, Dec. 2, 1859.

SIR: When one thinks of the United States of America, a majestic figure rises to the mind — Washington. Now, in that country of Washington, see what is going on at this hour!

There are slaves in the Southern States, a fact which strikes with indignation, as the most monstrous of contradictions, the reasonable and freer conscience of the Northern States. These slaves, these negroes, a white man, a free man, one John Brown, wanted to deliver. Certainly, if insurrection be ever a sacred duty, it is against Slavery. Brown wished to begin the good work by the deliverance of the slaves in Virginia. Being a Puritan, a religious and austere man, and full of the Gospel, he cried aloud to these men — his brothers — the cry of emancipation “Christ has set us free!” The slaves, enervated by Slavery, made no response to his appeal — Slavery makes deafness in the soul. Brown, finding himself abandoned, fought with a handful of heroic men; he struggled; he fell, riddled with bullets; his two young sons, martyrs of a holy cause, dead at his side. This is what is called the Harper’s Ferry affair.

John Brown, taken prisoner, has just been tried, with four of his fellows — Stephens, Coppoc, Green, and Copeland. What sort of trial it was, a word will tell.

Brown, stretched upon a truckle bed, with six half-closed

wounds—a gun-shot wound in his arm, one in his loins, two in the chest, two in the head—almost bereft of hearing, bleeding through his mattress, the spirits of his two dead sons attending him; his four fellow-prisoners crawling around him; Stephens with four sabre wounds; “Justice” in a hurry to have done with the case; an attorney, Hunter, demanding that it be despatched with sharp speed; a Judge, Parker, assenting; the defence cut short; scarcely any delay allowed; forged or garbled documents put in evidence; the witnesses for the prisoner shut out; the defence clogged; two guns, loaded with grape, brought into the court, with an order to the jailers to shoot the prisoners in case of an attempt at rescue; forty minutes’ deliberation; three sentences to death. I affirm, on my honor, that all this took place, not in Turkey, but in America.

Such things are not done with impunity in the face of the civilized world. The universal conscience of mankind is an ever-watchful eye. Let the Judge of Charlestown, and Hunter, and Parker, and the slave-holding jurors, and the whole population of Virginia, ponder it well: they are seen! They are not alone in the world. At this moment the gaze of Europe is fixed on America.

John Brown, condemned to die, was to have been hanged on the 2d of December—this very day. But news has this instant reached us. A respite is granted him. It is not until the 16th that he is to die. The interval is short. Has a cry of mercy time to make itself heard? No matter. It is a duty to lift up the voice.

Perhaps a second respite may be granted. America is a noble land. The sentiment of humanity is soon quickened among a free people. We hope that Brown may be saved. If it were otherwise—if Brown should die on the scaffold on the 16th of December—what a terrible calamity!

The executioner of Brown—let us avow it openly (for the day of the kings is past, and the day of the people dawns, and

to the people we are bound frankly to speak the truth) — the executioner of Brown would be neither the Attorney Hunter, nor the Judge Parker, nor the Governor Wise, nor the State of Virginia; it would be, we say it, and we think it with a shudder, the whole American Republic.

The more one loves, the more one admires, the more one reveres the Republic, the more heart-sick one feels at such a catastrophe. A single State ought not to have the power to dishonor all the rest, and in this case federal intervention is a clear right. Otherwise, by hesitating to interfere when it might prevent a crime, the Union becomes an accomplice. No matter how intense may be the indignation of the generous Northern States, the Southern States associate them with the disgrace of this murder. All of us, whosoever we may be — for whom the democratic cause is a common country — feel ourselves in a manner compromised and hurt. If the scaffold should be erected on the 16th of December, the incorruptible voices of history would thenceforward testify that the august confederation of the New World had added to all its ties of holy brotherhood a brotherhood of blood, and the *fascies* of that splendid Republic would be bound together with the running noose that hung from the gibbet of Brown.

This is a bond that kills.

When we reflect on what Brown, the liberator, the champion of Christ, has striven to effect, and when we remember that he is about to die, slaughtered by the American Republic, the crime assumes the proportions of the Nation which commits it; and when we say to ourselves that this Nation is a glory of the human race; that — like France, like England, like Germany — she is one of the organs of civilization; that she sometimes even out-marches Europe by the sublime audacity of her progress; that she is the queen of an entire world; and that she bears on her brow an immense light of freedom; we affirm that John Brown will not die; for we recoil, horror-struck, from the idea of so great a crime committed by so great a People,

In a political light, the murder of Brown would be an irreparable fault. It would penetrate the Union with a secret fissure, which would in the end tear it asunder. It is possible that the execution of Brown might consolidate Slavery in Virginia, but it is certain that it would convulse the entire American Democracy. You preserve your shame, but you sacrifice your glory.

In a moral light, it seems to me, that a portion of the light of humanity would be eclipsed; that even the idea of justice and injustice would be obscured on the day which should witness the assassination of Emancipation by Liberty.

As for myself, though I am but an atom, yet being, as I am, in common with all other men, inspired with the conscience of humanity, I kneel in tears before the great starry banner of the New World, and with clasped hands, and with profound and filial respect, I implore the illustrious American Republic, sister of the French Republic, to look to the safety of the universal moral law, to save Brown; to throw down the threatening scaffold of the 16th December, and not to suffer that, beneath its eyes, and, I add, with a shudder, almost by its fault, the first fratricide be outdone.

For — yes, let America know it, and ponder it well — there is something more terrible than Cain slaying Abel — it is Washington slaying Spartacus.

VICTOR HUGO.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LONDON NEWS.

The views of this eloquent friend of Freedom, in Europe, on the Great Crime of America, which, we are daily told, the Federal Constitution protects, — that cowardly and stupendous iniquity, which our politicians euphoneously designate “the Domestic Institution of our Southern brethren” — were thus clearly stated in a letter to Mrs. Maria Weston Chapman, in 1851 :

PARIS, 6th July, 1851.

MADAME: I have scarcely any thing to add to your letter. I would cheerfully sign every line of it. Pursue your holy work. You have with you all great souls and all good hearts.

You are pleased to believe, and to assure me, that my voice, in this august cause of liberty, will be listened to by the great American people, whom I love so profoundly, and whose destigies, I am fain to think, are closely linked with the mission of France. You desire me to lift up my voice.

I will do it at once, and I will do it on all occasions. I agree with you in thinking, that, within a definite time—that within a time not distant—the United States will repudiate Slavery with horror! Slavery in such a country! Can there be an incongruity more monstrous? Barbarism installed in the very heart of a country, which is itself the affirmation of Civilization; liberty wearing a chain; blasphemy echoing from the altar; the collar of the negro chained to the pedestal of Washington! It is a thing unheard of. I say more; it is impossible. Such a spectacle would destroy itself. The light of the nineteenth century alone is enough to destroy it.

What! Slavery sanctioned, by law, among that illustrious people, who for seventy years have measured the progress of civilization by their march, demonstrated Democracy by their power, and liberty by their prosperity! Slavery in the United States! It is the duty of this Republic to set such a bad example no longer. It is a shame, and she was never born to bow her head.

It is not when Slavery is taking leave of old nations, that it should be received by the new. What! When Slavery is departing from Turkey, shall it rest in America? What! Drive it from the hearth of Omar, and adopt it at the hearth of Franklin! No! No! No!

There is an inflexible logic which develops more or less slowly, which fashions, which redresses according to a mys-

terious plan, perceptible only to great spirits, the facts, the men, the laws, the morals, the people; or better, under all human things, there are things divine.

Let all those great souls who love the United States, as a country, be re-assured. The United States must renounce Slavery, or they must renounce Liberty. They cannot renounce Liberty. They must renounce Slavery, or renounce the Gospel. They will never renounce the Gospel.

Accept, Madame, with my devotion to the cause you advocate, the homage of my respect.

VICTOR HUGO.

VII.

WENDELL PHILLIPS ON THE PURITAN PRINCIPLE.*

I THANK GOD for John Calvin. To be sure, he burned Servetus; but the Puritans, or at least, their immediate descendants, hung the witches; George Washington held slaves; and wherever you go up and down history, you find men, not angels. Of course, you find imperfect men; but you find great men; men who have marked their own age, and moulded the succeeding; men to whose might, daring, and to whose disinterested suffering for those about them, the succeeding generations owe the larger share of their blessings; men whose lips and lives God has made the channel through which his choicest gifts come to their fellow-beings. John Calvin was one of these — perhaps the profoundest intellect of his day; certainly, one of the largest statesmen of his generation. His was the statesmanlike mind that organized Puritanism, that put ideas into the shape of institutions, and in that way organized victory, when, under Loyola, Catholicism, availing itself of the shrewdest and keenest machinery, made its reactive assault upon the new idea of the Protestant religion. If in that struggle Western Europe came out victorious, we owe it more to the statesmanship of Calvin than to the large German heart of Luther. We owe to Calvin — at least it is not unfair to claim, nor improbable in the sequence

* A Discourse delivered before the Twenty-eighth Congregational Society, (Rev. Theodore Parker's,) in the Music Hall, Boston, on Sunday, December 18, 1859

of events to suppose, that a large share of those most eminent and excellent characteristics of New England, which have made her what she is, and saved her for the future, came from the brain of John Calvin.

Luther's biography is to be read in books. The plodding patience of the German intellect has gathered up every trait and every trifle — the minutest — of his life, and you may read it spread out with loving admiration on a thousand pages of biography. Calvin's life is written, in Scotland and New England, in the triumphs of the people against priestcraft and power. To him, more than to any other man, the Puritans owed Republicanism — the Republicanism of the Church. The instinct of his own day recognized that clearly — distinguishing this element of Calvinism. You see it in the wit of Charles the Second, when he said, "Calvinism is a religion unfit for a gentleman." It was unfit for a gentleman of that day; for it was a religion of the people. It recognized — first since the earliest centuries of Christianity — that the heart of God beats through every human heart, and that when you mass up the millions, with their instinctive, fair-play sense of right, and their devotional impulses, you get nearer God's heart than from the second-hand scholarship and conservative tendency of what are called the thoughtful and educated classes. We owe this element, good or bad, to Calvinism.

Then we owe to it a second element, marking the Puritans most largely, and that is — *action*. The Puritan was not a man of speculation. He originated nothing. His principles are to be found broadcast in the centuries behind him. His speculations were all old. You might find them in the lectures of Abelard; you meet with them in the radicalism of Wat Tyler; you find them all over the continent of Europe. The distinction between his case and that of others was, simply, that he practised what he believed. He believed God. *He actually believed him*, just as much as if he saw demonstrated before his eyes the truth of the principle. For it is a very

easy thing *to say*; the difficulty is *to do*. If you tell a man the absolute truth, that if he will plunge into the ocean, and only keep his eyes fixed on heaven, he will never sink — you can demonstrate it to him — you can prove it to him by weight and measure — each man of a thousand will believe you, as they say; and then they will plunge into the water, and nine hundred and ninety-nine will throw up their arms to clasp some straw or neighbor, and sink; the thousandth will keep his hands by his body, believing God, and float — and he is the Puritan. Every other man wants to get hold of something to stay himself; not on faith in God's eternal principle of natural or religious law, but on his neighbor; he wants to lean on somebody; he wants to catch hold of something. The Puritan puts his hands to his side and his eyes upon heaven, and floats down the centuries — Faith personified.

These two elements of Puritanism are, it seems to me, those which have made New England what she is. You see them every where developing into institutions. For instance, if there is any thing that makes us, and that made Scotland, it is common schools. We got them from Geneva. Luther said, "A wicked tyrant is better than a wicked war." It was the essence of aristocracy: "Better submit to any evil from above than trust the masses." Calvin no sooner set his foot in Geneva than he organized the people into a constituent element of public affairs. He planted education at the root of the Republic. The Puritans borrowed it in Holland, and brought it to New England, and it is the sheet-anchor that has held us amid the storms and the temptations of two hundred years. We have a people that can think; a people that can read; and out of the millions of refuse lumber, God selects one in a generation, and he is enough to save a State. One man that thinks for himself is the salt of a generation poisoned with printing ink or cotton dust. The Puritans scattered broadcast the seeds of thought. They knew it was an error, in counting up the population, to speak of a million of souls because there

were a million of bodies — as if every man carried a soul ! — but they knew, trusting the mercy of God, that by educating all, the martyrs and the saints — that do not travel in battalions, nor ever come to us in regiments, but come alone, now and then one — would be reached and unfolded, and save their own times. Puritanism, therefore, is *action* ; it is impersonating ideas ; it is distrusting and being willing to shake off, at fitting times, what are called *institutions*. They were above words ; they went out into the wilderness, outside of forms. The consequence was that, throughout their whole history, there is the most daring confidence in being substantially right. They asked not of safety ; they never were frightened by appearances ; they did the substantially right thing, and left the statesmen of a hundred years after, at a safe distance, to find out the reasons why they were right. The consequence is that, when conservatism comes together to-day, whether in the form of a "Union meeting" — dead men turning in their graves and pretending to be alive — whether it be in this form or any other, its occupation is to explain how, a hundred years ago, the course taken was right, and not to see the reflection of a hundred years ago staring them in the face to-day. Like the sitting figure on our coin, they are looking back — they have no eyes for the future. The souls that God touches have their brows gilded by the dawn of the future. A man present at the glorious martyrdom of the 2d of December, said of the hero-saint who marched out of the jail, "He seemed to come, his brow radiant with triumph." It was the dawn of a future day that gilded his brow. He was high enough, in the providence of God, to catch, earlier than the present generation, the dawn of the day that he was to inaugurate.

This is my idea of Puritan principles. Nothing new in them. How are we to vindicate them ? Eminent historians and patriots have told us that the pens of the Puritans are their best witnesses. It does not seem to me so. We are

their witnesses. If they lived to any purpose, they produced a generation better than themselves. The true man always makes himself to be outdone by his child. The vindication of Puritanism is a New England bound to be better than Puritanism; bound to look back and see its faults and meet the exigencies of the present day, not with stupid imitation, but with that essential disinterestedness, that faith in right and God, with which they met the exigencies of their time. Take an illustration. When our fathers stood in London, under the corporation charter of Charles, the question was, "Have we a right to remove to Massachusetts?" The lawyers said, "No." The fathers said, "Yes; we will remove to Massachusetts, and let law find the reason fifty years hence." They knew that they had the substantial right. Their motto was not "Law and Order"; it was "God and Justice" — a much better motto. Unless you take "Law and Order" in the highest meaning of the words, it is a base motto — if it means only recognizing the majority. "Crime," says Victor Hugo, "comes to history gilded and crowned, and says, 'I am not crime; I am success.'" And history, written by a soul girded with parchments and stunned with half a dozen languages, says, "Yes, thou art *success*; we accept thee." But the faithful soul below cries out, "Thou art CRIME! Avaunt!" There is so much in words.

This is the lesson of Puritanism — how shall we meet it to-day? Every age stereotypes its ideas into forms. It is the natural tendency; and when it is done, every age grows old and dies. It is God's beneficent providence — death. When ideas have shaped themselves and become fossil and still, God takes off the weight of the dead men from their age, and leaves room for the new bud. It is a blessed institution — death! But there are men running about who think that those forms, which the old and the experience of the past have left them, are necessarily right and indispensable. They are Conservatives. The men who hold their ears open for the message of the present hour, they are the Puritans.

I know these things seem very trite; they *are* very trite. All truth is trite. The difficulty is not in truth. Truth never stirs up any trouble — mere speculative truth. Plato taught — nobody cared what he taught; Socrates applied truth in the streets, and they poisoned him. It is when a man throws himself against society that society is startled to persecute and to think. The Puritan did not stop to think. He recognized God in his soul, and *acted*. If he acted wrong, our generation would load down his grave with curses. He took the risk. He took the curses of the present, but the blessings of the future swept them away, and God's sunlight rests upon his grave. That is what every brave man does. It is an easy thing to *say*. The old fable is of Sisyphus rolling up a stone, and the moment he gets it up to the mountain top, it rolls back again. So each generation, with much trouble, and great energy and disinterestedness, vindicates for a few of its sons the right to think; and the moment they have vindicated the right, the stone rolls back again — nobody else must think! The battle must be fought every day, because the body rebels against the soul. It is the insurrection of the soul against the body — free thought. The gods piled *Ætna* upon the insurgent Titans. It is the emblem of the world piling mountains — banks, gold, cotton, parties, Everetts, Cushings, *Couriers* — every thing dull and heavy — to keep down thought. And ever again, in each generation, the living soul, like the bursting bud, throws up the incumbent soil, and finds its way to the sunshine and to God; and is the oak of the future, leafing out, spreading its branches, and sheltering the race and time that is to come.

I hold in my hand the likeness of a child of seventeen summers, taken from the body of a boy, her husband, who lies buried on the banks of the Shenandoah. He flung himself against a State for an idea; the child of a father who lived for an idea; who said, "I know that Slavery is wrong; thou shalt do unto another as thou wouldst have another do to

thee" — and flung himself against the law and order of his time. Nobody can dispute his principles. There are men who dispute his acts. It is exactly what he meant they should do. It is the collision of admitted principles with conduct which is the teaching of ethics; it is the Normal school of a generation. Puritanism went up and down England and fulfilled its mission. It revealed despotism. Charles the First and James, in order to rule, were obliged to persecute. Under the guise of what seemed government, they had hidden tyranny. Patriotism tore off the mask, and said to the enlightened conscience and sleeping intellect of England, "Behold! that is despotism!" It was the first lesson; it was the text of the English Revolution. Men still slumbered in submission to law. They tore off the semblance of law; they revealed despotism. John Brown has done the same for us to-day. The Slave system has lost its fascination. It had a certain picturesque charm for some. It called itself "chivalry," and "a state." One assault has broken the charm — it is Despotism! Look how barbarous it is! Take a single instance. A young girl throws herself upon the bosom of a Northern boy, who himself had shown mercy, and endeavors to save him from the *Christian* rifles of Virginia. They tore her off, and the pitiless bullet found its way to the brave young heart. She stands upon the streets of that very town, and dare not avow the motive — glorious, humane instinct — that led her to throw herself on the bosom of the hapless boy! She bows to the despotism of a brutal State, and makes excuses for her humanity! That is the Christian Virginia of 1859. In 1608, an Indian girl flung herself before her father's tomahawk on the bosom of an English gentleman, and the Indian refrained from touching the traveller whom his daughter's affection protected. Pocahontas lives to-day, the ideal beauty of Virginia, and her proudest names strive to trace their lineage to the brave Indian girl. That was Pagan Virginia, two centuries and a half ago. What has dragged her down

from Pocahontas in 1608 to John Brown in 1859, when humanity is disgraceful, and despotism treads it out under its iron heel? — who revealed it? One brave act of an old Puritan soul, that did not stop to ask what the majority thought, or what forms were, but *acted*. The revelation of despotism is the great lesson which the Puritan of our month has taught us. He has flung himself, under the instinct of a great idea, against the institutions beneath which we sit; and he says, practically, to the world, as the Puritan did, "If I am a felon, bury me with curses. I will trust to a future age to judge betwixt you and me. Posterity will summon the State to judgment, and will admit my principle. I can wait." Men say it is anarchy; that this right of the individual to sit in judgment cannot be trusted. It is the lesson of Puritanism. If the individual, criticising law, cannot be trusted, then Puritanism is a mistake; for the sanctity of individual judgment is the lesson of Massachusetts history in 1620 and '30. We accepted anarchy as the safest. The Puritan said, "Human nature is sinful"; so the earth is accursed since the Fall; but I cannot find any thing better than this old earth to build on; I must put up my corner-stone upon it, cursed as it is; I cannot lay hold of the battlements of heaven." So Puritanism said, "Human nature is sinful; but it is the best basis we have got. We will build upon it, and we will trust the influences of God, the inherent gravitation of the race towards right, that it will end right."

I affirm that this is the lesson of our history: that the world is fluid; that we are on the ocean; that we cannot get rid of the people, and we do not want to; that the millions are our basis; and that God has set us this task: "If you want good institutions, do not try to bulwark out the ocean of popular thought — educate it. If you want good laws, earn them." Conservatism says, "I can make my own hearthstone safe: I can build a bulwark of gold and bayonets about it high as heaven and deep as hell, and nobody can touch me, and that

is enough." Puritanism says, "It is a delusion; it is a refuge of lies; it is not safe. The waters of popular instinct will carry it away. If you want your own cradle safe, make the cradle of every other man safe and pure. Educate the people up to the law you want." How? They cannot stop for books—show them manhood—show them a brave act. What has John Brown done for us? The world doubted over the horrid word "insurrection," whether the victim had a right to arrest the course of his master, and, even at any expense of blood, to vindicate his rights; and Brown said to his neighbors in the old school-house at North Elba, sitting among the snows—where nothing grows but men—wheat freezes—"I can go South, and show the world that he has a right to rise and can rise." He went, girded about by his household, carrying his sons with him. Proof of a life devoted to an idea! Not a single spasmodic act of greatness, coming out with no background, but the flowering of sixty years. The proof of it, that every thing around him grouped itself harmoniously, like the planets around the central sun. He went down to Virginia, took possession of a town, and held it. He says, "You thought this was strength; I demonstrate it is weakness. You thought this was civil society; I show you it is a den of pirates." Then he turned around in his sublimity, with his Puritan devotional heart, and said to the millions, "Learn!" And God lifted a million hearts to his gibbet, as the Roman cross lifted a million of hearts to it, in that divine sacrifice of two thousand years ago. To-day, more than a statesman could have taught in seventy years, one act of a week has taught these eighteen millions of people.

What shall it teach us? "Go thou and do likewise." Do it, by a resolute life. Do it, by a fearless rebuke. Do it, by preaching the sermon of which this act is the text. Do it, by standing by the great example which God has given us. Do it, by tearing asunder the veil of respectability which covers brutality, calling itself LAW. We had a "Union meet-

ing" in this city a while ago. For the first time for a quarter of a century, political brutality dared to enter the sacredness of the sick chamber, and visit with ridicule the broken intellect, sheltered from criticism under the cover of sickness. Never, since I knew Boston, has any lip, however embittered, dared to open the door which God's hand had closed, making the inmate sacred, as he rested in broken health. The four thousand men who sat beneath the speaker are said to have received it in silence. If so, it can only be that they were not surprised at the brutality from such lips. And those who sat at his side — they judge us by our associates — they criticise us, in general, for the loud word of any comrade — shall we take the scholar of New England, and drag him down to the level of the brutal Swiss of politics, and judge him indecent because his associates were indecent? Gladly do I seize the opportunity of protesting, in the name of Boston decency, against the brutal language of a man, — thank God, not born on our peninsula, — against the noble and benighted intellect of Gerrit Smith, whom God bless with new health.

On that occasion, too, a noble island was calumniated. The New England scholar, bereft of every thing else on which to arraign the great movement in Virginia, takes up a lie about St. Domingo, and hurls it in the face of an ignorant audience — ignorant, because no man ever thought it worth while to do justice to the negro. Edward Everett would be the last to allow us to take an English version of Bunker Hill, to take an Englishman's account of Hamilton and Washington, when they ordered the scaffold of André, and read it to an American audience as a faithful description of the scene. But when he wants to malign a race, he digs up from the prejudice of an enemy they had conquered a forgotten lie — showing how weak was the cause he espoused, when the opposite must be assailed with falsehood, for it could not be assailed with any thing else.

I said that they had gone to sleep, and only turned in their graves — those men in Faneuil Hall. It was not wholly true.

The chairman came down from the heart of the Commonwealth, and spoke to Boston safe words in Faneuil Hall, for which he would have been lynched at Richmond, had he uttered them there that evening. I rejoice that a hunker cannot live in Massachusetts, without being wider awake than he imagines. He must imbibe fanaticism. Insurrection is epidemic in the State; treason is our inheritance. The Puritans planted it in the very structure of the State; and when their children try to curse a martyr, like the prophet of old, half the curse, at least, turns into a blessing. I thank God for that Massachusetts! Let us not blame our neighbors too much. There is something in the very atmosphere that stands above the ashes of the Puritans, that prevents the very most servile of hearts from holding a meeting which the despots of Virginia can relish. It is a hard task to be servile within forty miles of Plymouth. They have not learned the part; with all their wish, they play it awkwardly. It is the old, stiff Puritan trying to bend, and they do it with a marvellous lack of grace. I read encouragement in the very signs — the awkward attempts made to resist this very effort of the glorious martyr of the Northern hills of New York. Virginia herself looks into his face and melts; she has nothing but praises. She tries to scan his traits; they are too manly, and she bows. Her press can only speak of his manhood. One must get outside the influence of his personal presence before the slaves of Virginia can dig up a forgotten Kansas lie, and hurl it against the picture which Virginian admiration has painted. That does not come from Virginia. Northern men volunteer to do the work which Virginia, lifted for a moment by the sight of martyrdom, is unable to accomplish. A Newburyport man comes to Boston, and says that he *knows* John Brown was at the massacre of Pottawattomie. He was only twenty-five miles off! The Newburyport orator gets within thirty miles of the truth, and that is very near — for him! But Virginia was unable — mark you! — Virginia was unable

to criticise. She could only bow. It is the most striking evidence of the majesty of the action.

There is one picture which stands out in bright relief in this event. On that mountain-side of the Adirondack, up among the snows, there is a plain cottage—"plain living, and high thinking," as Wordsworth says. Grouped there are a family of girls and boys, hardly over twenty; sitting supreme, the majestic spirit of a man just entering age—life one purpose. Other men breed their sons for ambition, avarice, trade; he breeds his for martyrdom, and they accept serenely their places. Hardly a book under its roof but the Bible. No sound so familiar as prayer. He takes them in his right hand and in his left, and goes down to the land of bondage. Like the old Puritans of two hundred years ago, the muskets are on one side and the pikes upon the other; but the morning prayer goes up from the domestic altar, as it did from the lips of Brewster and Carver, and no morsel is ever tasted without that same grace which was made at Plymouth and Salem; and at last he flings himself against the gigantic system, which trembles under his single arm. You measure the strength of a blow by the force of the rebound. Men thought Virginia a Commonwealth; he reveals it a worse than Austrian despotism. Neighbors dare not speak to each other; Courts cannot wait for the slow step of Saxon forms and safeguards; startled Judges have no time to take notes of testimony; no man can travel on the highway without a passport; the telegraph wires are sealed, except with a permit; the State shakes beneath the tramp of cannon and armed men. What does she fear? CONSCIENCE. The apostle has come to torment her, and he finds the weakest spot herself. She dares not trust the usual forms of justice. Arraigned in what she calls her court, is a wounded man, on a pallet, unable to stand. The civilized world stands aghast. She says, "It is necessary." Why? "I stand on a volcano. The Titans are heaving beneath the mountains. Thought—the earthquake of conscience—is

below me." It is the acknowledgment of defeat. The Roman thought, when he looked upon the Cross, that it was the symbol of infamy — only the vilest felon hung there. One sacred sacrifice, and the cross nestles in our hearts, the emblem of every thing holy. Virginia erects her gibbet, repulsive in name and form. One man goes up from it to God, with two hundred thousand broken fetters in his hands, and henceforth it is sacred forever.

I said, that to vindicate Puritanism, the children must be better than the fathers. Lo, this event! Brewster, and Carver, and Bradford, and Winthrop faced a New England winter, and defied law for themselves. For us, their children, they planted and sowed. They said, "Lo! our rights are trodden under foot; our cradles are not safe; our prayers may not ascend to God." They formed a State, and achieved that liberty. John Brown goes a stride beyond them. Under his own roof, he might pray at liberty; his own children wore no fetters. In the catalogue of Saxon heroes and martyrs, the Riddleys and the Latimers, he only saw men dying for themselves; in the brave souls of our own day, he saw men good as their fathers; but he leaped beyond them, and died for a race whose blood he did not share. This child of seventeen years gives her husband for a race into whose eyes she never looked. Braver than Carver or Winthrop, more disinterested than Bradford, broader than Hancock or Washington, pure as the brightest names on our catalogue — nearer God's heart, for, with a divine magnanimity he comprehended all races — Ridley and Latimer minister before him. He sits in that heaven of which he showed us the open door, with the great men of Saxon blood ministering below his feet. And yet they have a right to say, "We created him."

Lord Bacon, as he takes his march down the centuries, may put one hand on the telegraph and the other on the steam engine, and say, "These are mine, for I taught you to invent." So the Puritans may bless John Brown, and say, "You are

ours, though you have gone beyond us, for we taught you to believe in God. We taught you to say, God is God, and trample wicked laws under your feet." And now, from that Virginia gibbet, he says to us, "The maxim I taught you, practise it! The principle I have shown you, apply it! If the crisis becomes sterner, meet it! If the battle is closer, be true to my memory! Men say my act was a failure. I showed what I promised, that the slave ought to resist, and could. Sixteen men I placed under the shelter of English law, and then I taught the millions. Prove that my enterprise was not a failure, by showing a North ready to stand behind it. I am willing, in God's service, to plunge with ready martyrdom into the chasm that opens in the forum, only show yourselves worthy to stand upon my grave!"

It seems to me that this is the lesson of Puritanism, as it is read to us to-day. "Law" and "order" are only names for the halting ignorance of the last generation. John Brown is the impersonation of God's order and God's law, moulding a better future, and setting for it an example.

VIII.

SPEECH BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON.*

MR. CHAIRMAN: I have been struck with one fact, that the best orators who have added their praise to his fame — and I need not go out of this house to find the purest eloquence in the country — have one rival who comes off a little better, and that is JOHN BROWN. Every thing that is said of him leaves people a little dissatisfied; but as soon as they read his own speeches and letters they are heartily contented — such is the singleness of purpose which justifies him to the head and the heart of all. Taught by this experience, I mean, in the few remarks I have to make, to cling to his history, or let him speak for himself.

John Brown, the founder of liberty in Kansas, was born in Sorrinton, Litchfield County, Conn., in 1800. When he was five years old his father emigrated to Ohio, and the boy was there set to keep sheep, and to look after cattle, and dress skins; he went bareheaded and barefooted, and clothed in buckskin. He said that he loved rough play, could never have rough play enough; could not see a seedy hat without wishing to pull it off. But for this it needed that the playmates should be equal; not one in fine clothes and the other in buckskin; not one his own master, hale and hearty, and the other watched and whipped. But it chanced that in Pennsylvania, where he was sent by his father to collect cattle, he

* Delivered at the Brown Relief Meeting, held at Salem, Mass., January 6, 1860.

fell in with a boy whom he heartily liked, and whom he looked upon as his superior. This boy was a slave; he saw him beaten with an iron shovel, and otherwise maltreated; he saw that this boy had nothing better to look forward to in life, whilst he himself was petted and made much of; for he was much considered in the family where he then stayed, from the circumstance that this boy of twelve years had conducted alone a drove of cattle a hundred miles. But the colored boy had no friend, and no future. This worked such indignation in him that he swore an oath of resistance to Slavery as long as he lived. And thus his enterprise to go into Virginia and run off five hundred or a thousand slaves, was not a piece of spite or revenge, a plot of two years or of twenty years, but the keeping of an oath made to heaven and earth forty-seven years before. Forty-seven years at least, though I incline to accept his own account of the matter, at Charlestown, which makes the date a little older, when he said, "This was all settled millions of years before the world was made."

He grew up a religious and manly person in severe poverty; a fair specimen of the best stock of New England; having that force of thought and that sense of right which are the warp and woof of greatness. Our farmers were Orthodox Calvinists, mighty in the Scriptures; had learned that life was a preparation, a "probation," to use their word, for a higher world, and was to be spent in loving and serving mankind.

Thus was formed a romantic character absolutely without any vulgar trait; living to ideal ends, without any mixture of self-indulgence or compromise, such as lowers the value of benevolent and thoughtful men we know; abstemious, refusing luxuries, not sourly and reproachfully, but simply as unfit for his habit; quiet and gentle as a child in the house. And, as happens usually to men of romantic character, his fortunes were romantic. Walter Scott would have delighted to draw his picture and trace his adventurous career. A shepherd and herdsman, he learned the manners of animals, and knew the

secret signals by which animals communicate. He made his hard bed on the mountains with them; he learned to drive his flock through thickets all but impassable; he had all the skill of a shepherd by choice of breed, and by wise husbandry to obtain the best wool, and that for a course of years. And the anecdotes preserved show a far-seeing skill and conduct which, in spite of adverse accidents, should secure, one year with another, an honest reward, first to the farmer, and afterwards to the dealer. If he kept sheep, it was with a royal mind; and if he traded in wool, he was a merchant prince, not in the amount of wealth, but in the protection of the interests confided to him.

I am not a little surprised at the easy effrontery with which political gentlemen, in and out of Congress, take it upon them to say that there are not a thousand men in the North who sympathize with John Brown. It would be far safer and nearer the truth to say that all people, in proportion to their sensibility and self-respect, sympathize with him. For it is impossible to see courage, and disinterestedness, and the love that casts out fear, without sympathy.

All women are drawn to him by their predominance of sentiment. All gentlemen, of course, are on his side. I do not mean by "gentlemen," people of scented hair and perfumed handkerchiefs, but men of gentle blood and generosity, "fulfilled with all nobleness," who, like the Cid, give the outcast leper a share of their bed; like the dying Sidney, pass the cup of cold water to the wounded soldier who needs it more. For what is the oath of gentle blood and knighthood? What but to protect the weak and lowly against the strong oppressor?

Nothing is more absurd than to complain of this sympathy, or to complain of a party of men united in opposition to Slavery. As well complain of gravity, or the ebb of the tide. Who makes the Abolitionist? The Slaveholder. The sentiment of mercy is the natural recoil which the laws of the uni-

verse provide to protect mankind from destruction by savage passions. And our blind statesmen go up and down, with committees of vigilance and safety, hunting for the origin of this new heresy. They will need a very vigilant committee indeed to find its birthplace, and a very strong force to root it out. For the arch-Abolitionist, older than Brown, and older than the Shenandoah Mountains, is Love, whose other name is Justice, which was before Alfred, before Lycurgus, before Slavery, and will be after it.

Book Second.

MOUNT SINAI.

THE VIRGINIA SCAFFOLD.

REAR on high the scaffold altar' all the world will turn to see
How a man has dared to suffer that his brother may be free!
Rear it on some hill-side looking North, and South, and East, and West,
Where the wind from every quarter fresh may blow upon his breast,
And the sun look down unshaded from the chill December sky,
Glad to shine upon the hero who for Freedom dared to die!

All the world will turn to see him; from the pines of wave-washed Maine
To the golden rivers rolling over California's plain;
And from clear Superior's waters where the wild swan loves to sail,
To the Gulf-lands, summer-bosomed, fanned by ocean's softest gale;
Every heart will beat the faster in its sorrow or its scorn,
For the man; nor courts, nor prison, can annoy another morn!
And from distant climes and nations men shall westward gaze, and say,
"He who perilled all for Freedom on the scaffold dies to-day."

Never offering was richer, nor did temple fairer rise
For the gods serenely smiling from the blue Olympian skies;
Porphyry or granite column did not statelier cleave the air,
Than the posts of yonder gallows with the cross-beam waiting there;
And the victim, wreathed and crowned, not for Dian nor for Jove,
But for Liberty and Manhood comes, the sacrifice of Love.

They may hang him on the gibbet; they may raise the victor's cry,
When they see him darkly swinging like a speck against the sky;—
Ah, the dying of a hero, that the right may win its way,
Is but sowing seed for harvest in a warm and mellow May!
Now his story shall be whispered by the firelight's evening glow,
And in fields of rice and cotton, when the hot noon passes slow,
Till his name shall be a watchword from Missouri to the sea,
And his planting find its reaping in the birthday of the Free!

Christ, the crucified, attend him, weak and erring though he be;
In his measure he has striven, suffering Lord, to love like Thee;
Thou the vine, thy friends the branches, is he not a branch of Thine,
Though some dregs from earthly vintage have defiled the heavenly wine?
Now his tendrils he unclasped, bruised and prostrate on the sod,—
Take him to thine upper garden, where the husbandman is God.

Edmund Dean Proctor

I.

SERMON BY REV. GILBERT HAVEN.*

A NEW act opens in the great drama of the rights and destiny of humanity, which is now being performed by this nation, in the presence of an astonished world. It opens with a sound of war, a cry for blood. Is it the last act of the tragedy, when deaths are frequent; where the innocent first fall, the wicked follow; or is it but a slight interruption to the former movement, and without effect on that which shall come after? Let us consider it in the great light that falls upon us from Heaven; let us dwell upon it in no frivolous spirit, but in deep solemnity.

"Things now
That bear a weighty and a serious brow,
Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe;
Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow,
We now present."

Let us keep before us the great fact—the violent enslavement of forty hundreds of thousands of our kindred in the flesh and in the Lord, in Adam and in Christ. Let us not

* Entitled, "The Beginning of the End of American Slavery;" preached at Harvard Street Methodist Episcopal Church, Cambridge, Nov. 6, 1859:

"Surely oppression maketh a wise man mad." Eccl. vii. 7.

"I am not mad, most noble Festus." Acts xxvi. 25.

"So I returned, and considered all the oppressions that are done under the sun: and behold the tears of such as were oppressed, and they had no comforter; and on the side of their oppressors there was power, but they had no comforter. Wherefore I praised the dead which are already dead, more than the living which are yet alive." Eccl. iv. 1, 2.

forget what this system is and does ; how it thrusts its mis-created front athwart the path of all national and religious progress, breaks churches to pieces, rules and ruins great Christian charities ; and above, beyond all this, sets its satanic foot on man, created in the image of God, crushes out his freedom, his culture, his piety, his every God-given right and privilege. Connect with this defiant, triumphant on-marching institution of perdition — this little act of a score of men — and see if, and how, such a small stone can indeed sink into the forehead of the mighty Goliath and smite him to the dust. And may God help us to speak and hear in all sincerity and godly fear.

You all know the published history of the transaction. About twenty men, led by one before famous, now immortal, seized a few slaveholders, and a United States arsenal, delivered a few score of slaves, were taken, most of the number instantly killed, a few captured, their leader tried, condemned, and sentenced to be hung. That is all. How can this, you may say, be the beginning of the end of American Slavery ? A glance at the excitement it has created may guide you to a perception of this great fact.

Not less than three orations upon it were published in the papers of last week ; every journal has abounded with editorials upon it ; every political speech has been burdened with attempts to fasten it upon their opponents and ward it off from themselves. Within a month, ten thousand thanksgiving sermons will dwell upon its lessons. Even now every ear and tongue, from Galveston to Eastport, is burning alive to every item pertaining to it. Never has any single event in our annals so enthralled the whole nation. The court of justice instantly takes up the wondrous tale. With an astounding speed it connects itself with the moans of the wounded and bereaved, drags its bleeding prisoners to its bar, refuses all demands for needed and brief delay, heeds no claim of judicial impartiality, but drives its deadly business

at this fearful rate, and only breathes freely when it has pronounced over the doomed gray head the sentence of death. Nay, it does not breathe freely yet. He is in prison, and the centurion and his band keep watch day and night over him, lest his friends come and steal him away, and the last error be worse than the first. Whether released or hung, their influence has but just begun. If dead, they will speak as no dead have spoken in this land, since Warren fell asleep in his bloody shroud. If alive and in prison, to no walls will such a multitude of earnest eyes be aimed as to those that shut them in. If at liberty, their steps will be followed by myriads of sympathizing friends or curious foes.

What does all this mean? What does it portend? Is it simply the excitement of politics, which periodically ebbs and flows? Politicians may seek to use and abuse it; but the feeling that produced it, and that it has produced, is vastly greater than any they can create or control. Theirs is but the tiny vessel, — Great Eastern though it be, — this is of the mighty upheaval of the ocean underneath. The vessel may reach its desired haven, or go down among the billows it has sought to ride; the waves sweep on, under the laws of their Creator, to the goal he has set for them. Is it the ordinary excitement of a community at a murderous riot in its midst? Other riots are constantly occurring. One has transpired since this event, by which several men were killed and wounded, and a great city surrendered to a lawless mob; and yet a brief telegram satisfies the general hunger for the bloody feast.

Why this difference? Because the one is exceptional, transient, easily and palpably curable; the other connects itself with the great iniquity that covers half, and darkens all the land. It is the first blow that gigantic power ever felt. It is a blow from which they cannot recover. How is this the case? How can this brief, and apparently unsuccessful act, be considered as the beginning of that long-prayed for, —

we can hardly say, long-looked for hour,—the death of Slavery? For two reasons:—

First. It has taught the slave power its weakness. Never has such trembling shaken their knees before. Never has such a thrill of horror made so many great States to quake. Over fifteen States, over a million of square miles, there has run one feeling, one fear, one Belshazzar sense of awful guilt, and awful weakness, and awful punishment. That handwriting on the wall of the great Southern palace of pleasure, needed no slave prophet, like Daniel, to interpret it. They understood its meaning—they feared its instant accomplishment. Their action, or want of action, in this conflict, has placed them before the world, as totally incapable of defending themselves against any moderately well-devised and well-executed rising of the slaves. Had John Brown been half as successful as he anticipated—had but five hundred slaves joined him there—he could have marched to New Orleans, freeing all the slaves on his way, for all the slaveholders could have done to stop him. His folly appears to be, not in counting on the weakness of the South, but in neglecting to count on the strength of the Federal arm.

Well may they tremble. They are but men—men most guilty, and therefore most weak. We who are so free with our gibes, would be palsied with equal horror and faintness, if we stood on the same rocking and cleaving soil, over the same mine which we had wickedly filled with deadly explosives, as we saw the torch approaching it.

“’Tis conscience that makes cowards of us all.”

Supposing you had stolen a man's wages from his youth, had trampled out his manhood, beat him often and cruelly, robbed him of his wife and children and sold them from his arms,—how would you feel if you saw, or dreamed you saw, that man stand before you, rifle in hand, demanding his freedom? This is their condition. They slept but little before, they

will sleep less now. The planters in the vicinity of the outbreak dare not spend the night on their plantations. They flee when no man pursueth. Let us not revile them. Let us with larger, and so, tenderer heart lament their state, while we call them, by these fears, to repentance. They may thus be led thither. The terrors of the Lord have persuaded multitudes of men to be holy. God surrounds all his laws with great punishments, so that those who will not be led by love may be driven by fear. May we not hope that this sense of helplessness, and dread of the just vengeance of their oppressed brethren, will persuade them to give them that which is just and equal?

Had Pharaoh hearkened to his fears, he would have emancipated his bondmen before the great wrath of God fell so awfully upon him. So, if these Pharaohs, who have so long combined against the Lord and against his children, will but heed these feelings of danger and powerlessness that their loving Creator has given them, as warnings and incentives to duty, they will instantly inaugurate the great work of emancipation.

An English writer (Mr. Thackeray) has said that Great Britain, in the Revolution, never overcame the influence of Bunker's Hill. Much less will the slaveholders overcome Harper's Ferry. Whether bloodier outbreaks follow, or more peaceful counsels prevail, be assured that the lessons of this hour will not be lost on them. They may, for a season, wear the bold face they have so long borne. They may still utter great swelling words of vanity, and defy the armies and the truths of the living God, but their hearts are moved out of their place, there is no strength in them. The march of the great cause of emancipation is far from being stayed by this affair. Crazy, and broken with age and grief, as every body seems so anxious to paint the leader of this band, that they may defend themselves from all complicity in his plans, he has taught the haughty South what she cannot, dare not

forget. His apparition will undoubtedly incite them to the work God will yet perform through them, or over them.

The second great reason for considering this the beginning of the end of this accursed crime against God and man, is the confidence it will breathe into the slave. If England never forgot Bunker's Hill, much more America never did. The sight of the falling or fleeing forms of their arrayed oppressors, on that memorable day, never lost its tremendous power over their hearts. So the millions of the enslaved will never forget the dismay, which turned the hearts of their masters to water, at the first gleaming of the rifle, the first stern demand for Freedom. Harper's Ferry is the turning point in their history. Though they responded but feebly, though they have maintained a most wonderful silence since, though they seem to be the only cool men in the whole country, excepting their would-be deliverer, still they are not feeling-less — they are not thought-less. We sneer at them because they did not avail themselves of this opportunity, at the same time that we brand Captain Brown with insanity for offering it to them. Wiser thoughts will find less fault with both parties. The slaves are men. As one born to that fate said, centuries ago, amid the applause of a vast theatre of slaveholders: "I am a man; nothing human is foreign from me." They are *but* men, and, therefore, like all the white races, however much they may *say* they prefer liberty to death, will want some well-grounded hope of obtaining that liberty before they imperil their lives. See Hungary to-day, restless yet warless, in the talons of Austria; Rome, under the cloven hoof of the pope; France, in the clutch of Napoleon. Our slave brethren are of like passions with ourselves. They have acted wisely; they bide their time; it will come.

This great deed, as it must and ought to appear in their eyes, will be talked of in every cabin. The underground telegraph will carry the tidings, where no underground rail-

road yet runs its blessed trains of liberty. The two great features of the event—the interposition of Northern white men for their deliverance, the ghastly fright and feebleness of their masters—will leave an indelible impress on their hearts. Their consciousness of their rights as men will grow mightily under the influence of the fact that those of the same race as their oppressors are willing to die, if need be, for their redemption. The consciousness of their strength will grow with equal rapidity, when they see thousands of these armed masters trembling before a dozen wounded and imprisoned men, and compelled, by their fears, to let a handful of troops, mostly foreigners, win their battles. You may say, Is not all this wrong? Has the slave any right to demand his freedom? We are not now defending theories, we are only stating facts. We are showing the grounds for our belief that this movement is to hasten the glad day of universal emancipation. Yet we do not shrink from answering the question. The slave has a right to demand his freedom. They have a right to unite in this demand. They have a right to fight for it if it is refused them. It is not their uprising that is to be condemned—it is the *resistance* to that uprising. It is the master, throttling the slave, and thrusting him into a bloody grave, if he dare say “I will be free!” that is the great criminal before God and man; not the slave, claiming to exercise his inherent and inalienable rights, and resisting him who opposes him.

Can *you* find fault with this—*you*, whose government is based on that great sentence wrought out in the fires of a fierce rebellion, “*All men are created free and equal*”? You, whose highest boast is that you descend from *revolutionary* fathers—whose greatest holiday is that whereon they proclaimed their independence from an ancient but unjust power; whose whole creed, of whatever party—Democratic, American, or Republican—is, “All government must be based on the consent of the governed.” “Who is blind like my servant,

or deaf, as the messenger I have sent?" You do not shrink from applying your formula to Italy, and France, and Ireland, and every where, save to your own countrymen, whose fathers were as valiant as ours, in that great insurrection against Britain.

But we dare not say that wicked thing and sin against God. We dare not affirm that any child of Adam, any child of God, has not the same right to himself that we have; and if he can secure it, without bloodshed, has a right to take it. If he can obtain it only by bloodshed, it is not for us, with our ceaseless praises of Kossuth, and Garibaldi, and Washington, to say him nay.* God help him to his rights without the shedding of a drop of human blood! God help him to his rights if, like Israel, he shall see fit to have him thrust into freedom by the terror-stricken, sorrow-stricken masters; made so now, as then, by the Angel Jehovah, the Lord Jesus Christ himself.

There will be no such redemption, for the slave has no thirst for revenge. Great and numerous as are the temptations to it, no such cry has ever leaped in his soul, much less from his lips. Some there may be, of the many Legrees, that may have commended to their lips the chalice of agony they have so foully forced upon their brethren. But these revenges will be rare. No such design moves the hearts of their sympathizers. He who has gone farthest in this work of neighborly love and duty, expressly and repeatedly denies the intention of creating or allowing a bloody insurrection. "I never did intend," he says, "murder or treason, or the destruction of property, or to excite or incite the slaves to rebellion, or to make insurrection. I never encouraged any man to do so, but always discouraged any idea of that kind."

* Are not our eulogies, and statues, and monuments of Washington — the peculiar passion of our time — designed by Providence to prepare us to welcome that Greater than Washington, who may yet arise from the oppressed race to lead them to Freedom?

Let us refrain from charging these dead and dying men, who have sacrificed their lives for the freedom of a despised people, with any such imputation. Let us rejoice that other human agents are in this work beside Pharaoh and his bondmen, and that their external sympathies and energies will peacefully melt the iron from these necks. We have only said that, in the dread alternative of freedom through blood, or perpetual slavery, we have no right, as men or as Christians, to decide for the latter. For consider, that one quarter of a million hold four millions of innocent people in chains. By our American arithmetic the majority rules. Apply the rule here and let it peaceably work itself out. If violence attend its working, ask yourself which is the better — the short but violent conflict of twelve men, with their one pretended owner, or the violent subjugation of those men and their posterity. On the one hand some masters slain, some matrons dishonored, some falsely rich made poor, and then liberty, equality, fraternity in all generations; no chains, no whips, no pollution, no forced, unconsecrated marriages of lovers, no separation of families, no robbery of a man's labor and its rewards, of all chances of elevation, socially and mentally, of all the rights which all men respect and strive after. On the other hand, generations upon generations of these millions suffering unpeakable loss, and shames, and agonies. There will be no war nor bloodshed, thanks to the great Northern, the great Christian sentiment; but if there were, God has often blessed it, and might again.

We have dwelt on the great central grounds for our hopes. The morning cometh, if night yet hangs black and blacker over us. We cannot close without adverting to a few subsidiary blessings this mournful event will produce: —

1st. It will lead to a more general recognition of our oneness of blood and destiny with the despised race. The past movements of this great reform have made astonishing changes in the Northern feeling. The colored race to-day are

treated with a thousand-fold more respect and fraternal familiarity than they were twenty years ago. Yet there remains much to be done. Our walls of prejudice still rise high between us and them. We must tear them down. We must cease separating them from us in our churches — perpetuating, under another form, the negro-pew abomination of our fathers. We must open the doors of our schools and colleges to them, not only as scholars, but as teachers, if they show themselves capable. We must let them enter our shops as apprentices, our stores as clerks, our firms as partners. We must open the doors of all our varied departments of human enterprise, and say to them, "Show yourselves capable, we will show ourselves liberal." How high the walls that now hem them in! how narrow and poor the soil they are permitted to cultivate! The lightest quadroon, no less than his darkest kindred, is cabined, cribbed, confined within the range of one or two modes of industry, and they the least intelligent and remunerative. I heard a worthy lady say, not long since, she might allow one of this class to work in her kitchen, she should revolt from letting her sew for her. However light in hue, however neat and nimble in this most womanly of accomplishments, she could not avail herself of it to get a living in that family. Could she in yours? We must crucify this lust of pride and caste, if we would be the friends of Christ, if we would deal truly and justly with the slave and his master. No one act in the whole movement, thus far, can contribute to this end what the deeds, done and suffered by John Brown and his associates, will do. That sublime speech, on receiving his sentence — so manly, so womanly, so full of generosity and frankness, full of modesty and courage — has a few sentences that, with the deeds that accompany them, will be living forces for the cleansing of this nation from the base prejudices that now infect it. Hear him, and let his words work their perfect work in all your hearts: "Had I interfered in the manner which I admit, and which I admit

has been fairly proved — for I admire the truthfulness and candor of the greater portion of the witnesses who have testified in this case — had I so interfered in behalf of the rich, the powerful, the intelligent, the so-called great, or in behalf of any of their friends, either father, mother, brother, sister, wife, or children, or any of that class, and suffered and sacrificed what I have in this interference, it would have been all right, and every man in this court would have deemed it an act worthy of reward rather than punishment. This court acknowledges, too, as I suppose, the validity of the law of God. I see a book kissed, which I suppose to be the Bible, or at least the New Testament, which teaches me that all things whatsoever I would that men should do to me, I should do even so to them. It teaches me further to remember them that are in bonds as bound with them. I endeavored to act up to that instruction. I say I am yet too young to understand that God is any respecter of persons. I believe that to have interfered as I have done, — as I have always freely admitted I have done, — I have done in behalf of his despised poor no wrong, but right.”

Another benefit is the new life it will give to the great and varied modes which have long been at work against this wrong. Had it not been for their previous activity, it would have been utterly powerless for good or evil. Twenty-five years ago such an act would have created no general uproar. The slave power was too strong — the anti-slave power too weak. It is far different now. The speeches, and sermons, and editorials, and votes, and prayers, of a quarter of a century have not been without their effect. The quickening of the moral sense of the nation, the increase of sympathy and fraternity with the oppressed, the collisions of churches and parties, the very fierceness of the wrath of the slaveholder, have all been as fuel preparing for this spark. The quenching of this spark will not cause the work to cease. It will go on as never before. Not arraying the North against the South, but

the whole nation, North and South, against this sin. The end is at hand. Let us not be weary in well doing until that end is reached. However hostile to this great work this enterprise first appeared, new light is breaking upon the general mind. The party journals who fancied their party aims were ruined, are gaining their better reason. Let every right way of assailing the trembling fortress not cease, because of this diversion. They will not cease. The fires of Freedom will burn the brighter, for that which seemed to quench the flame is but fuel. The peaceful triumph must be hastened by the very failure of any scheme which seems to be infected with war.

Finally. This will not be the least beneficial in stilling the haughty and horrible assumptions of the leaders and managers of the Slaveocracy. They have preached doctrines from the stump, the hall of legislation, the pulpit, the bench, in the last ten years, more blasphemous, more Satanic than any that have been uttered in the civilized world since Christianity overthrew Paganism. No bull of the Vatican in the midnight point of the dark ages, no Torquemada defence of the Inquisition, ever made half as ungodly apologies or announced half as demoniacal decrees, as the Southern press and pulpit have done in this last decade; and they were waxing worse and worse. A slave code for the territories, slave trade for their harbors, slave transportation over the whole country; this is their avowed programme. Their strides have been rapid and vast; their steps are raised for mightier paces. This infernal march — I speak soberly and solemnly — this tramp of men, possessed by him whose name is Legion, over all human and divine law and life, nas suddenly been made to halt. They have seen the Angel of the Lord; they are pale and piteous; they cry for quarter, though his sword has not left his thigh. Where, now, is your senatorial imperiousness? Where your judicial perversions of law and history? Where your executive hauteur?

Their demands, decisions, decrees suddenly cease. They will revive them again, but with bated breath. Outwardly they may be more vociferous and abominable, but inwardly they fear and whisper: "See there! that strange, awful sight; how it burns our eyeballs! Northern whites as mad for Freedom as we are for Slavery. Made so by us, they are adopting our tactics and our weapons. As we have murdered men for Slavery in Kansas — as we have struck down great and high defenders of Freedom and the Constitution, in the Senate House — they are murdering us in the cause of Liberty; they are arming our slaves for their freedom. We shall lose our lives, perhaps; we shall certainly lose our property and our power." They see in this more than votes, more than the triumph of any political party — they see the death of Slavery. They see themselves the murderers; the favorite off-spring of their lust of pride, and power, and wealth, dies by their own hands. Well may we say to them, as our prophet bard of Freedom did to their great leader, Calhoun, years ago, when a less fright congealed his soul: —

"Are these your tones whose treble notes of fear
Wail in the wind? And do ye shake to hear,
Actæon-like, the bay of your own hounds,
Spurning the leash and leaping o'er their bounds?
Sore baffled statesmen, when your eager hand,
With game afoot, unslipped the hungry pack,
To hunt down Freedom in her chosen band,
Had ye no fears that, ere long, doubling back,
These dogs of yours might snuff on Slavery's track?"

Let their proud knees quake. They ought to fall before their slaves with cries of forgiveness for their inhuman conduct towards them; before their country, asking her pardon for the dishonor with which they have stained her fair fame before the world; and, above all, before their God, imploring his mercy for their false and cruel treatment of his truth and children. This little event will be magnified by them a thousand fold; yet, perhaps, not too highly. May it lead them to instant penitence, and its all-important work.

And now, my friends, let me say, in closing, if I have spoken aught that offends your present judgment, weigh it carefully before you reject it. I have said only what I have thought, and prayed, and spoken for years. I believe no such sin is laid at the door of any nation as is laid upon us. I believe no such sufferings are seen by the all-loving Omniscience in the wide earth, as he sees in the breasts of multitudes of powerless victims in the Southern shambles. I have spoken in the interest of no party. Politics are tossed on this wild and mighty sea that sweeps over the whole land, as fishing boats off Newfoundland,

"When descends on the Atlantic
The gigantic
Storm-wind of the Equinox."

So are rocking all other great interests. The Church fears her dissolution; free labor, in its grand and lesser divisions, fears her destruction; the throes of this great birth of freedom and fraternity to the least among the races of men, make all classes and callings to writhe. Yet there shall be no death of any vital force. Government, Religion, the Church, the Gospel, free and varied industry, all shall live, and live a higher life for the struggles through which they are now passing. I speak with no hardness to the slaveholder. Some of those that I know, I esteem. All God has loved, and has given his only-beloved Son, that they, believing on him, might not perish. May they receive the grace of God in its fulness, and let it lead them to give that which is just and equal to the slave, lest "the great and terrible day of the Lord come." Would to God they would treat their fellow-citizens in bondage as our fathers treated theirs; declare Slavery incompatible with their constitutions, and that it ceases henceforth to exist in their midst. So easy, so peaceful is their way of duty in this matter.

I have spoken in no love or expectation of a murderous uprising, or of armed intervention to aid them in rising. Their rights I have defended. Their duty it is not for me to

decide. I have striven to remember them as bound with them. I have seen them as they are to-day, sitting under vines and fig-trees not their own, with every thing to molest and make them afraid. I have seen them, as they are plodding in coffles, or crowded in holds, on their dreadful march to their unknown fate. With bleeding feet, and backs, and hearts, they are scourged from the miserable hut of their childhood, to the miserable grave of their early prime — from the dungeon of ice to the dungeon of fire. They have no rights, says the solemn and supreme tribunal of the land — no rights which white men are bound to respect. The husband has no right to his wife, which you are bound to respect; the maiden no right to her honor; the mother no right to her babe; the babe no right to its mother; the mind no right to culture; the soul no right to its Saviour; no rights which *white* men are bound to respect! My God, what a decree! Let us obey God rather than man, and hold in higher respect their natural and divine rights, for the very contempt and loss they suffer, at the hands of those now so powerful and so cruel.

Yet let us not be discouraged. This deluge of hell has heard a voice it will obey, saying, "Hitherto shalt thou come but no further, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed." The very dilemma of the captors of these men is itself propitious. They dare not hang them; they dare not release them. If they pardon John Brown it is saying to all the world, "We are verily guilty. Any man may come among us, invite our slaves to assume their freedom, give them arms to defend that freedom, and even slay those who seem to oppose it, and yet we dare not hang him. Why? Because we know he is right, and we are wrong." They can never defend their system again if John Brown is allowed to live.

But if he dies, if he mounts the scaffold for Freedom, which may Heaven prevent, he will slay the monster which seems thus to slay him. He will make the scaffold in this land as

sacred and potent as it became in England when Vane, and Sidney, and Russell mounted it. Such a thrill of indignation and remorse will freeze the soul of every man, North and South, slaveholder and abolitionist, as never struck through the heart of a great Christian nation before. Let John Brown's great words be fulfilled: "Now, if it is deemed necessary that I should forfeit my life for the furtherance of the ends of justice, and mingle my blood further with the blood of my children, and with the blood of millions in this slave country whose rights are disregarded by wicked, cruel, and unjust enactments, I say let it be done."

Out of that death life will leap; life for those miserable millions now worse than dead. To his memory honors will be paid; statues will bear his stern, mild features to posterity; and when Virginia is free, as free she will be, one of her first acts will be to erect a monument to his memory, on the very spot where disgrace, defeat and death now overwhelm him — as one of the first acts of this Commonwealth after she had achieved her liberty, was to raise the lofty memorial to the "monomaniac" Warren, and his slain and defeated comrades, rebels, like these, against a legal but tyrannical power.

May God help us all to give ourselves to Him, in the consecration of a holy heart and life, and then to the great moral warfare with every vice, chiefest of which, in the cry of the down-trodden, and the crime of the down-treader, is American Slavery.

G. Haven

II.

SERMON BY REV. GEORGE B. CHEEVER.*

IT were a cheering and blessed gratulation, could we assure each other this day that this precious promise is ours, and that we behold the brightening signs of its fulfilment. But as a promise, it has a condition. If judgment do return unto righteousness, if wicked statutes, and the wicked obedience of them and the systems of wickedness which they establish and sustain, are swept away, and the people return unto God, to do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with him, then indeed he will be with them, he is with them, and cannot forsake them. And if there be the signs of such return, the very beginning of it is proof that God's mercy has begun. How blessed and glorious would be our condition, if judgment were returned unto righteousness! And it must be so returned, so brought back, and we with it, or God must cast us off. Let us praise God for every record of such return in others, and for all the instruction, drawn from their success, as to the methods by which the removal of a great evil was accomplished, the renunciation of a great wickedness effected, a great and peaceful revolution brought about, where utter ruin had been threatened. We need all the light

* Entitled: "The Example and the Method of Emancipation by the Constitution of our Country, and the Word of God." Preached in the Church of the Puritans, Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 24, 1859, by Rev. George B. Cheever, D. D., from Psalm xciv. 14, 15:

"For the Lord will not cast off his people, neither will he forsake his inheritance. But judgment shall return unto righteousness, and all the upright in heart shall follow it."

from such examples that we can possibly gain, at the same time that all the light from all the centuries can never show any other way of redemption from sin than by repentance of it, nor any national salvation but that of righteousness and justice. Nations, as well as individuals, have a time when they *can* repent and a time in which they cannot. They may pass the line of destiny where there is no more space of repentance, though it be sought carefully with tears.

Aristotle somewhere in his works has said that we are under a great debt of gratitude for the mistakes of our predecessors, and he might have added, for the example of their iniquities, provided we will take them as a warning, and lay the lesson to heart. But how much greater, and in a true and literal sense, without any sarcasm or double meaning, is our debt of gratitude to those who have set us the example of great and heroic disinterestedness, to individuals who by a life, or a single action out of the bosom of a life, have set a light in the firmament of our practical ethics like the North Star, a light of benevolence and glory; or to nations more rarely than to individuals; and, indeed, how rare, how almost solitary, is the example of true national greatness, disinterestedness, high moral and religious principle; faithfulness to Freedom as a principle, and not merely as an interest, faithfulness to that which is another man's, another race's, and not merely to that which is our own!

But if we have not been faithful in that which is another man's, who shall give you that which is your own? This principle of justice and of retribution, as certainly as God is true, he will act upon with us, as a people, in reference to the race of strangers he has thrown upon our care. The word *stranger* is, in God's law, a sacred word. The Hebrews were strangers in the land of Egypt; we know the principles of responsibility, duty, benevolence, that God has illustrated by them. A race of strangers under *our* power, thrown upon our protection; a race whom we can easily oppress, if we choose, but whom we are bound to bless, to raise them to a

participation in our own privileges, to love them as we love ourselves, are a most sacred responsibility and trust, a mighty, peremptory, decisive trial of our character. Love ye the stranger, for ye were strangers in the land of Egypt. Cursed be he that perverteth the judgment of the stranger! Ye shall have one manner of law, as well for the stranger as for the native of your own race. The laws of God are plain; the principles of justice and benevolence are plain; we admit them in regard to Germans, French, Italians, Swiss, Irish, English; all, indeed, on earth, whom we can use for votes; all, save only the Africans, the great race of strangers whom we have kidnapped and compelled hither, and in justice towards whom God calls upon us therefore with a louder call than that of mere benevolence.

For we have made them the subjects of a vaster and more cruel oppression than any civilized nation under heaven ever practised towards any people; and according to the principle of human nature, — that whomsoever a man injures, him he thenceforth hates, — we hate them with an intensity proportioned to the injury we have done them; we make them the standing object of cruelty and contempt, and use them as a foil for our own greatness. Then observe the working of prejudice; we have no hatred to them, or to their color, as *slaves*, as *chattels*; but we abhor them and their color as *free-men*, and pronounce them a *nuisance*. As entitled to a share in our privileges, our citizenship, our rights, the rights of humanity, we hate *them*, their color, and their race, with a hatred that, without any thing of the dignity or nobleness of enmity, is compounded out of the meanest elements of fraud, fear, and selfishness. This is an inevitable consequence of the vast accumulating injuries we have heaped upon them.

Now, here they are; but they have grown at length beyond the possibility of management as a purely selfish speculation, as an article of profit, and we know not what to do with them. They puzzle us, they perplex us, they terrify us. We are like murderers, (as when the Dred Scott decision was

passed and endured, it was prophesied we should be,) not knowing what to do with the body, endeavoring to bury and hide the carcass of our assassinated victim. But the trampled ground, the fresh dirt, the very leaves matted on the grave, disclose the crime; neither can we keep a seal upon the sepulchre of the freedom of a morally assassinated, but still living and growing, race. We would be glad to keep them forever, provided we could keep them as *slaves*; provided we could still harness and concentrate their energies as chattels, and compel them to drag forward the juggernaut of our political grandeur and power; provided we could limit them to that point, where oppression of them is convenient for ourselves, where we can serve ourselves of them, *as they are*, and prevent simply their *extension* to the point of inconvenience, agitation, or intrusion on the monopoly of free labor for the whites. As profitable *property*, we like their character, degraded, and their color, black; as *men*, we hate and abhor both the color and the race.

But here they are. What shall we do with them? It begins to be the perplexity of a hunter with a wolf by the ears; you dare not let him go, you cannot keep him; there is no one to kill him while you hold him. Meantime, God's voice thunders, Let my people go! The Christian Pharaoh in our Egypt answers, under instruction of theological technicalities about *malum in se*, Who is the Lord, that I should obey his voice to let the people go? I know not such a Lord, nor such a theology. I will not let them go. And again God thunders, Let my people go! And, except the company of Jannes and Jambres, with their magicians in the Americo-Egyptian Church, turned the claim into ridicule, denying its divine origin, even the modern Pharaoh would come to his senses and believe. But the heart is hardened more and more, and step by step the very processes of exasperation and increase in the oppression are gone through, by which of old the slaveholders drew down upon themselves the whole appointed catalogue of plagues for their destruction.

But can we let them go with safety? Even if we could not, we have no right to keep them; no more than a man's not being able to give up a stolen estate, without reducing his family to poverty, gives him a right to the robbery, or releases him from the obligation to restore. But even this selfish question God in his mercy has answered; has provided a most marvellous, explicit, categorical answer, in the case of British Emancipation, the lessons of which we must solemnly ponder. And one of those lessons, from experience as well as of native fundamental principle, is this: that to hold these human beings as property, and still pretend to seek to raise them, until they are, according to our pronouncement, worthy of being set free, is both an insult and a crime. We cannot raise them, as slaves, to freedom; we cannot raise them *till* we free them, till we acknowledge their right and our duty, and begin its performance; till we are seen setting at work the process of striking off their fetters. It is a vast, terrific libel to say that they owe their slavery to their animal degradation, when we know that they owe the perpetuity of their degradation to their being kept in slavery, and that every generation retained in such slavery, under the pretence of not being prepared for freedom, is a generation stolen from the birth. To justify this form of man-stealing, the indecent and horrible maxim of slave-law, *partus sequitur ventrem*, is adopted and baptized in the slaveholding theology, and along with it the most incredible inhumanities, monstrosities, impossibilities in morals, have been presented to the Southern conscience, and deliberately accepted as truths divine, while the plainest propositions of righteousness, and requisitions of the Word of God, have been scornfully rejected as fanaticism. It will not now be strange if God says, (nay; the strangeness will be, if he does *not* say,) Fill ye up, then, the measure of your iniquities.

In contrast and rebuke of such obstinate atheism and cruelty, God has given us the glorious example in another nation, of one of the grandest, most unalloyed triumphs of benevolence and justice over cruelty and wrong, of humanity

over oppression, of truth against fraud and lying, of conscience and God's word against wicked human law, of principle over policy, of Freedom over Slavery, that the world ever saw. It is a thing of joy forever, a thing to be eternally proclaimed and magnified, that a commercial nation has done this; a nation with power and temptation to do otherwise; a nation not for itself, but for others; a nation inspired with genuine, unselfish, compassionate regard for the injured and enslaved. A proud, strong, conquering, prosperous nation has done this; has paused in the midst of her *prosperity* to examine her *policy* before God; to acknowledge her past injustice and wrong, to acknowledge and obey God's word, God's will, as supreme above her own government and authority; to acknowledge the claims of the oppressed, and to let the oppressed go free, *because God commands it*. I say a great commercial nation — the wealthiest, most aggrandized, and lordliest nation on the face of the globe, at once the most commercial and the most aristocratic, with the proudest nobility and the intensest trade-spirited mercantile community together, under the most conservative law faculty and jurisprudence; a great commercial nation, in the heart of a money-worshipping age, at the cost of an appropriation in money such as never before on earth was devoted by any government to any such purpose; in the face of an outcry of rage and avarice against so benevolent a measure; in the face of the savage claim of property in man, and of the remorseless fury with which that claim was prosecuted to the last moment; a great commercial power-loving, money-accumulating nation, has voluntarily paused in her great career of conquest and of wealth, thrown from her the considerations of a selfish expediency, and performed a national act of self-denying justice and humanity; an act both of the government and the people; an act of religion and of religious zeal and duty, such as nations almost never perform, and which, performed as it was, with such completeness, nobleness, and majesty of principle, might almost cancel a thousand years of European cruelty and crime.

The Act of Emancipation, which it becomes us anew and solemnly to celebrate this day, to praise God for it, and to implore his grace that it may be initiated in our own country, was an act of benevolence and justice on principle. It was not a measure of political economy or expediency, but of right and duty, above all expediency, determining what true expediency is. It was not a question of the superiority of free labor over slave labor, or a measure for the interest and profit of the whites; but it was the admitted equal claim of the blacks to freedom as well as the whites, and the prosecution of that claim for the liberty and benefit of the enslaved, for the restitution to them of the rights of which they have been defrauded. It was a denial of any right on the part of the whites to hold any other race in slavery; it was a denial of any right of property in man, and a refusal any longer to admit any such wrong. It was the undoing of such wrong, because it *was* wrong, and the question of its profitableness and unprofitableness for the nation committing such a crime was not a question, upon the decision of which the act of emancipation was based. By a religious conscience, by the power of God's Word, by the grand ideas of justice and of freedom swaying the popular mind, by the sentiments, feelings, impulses of the popular heart against cruelty, against oppression, against Slavery, the nation was carried irresistibly in this grand movement, and triumphed in it. And it was, in many respects, the greatest national victory of right against wrong, of conscience against selfishness, that the world ever saw.

As a measure of political economy it has been successful in its results. The West Indies are worth incalculably more to-day, under the reign of Freedom, than they could have been under the continued injustice of Slavery. But whether so or not, the honesty, generosity, and justice of the nation, the elevation and integrity of character, the enthronement of the right, the supremacy of the Word of God as the rule of right, and of the conscience of the nation as obedient to it, are an

infinite gain and glory, not to be measured by any consequences; a possession worth more than the dominion of the globe; a security of future prosperity and freedom greater than ten thousand navies, ten thousand citadels. Standing as they did in that act on the side of God and truth, of freedom and humanity, the British government and people have secured not only the freedom and happiness of the enslaved, for whom they acted, but their own, of which they did not think. God gives, for every such act, a mortgage on his providence for their protection. What they gained in character alone, and in the strength of righteousness, by that act, would have been a possession of inestimable value, outweighing all possibility of loss. If the West Indies had been sunk to the bottom of the sea, and all the colonial possessions of Great Britain with them, the benefit of that act of justice and benevolence would have remained, a richer endowment of the kingdom, than if God had created and bestowed a new oceanic Eden for its dominion and its wealth.

What we need to lay to heart to-day is this lesson. If the British people had confined themselves to statistical arguments about sugar-canes, molasses hogsheads, prices of labor, amounts to be screwed out of estates under the lash, or to be sacrificed by freedom, they would not, to this day, have accomplished the emancipation of the negroes. It was the conscience of justice, the divine spirit of liberty, the sense of right and duty, the command of God, the impulse of pity, strengthened and made irresistible by the appeal to God's Word, and not the mean, pitiful consideration of any superior profitableness of free labor over slave, that gained the victory. It was lightning from heaven, and not any blacksmith's fire on earth, that melted the chains of the slave, and set him free. Men's hammers could rivet them, but it required the fire of God to undo them. Nothing but principle, truth on fire in the heart, could ever set men to this work. The lust of gain never will break a fetter on the limbs, but it can eat into the soul, and cover it with the tetter of despotism. No

profits of liberty, nor even its anticipated gains, ever yet set any people free; the *spirit* of liberty must do the first work, regardless of any thing and every thing but what is just and right. The profits of liberty never yet built a temple, unless the spirit of liberty first conquered the ground in fee simple and laid the foundations.

We need to-day these lessons of principle, and this assurance of the safety of their application; the safety of trusting in God, and performing our whole duty to Him and to our fellow-beings, leaving the consequences with Him.

The terrible outbreak at Harper's Ferry calls us anew to the consideration of our own duty, and of the means by which we may avoid God's judgments, and redeem our country from a wickedness that threatens to consume us.

We must consider, first, our instruments of aggression and of conquest against this sin, and second, the manner and the method in which we are to use them. Our duty as Christians and our duty as politicians comes into view, and we shall endeavor to discriminate.

Our instruments of aggression and of conquest against this sin are grand and mighty: the Word of God, rightly interpreted, and the Constitution of our country, rightly interpreted.

But both have been perverted; and if in either the perversion is suffered to become the law, then we are lost; we can do nothing. If the Word of God is held and applied in its purity, you can save even your perverted Constitution by it; can redeem your Constitution from the bondage of such perversion, by the law of the spirit of life setting it free from the law of sin and death. Bring every provision in it to the bar of God's Word, and show the infinite guilt of each perversion. All the questions involved, of right and wrong, ought to be thoroughly, fervently discussed, in every aspect, in every place. There ought to be public mass meetings, as mighty crucibles, heated by the spirit of Liberty; and your theories and your candidates must be thrown into them and proved.

Your Representatives and Senators ought to be especially instructed and bound to press every article of the Constitution to its uttermost in favor of liberty and right. You ought to demand a declaration of the Congress of the United States that the provision in the Constitution of the United States against attainder, against ever suffering incapacity or evil to descend from parents to children, may, and rightfully does, protect and set free the children of the enslaved, and that the maxim, *partus sequitur ventrem*, is the greatest possible violation of that provision.

In this conflict, it can hardly be necessary to say that the church and ministry must stand higher than the politicians; must in fact lead, and not follow, with the Word of God. They must not ask, What do the politicians desire? What are they willing to sanction and applaud? How far can we preach against Slavery and not damage their platforms, or prevent the availability of their candidates for the Presidency? Let us understand each other. We welcome them to our aid, just so far as they can follow after the Word of God, and agree with it, abstaining from putting into their programmes any implication of the sacredness or intangibleness of Slavery as a vested right; any injunction or pledge against laboring for its abolition; any assertion of the wrongfulness of interfering for the deliverance of the four or five millions of slaves, now groaning under such bondage in the Slave States. We hold ourselves, as Christians, commissioned of God, and bound in conscience to labor for such deliverance, and it is our positive right and duty so to do; and, therefore, if any political party should set up as a necessary qualification for the Presidency a pledge never to seek the deliverance of the enslaved, or a sanction of the Fugitive Slave Bill, or of the claim of property in man, that moment they set themselves in opposition to the Word of God, and no true Christian can go with them. They array themselves against the Christian conscience, rights, privileges, dignity, and duty of all who know that they ought to obey God rather than man. If *success* is the mission of

politicians, *our* mission from God is to break every yoke, and let the oppressed go free; not merely to labor against the extension of Slavery, but for its entire overthrow; not merely for the white man's party, but for the deliverance of the enslaved.

We are bound to press the spirit of the Constitution against every letter of Slavery, and the letter of the Constitution in behalf of Freedom against every attempt of the spirit of Slavery. For none can deny that the Constitution was framed for Freedom. Neither is there in it any intimation of ever having been designed or framed for the whites only, and not the blacks; much less any intimation of any guarantee of Slavery, as the condition either of blacks or whites, or any part of them. There is no intimation in it that any human being can be the property of any other human being. If there were any such wickedness it would be a piratical Constitution. There being no shadow of such pretence, either in spirit or letter, whence comes the daring assumption? By what superhuman fraud transacted, under what spell of infernal incantation, laying the senses, the reason, the conscience of the people asleep, so that they could consent to such change and corruption of the character of their rights? By what horrible mesmerism of Satan do you stand as a man gazing motionless with staring eyes, paralyzed, not horrified, but insensible, while the assassin enters your dwelling, carries away your gold, murders your household, and leaves you under such a lunacy, such a spell of madness, such a nightmare of perdition, that henceforth you walk about and labor to convince yourself and others that this is all politically right, is agreeable to the articles in your charter, is a vested right of constitutional assassins, with which you must not interfere!

This is the assumption coolly made, even by professedly Anti-Slavery politicians, who do not scruple to affirm that the protection of property in slaves, property in man, is the business and proper work of the Constitution, and that, if the Fugitive Slave Law were repealed, they would go in for

another, and for any and all laws that Congress might pass, sanctioning and defending property in man. This is treason to truth, God, our country, and our country's Freedom, that if rightly visited, would place the authors and supporters of it beneath the condemnation appointed for it in the Word of God. Nothing can be more monstrous, more atrocious, than the foisting in of such a claim and sanction of property in human beings into the Constitution of our Freedom, when not only is no possibility of such claim referred to, even by intimation, but the thing is not even named, is not a subject within the whole instrument; and the whole aim, spirit, purpose, and doctrine of the whole are against it, rendering it impossible.

It is a forgery, an infinite fraud, a boundless rascality, more wicked, more pernicious, than was ever perpetrated in any nation under heaven. There is a case in law, a case of pretended right to made property, now pending in New York, between the State and the City, as to the possession of water lots, filled in along the shores of the harbor. There was a contract conveying all the land, many years ago, to the city within the low-water mark. Since that day the city has gone on swelling and extending by made land far beyond the then low-water mark, and now the State claims, and justly claims, a title to all the property thus created by the city, outside the original water-line. There stands, pictured, in this very case, our Constitution, and the made land of Satan intruded upon it beyond the water-line, beyond the line of right, and justice, and liberty. There is the line, — low tide, low-water mark, no Slavery, no property in man on this side, the land side, and no authority whatever on the other side, no step beyond the bond; *service due* is the lowest water-mark. But beyond this, in boundless forgery and villany, in assumption of wrong, in extension of a seeming right into infinite wrong, your Slave-Power oligarchy, minions, have filled in with all the elements of corruption, brought and dumped by paid scavengers, the water-lots of the Constitution; with the whole paraphernalia

of Slavery, docks, wharves, jails, warehouses, bastiles, chains, bloodhounds, marshals; here the Fugitive Slave Bill, there the Dred Scott Decision, till the made land of despotism governs, changes, destroys the whole channel, and nothing but injustice prevails.

Now, it is the duty of your State, of each sovereign Free State, to step in and say to these invaders, these squatters on the premises of liberty, Away with you and your encroachments! Take back your structures, your made land of Satan, within your own low-water line, or give them up to the possession and use of freedom and justice. We hold you to the bond. If you can make Slavery out of *service due*, if you can find or make one iota of sanction for the claim of property in man, show your authority in God's name. It must be as plain as the sun in these heavens. The thing claimed must be written out in full, PROPERTY IN MAN. But you not only have no shadow of such claim, no intimation looking that way, no mention nor description of the state of Slavery, or of such a possibility under heaven as that of property in man; but in fact there was no civilized government or nation under heaven, at the time when your Constitution was framed, where any statesman of any party, or character, or grade would have dared to put into the government instrument of a civilized State the proposition or sanction of such a crime against God and man, or the possibility of admitting it. And any set of men who might have ventured such an insult against humanity and religion, at the same time pretending to believe, and openly and solemnly announcing, that "all men are born free and equal, and are endowed with inalienable rights, such as life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," would have been scorned by the whole world; such a set of men could not have published, would not have *dared* to publish, any avowal of the possibility of any constitutional sanction of property in man, in the face of the scorn and indignation that would every where have met them.

Now the providence of God has upset all man's calcula-

tions. And a most remarkable thing it is, that just when the doctrines of the inviolability and sacredness of slave property had reached their culminating point of audacity and infamy; when it was becoming a political truism that there could be no right of intervention against the wrong of human Slavery where it already exists, but only the right of endeavoring to prevent its extension; when some politicians even, in the only party in the country imagined to possess any remnant of conscience or of principle, were setting up a defence of the rights of the South to undisturbed possession of their millions of slaves, as a vested interest and right not to be meddled with; that just at this juncture, God should have shot John Brown out of the cannon of his providence right into the bosom of that vested interest; shot him as a bomb against it, scattering all the theories of politicians to the winds, and setting all men to a new discussion, not merely of the right of the slaves themselves to assert their own freedom, but of the right and duty of all men to help them to it, in any and every just way that God puts in their power. There is no stopping this discussion, when it pleases God that it should come. And if the fountains of the great deep of human rights are broken up here, as in the French revolution, it were as vain to speak to the whirlwind, as expect to re-train or command the blowing of such a hurricane. What God has done is but a warning of what he will do. The apparition of John Brown before the terrified court and magicians of our American Egypt, is but as that of Moses, throwing down his rod to become a serpent, in comparison with the deadly plagues that are to follow.

It looks, indeed, as if God had begun his work of judgment. Long has he been calling in mercy. Years of grace, mighty revivals of religion, trials of his church and people, by blessings infinite, by bestowing upon his church and ministry such might of numbers, and such omnipotence of spiritual power, if they had but been faithful to him, that, united against this wickedness, they could have swept it from the land, almost as

easily as the dead frogs of Egypt could have been shovelled into the Nile, when God had done with that plague. We have waited, and watched, and longed for some fruit of the revival of God's work, some application of this spiritual power in efforts for the deliverance of the enslaved. We see it in some directions only in a more deadly, sullen, ominous indifference and silence, along with the revival of the foreign slave trade; there is not only no purpose, even after such a baptism of grace and mercy to ourselves, to exercise mercy to others, or labor for the deliverance of the oppressed, but there is, in many quarters, a deeper, deadlier, more terrible oppression. The churches and the ministry refuse to speak out in behalf of the enslaved, but still very generally demand silence, and denounce the agitation of the subject. The Free States pass new black laws against the colored race, and the Slave States pass deadlier slave laws, and thrust the free colored population into Slavery with their children forever. Be you sure God is now at length coming out of his place, to punish the inhabitants of the land for such iniquity. And he will call for his ministers of vengeance to devour them. But he need not call, he need not send abroad, he need not raise up the Assyrians, they are here. The volcanoes of wrath are here, the sleeping earthquakes are here, the ground trembles in every direction, the wells are drying up, mute nature almost gives signs of wrath, that God is just ready to remove his restraints, and let loose the elements of death.

The government that maintains such wickedness is piratical. If one man should do it, it becomes the duty of government to put him to death. If a nation should do it, it would become the duty of every man to rise up against such a nation; if this were done, the iniquity itself would be annihilated. By the law of God Virginia is a corporate pirate. Her very laws are outlawed. She is occupied with men-stealing, carried on, day by day, incessantly, and her laws for the sanction and protection of this wickedness make it doubly vile. Her very government, by such laws, converts her citizens into

traitors against God and pirates against man, whenever and wherever they do not oppose such wickedness, but willingly obey it and support it. They willingly walk after the commandment, choosing to obey the statutes of Ahab and Omri, rather than the statutes of the Almighty. Her laws are of no more force or validity than the laws of an association of Thugs, or a brotherhood of thieves, or a regiment of counterfeits. Commodore Decatur might with as much propriety have been tried, and sentenced, and hanged for treason in Algiers, as John Brown for treason in Virginia, for John Brown owed no more allegiance to Virginia than Decatur owed to Algiers. John Brown was as properly engaged in seeking the deliverance of the enslaved, and the breaking up the system of Slavery, as Commodore Decatur in seeking to break up the piracy of the Algerines.

This event must open up the subject. It must be ripped up to the bottom. Either Slavery is absolutely right or wrong; either sanctioned of God, and just by human law, or forbidden of God, and impiously unlawful. Either slaves are the most sacred of all property, or the most diabolical of all robbery. If slaveholding is impious, a government grounded on it, protecting it, making laws in its behalf, is an exasperation of villany infinitely atrocious, making not only slaves out of freemen, but villains out of its own citizens, by its own laws. There can be no sanction, no justification, for such wickedness, and the attempted justification of it by law is no better than if adultery or murder were justified by law. The whole world is rightfully at war with such iniquity, injustice, and cruelty; no man can possibly commit treason in seeking to overthrow it, and to release the victims of such tyranny. A man is bound to do every thing in his power for their release, and for the abolition of such a system. If the abolition of the government were necessary for the overthrow of the sin, if it were certain that the sin could be overthrown in no other way, then the sooner the government is abolished the better. It were infinitely better that three hundred thousand

slaveholders were abolished, struck out of existence, than that four million human beings, with their posterity forever, should be enslaved under them, condemned to a perpetual system which is the perpetual violation of God's law. The Slavery sweeps both the victims of it, and the tyrants, to perdition. It is death to the slaveholders ; so that what is called treason, is in fact the highest mercy to them. Their forcible redemption from the grasp of this sin, even by insurrection, would be a blessing, since their souls might be saved ; but, continuing in this guilt, they must be shut out from heaven ; so that John Brown is in reality their greatest, kindest friend. The angel that knocked Peter's chains from him in the prison was not more truly his friend, than John Brown, in endeavoring to knock the fetters from the slave, is truly the friend of the slaveholder. Any man striving to abolish Slavery, is the slaveholder's greatest friend. Any man protecting, and defending, and endeavoring to perpetuate Slavery, is the slaveholder's greatest enemy. Any church sanctioning this crime, is just sealing up its members for perdition ; just making out of the church a great preserve of fatted game for Satan ; the profession of any religion that has sin for its element being as a self-sealing can of sweetmeats for Satan's profit and use.

It is wonderful to behold the eyes of the whole nation turned upon one old man, condemned to die upon the gallows for an action which multitudes of men stand in doubt whether to pronounce a great crime or one of the most heroic, disinterested, virtuous, and noble deeds of obedience to God and benevolence to man, recorded in the century. There he is, in modern Egypt, a greater riddle, a greater Sphinx for men's opinions, than ancient Egypt ever saw. There he is, as if Oliver Cromwell had risen from the dead, shaking the gory head of the tyrant in the face of a nation of oppressors. He is God's handwriting on the wall of Slavery ; and the knees of the whole South knock together at the apparition. John Brown is God's own protest against this tyranny, against the unrighteous laws that sanction it, against the men and States

that support it. God writes out his warning on clear white paper, takes the heart and mind of a Christian, a man of prayer, for its publication. John Brown is one of those rare instances of men described by Milton, who act out a conviction of duty, from which, from the contemplation of which, common men, the worshippers of success, of expediency, and of iniquity enshrined in law, start back, as in horror of a great crime. Who that hears John Brown's words, that reads his grand, solemn, thrilling letters from his prison, that sees his simple, majestic, Christian deportment in the view of death, and notes his calm trust in God, can doubt that God is with him, and that the secret of his confidence is his abiding under the shadow of the Almighty, and dwelling in the secret place of the Most High. In the light of these clear, sun-like, sacred developments of character, and not in the lurid, malignant, treacherous glare of slave enactments and slaveholding cruelty, iniquity and unjust judgment, will John Brown's whole conduct be scrutinized. It is a mighty and meaning providence in God, and when His judgments are in the land, the people will learn righteousness.

John Brown is the crystallization into action of maxims which all would act upon, if the enslaved and injured, in whose behalf he has ventured unto death, *were whites*, were a population stolen from one of your own States, embracing children of your own, wives, brothers, sons, daughters, fathers, mothers, of your own color and blood. You would not call John Brown's movement treason, you would not call it murder, you would not call it a wicked act, if white persons, your own relatives, had been chained and claimed as property, tortured, tasked, and condemned as a race of chattels; you would call it justice, heroism, piety. And if the kidnappers of such victims had pretended an agreement in your Constitution of *service due*, distorting that into a defence and justification of such robbery, you would say that *they* were the traitors worthy of death.

Nor would your judgment or your sentence be changed by

a set of Virginia statutes, legalizing this wickedness, making your children the property of their masters, and making it treason or felony in any man to attempt to deliver them, or run them off. You would not only contribute money and arms to any party who would undertake to do this, but you would yourselves take arms, and it would be much more the duty of your State to sanction and protect you in such an effort, than it was when your ancestors took arms at Lexington and Bunker Hill. "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," and "whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." How grand and majestic was the declaration of John Brown the aged, "I am yet too young to be able to understand that God is any respecter of persons."

If you or I possessed the power, by tossing a horn of powder, a torch of Greek fire, a percussion cap, an explosive biscuit, into the heart of the South, to set the whole slave population into a sudden revolt for the assertion of their own freedom, and the obliteration of those horrible laws that make property of man, concubines of wives, adulterers of husbands, bastards of children, chattels and brutes of immortal beings; into a revolt that would break up and destroy this whole huge system of complicated and accumulating villany and murder, would it not, beyond question, be your duty, my duty? A minister of Christ is said to have declared that if he could emancipate all the slaves with one prayer he would not dare to offer it. Wonderful piety! Amazing sanctity of soul! But some one will say, Your producing such a movement would be attended with bloodshed, and you may not do evil that good may come. This is a very natural and inevitable thought in every conscientious mind. But let us see. If a den of pirates existed in your country, or of robbers and murderers, whose custom and law of their own brotherhood was to convey away men, women, and children, and make them slaves, and to perpetuate a breeding factory for slaves, of them and their posterity, and if you or I had the power, by whatever violence, to break up that den, you would, in the

name of God and humanity, demand me to do it. If I could do it by a prayer, you would say that I was the most impious and abandoned of all hypocrites, if I would not do it, on the plea of fear of consequences. And if I excused myself on the plea that I could not do it but by producing violence and death, you would say that by such refusal I was myself guilty of the continuance of a system of infinite cruelty and robbery, which I might have brought to an end. You would say that my killing those robbers and murderers would not have been the doing of evil that good might come, but a just, righteous, and necessary act, and that my refusing to do it had made me an accessory to all that wickedness. For he that knoweth to do good and doeth it not, to him it is sin. This is God's logic, not mine.

Now, remember, that if the *color* had been *white*, and the victims of oppression your relatives, neighbors, or neighbors' descendants, you would have made no question of the virtue, righteousness, and nobleness of John Brown's attempt. You would not have set the determination of the quality of his act upon the probability of success. You would have said he was so much the greater, truer, more disinterested hero for going forth in an undertaking so grand, though, to human appearance, hopeless, yet trusting in God. Is it, indeed, your trust in the consequences, your assurance of success, that makes an action righteous? That is the morality taught by some theologians who have sat in judgment on this tragedy. But be you sure, the things that are highly approved among men are abomination in the sight of God, and they whom men condemn are often dearer to Him and more like Him than any others.

Between this dread and solemn reality of John Brown, like the form of the destroying angel with the Sword of God hanging over Jerusalem, and the decision respecting our own country, there rises the great record, the great fact, of eight hundred thousand slaves peacefully set free, and we hear the thunder of the Hallelujah, Go thou, and do likewise! We need

these extreme lessons, and God's providence that supplies them calls us to apply them. God shows us the coming evil, makes us feel that it is coming, shows us how to avoid it. We *may* avoid it, but there is only one way, — "by doing justly, loving mercy, and walking humbly with our God." In other words, the only way is by immediate repentance, and renunciation of the sin. A fixed, definite purpose of obedience to God, by abolition of the wickedness, is the first thing. The object before us, the work to be accomplished, is that of five millions of slaves to be set free, for Mr. Stephens himself has so computed them. The command and authority for this are from God, and the means are all provided by him. They are, in the first place, his own Word, his law, his gospel, describing the sin of slaveholding, forbidding it, pronouncing the penalty, which is death, making it a crime of equivalent guilt with that of murder. It is indeed the murder of the personality of man, and in one respect much worse than the work of the ordinary assassin, since it is a germinating, reproductive crime, organized and set in a system, with a law of perpetuity and increase, creating a self-acting manufactory of the assassination from generation to generation; the original enslaving of the parents (no matter though they were kidnapped in Africa) inexorably dooming the children of the parents, and their children after them, to a continued legalized assassination before the Moloch of the system. No wonder, with this in view, that God condemned the sin of slaveholding to the punishment of death. God's Word forbids any man to continue in this crime one single moment. God's Word requires the instant renunciation of all this guilt.

By no art or stratagem of sophistry can the endurance of it be made justly permissible for a single year, or in any State or community. The idea of a Christian man being capable of calmly considering such wickedness as a vested right, or a system to endure for ages, seems incredible. The idea of ameliorating such a system, the iniquity meanwhile permitted to continue and increase, the moral assassination

all the while going on, involved in the claim of property in man, is criminally wild. The claim itself must instantly be relinquished, or the man maintaining it is a man-stealer. The power of enforcing the claim ought, without delay, to be taken away by the government, or the government and the people, sanctioning and perpetuating such a wickedness, are piratical. The plan of treating the abuses and evils growing out of such a system, and applying the instructions of the Gospel affectionately to slaveholders, to persuade them to Christianize it, they all the while holding the infinite fountain-wickedness of the claim of property in man — holding slaves as property, maintaining, and permitted to maintain such property as their vested right — the idea of the Gospel sanctioning for one moment such a right, is not merely an absurdity, but an impiety. The claim of property in man cannot be divested of its wickedness, or discharged of the essential element of man-stealing involved in it, though all the churches on earth should receive it into their communion, and all the preachers on earth should nurse it with angelic charity and love.

We come next to the legal and constitutional means which God has put in our power for the abolition of this wickedness. If there is a spirit in the people to obey God and do justly, there will be found nothing in the Constitution forbidding such obedience, but every thing convenient for it, and all the means of it, under the interpretation of justice and equity, — the only interpreters of our Constitution that ought to be endured to sit in judgment upon it. By all that is just and righteous, by the holy attributes of God, by the sacredness of conscience, by the nature of law, which is of no authority when against God and nature; by the majesty of English law, which is the parent of American freedom; by the justice of common law, which, both in England and America, is the safety of the citizen and subject; by the truth and solemnity of civilized and Christian jurisprudence the world over, affirming that human law against the law of nature and of God can have no validity whatever, but that every man is bound to oppose and

destroy it ; by the example of the greatest, wisest, profoundest, most Christian judge in the world, declaring that iniquity in law had no standing-place in duty, and that every technicality, as well as the whole spirit of law, ought to be pressed to the extreme in behalf of justice and righteousness, and the interpretation of righteousness ought to be pressed in behalf of freedom and justice to every extreme against any letter of wrong ; by the authority of obedience to God and mercy towards man, we call upon our rulers, our magistrates, our men in authority, our lawyers and legislators, to labor for that return of judgment to righteousness, which is the only condition on which we can be brought back to God, and can receive his forgiveness and his blessing ; the only condition on which a Christian man can stay with safety in the country. And woe to that land whose laws are such that they compel the good, the high-principled, the men of stern conscience towards God, to abandon it, to seek refuge in flight, rather than set the example either of violent resistance or of bootlessly laying down their necks for the worst form of despotism to ride over.

The perversions of the Word of God and of the Constitution of our country are the great stratagems by which the defenders of Slavery have enthroned it as a legitimate power, and are laboring to establish it, in the government and the church, in politics and theology. These charters of our Freedom, the Constitution and the Bible, must be rescued from such perversion. We are bound to resist Slavery every where, — first, with the truth of God, which is irresistible, overruling, overriding, and sweeping down every thing before it ; and, second, with all the constitutional, legal, and moral appliances which God has put in our power. We are bound to make the most of every weapon and every advantage, and to stretch taut every principle and truth to the uttermost — *in favorem libertatis*. We are bound to interpret the Constitution in behalf of Freedom and against Slavery. This I believe has always been the conviction, freely and firmly

avowed, of our noble friend and brother in behalf of human rights in this city, Mr. Greeley, whose powerful journal has again and again smitten the oppressor and the slaveholding interests to the heart, and will continue to do so. He once said, and admirably said, that "no one can doubt that if ours were the Constitution of some forgotten republic of antiquity just recovered and submitted to learned publicists, to determine its true character, they must unanimously pronounce it incompatible with the existence of Slavery. Let the American people come to hate Slavery as they ought, and we shall need no Abolition acts, for the Judiciary will deal with it as Portia did with Shylock's pound of flesh. There must always be law enough in a republic to sweep away Slavery whenever the judges can afford to discern and apply it."

It is a fearful and a shameful thing to be mooting the supposition that there is any thing wrong in the Constitution; and that supposing there were, we should be forbidden from interfering with that wrong. The germs of atheism and despotism lie in this habit; the worst men under the worst government on earth could desire nothing better for their purposes than such logic. The principle of being bound by any Constitution to a moral wrong, God's law against it, notwithstanding, is atheism. Carry that principle into action, let the people suffer their rulers to act upon it, to interpret the Constitution by it, and it creates a tyranny, soon to be perfected into the completest, most remorseless, most hopeless despotism that the world ever saw.

It is now, therefore, the duty of our moralists and statesmen to take the Constitution, and apply and drive every article and principle of Freedom in it to the utmost extreme, for the accomplishment of its declared purpose, the securing to every human being under its authority the privileges of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, for the protection of which it was framed. No Constitution, with such an object, can possibly, in any of its articles, deprive any class of human beings under it of their rights. None can be rightfully under its

authority, but for the protection of these rights. If such a horrible enormity could be supposed, then the class so sacrificed, so deprived of their rights, so brought under authority of the Constitution only to be assassinated by it, must have been named, must have been described with the greatest explicitness and clearness, and the exact sacrifice unmistakably marked and distinguished, for which they are doomed. If there could be supposed such a diabolic bond, it must be drawn with such exactness, such inexorable definiteness in the very last letter, as to leave no room for perversion or doubt. If the destined sacrifice were capable of a name, by which also the victims themselves were designated, if it had a title, a word, an epithet in morals and in law, by which it was customarily, nay, always, named and known, then it must be so named and described in the Constitution. If that sacrifice, and the term by which it is known, were **SLAVERY**, then inevitably it must be mentioned; and the Constitution would then be, as to that whole class of human beings consigned by it to a living tomb, a diabolic indictment for a definite, unmistakable state of cruelty and misery.

In the indictment by which such consignment to a moral assassination is effected, certainly the actual thing intended must be named; since we all know that for an indictment to hold against a criminal, without the exact crime being named, would be such a monstrosity as never has been committed or suffered in any civilized nation under heaven, not even in Virginia. But much more where it is an indictment consigning an innocent person to a condition which is deemed the most dreadful penalty executed even on a criminal; to have an innocent person consigned to such a condition by virtue of an indictment in which the condition itself was not named — this would be such a complication and exasperation of wickedness, such combined treachery, cruelty, and chaos of morals, that the mind is horrified at the supposition of the possibility. The bare imagination of having such wickedness accomplished by a circumlocution of honest language so hypocritical

and lying as that of "service due," the bare imagination of Christian and civilized men so divesting themselves of all remnant of truth and justice, as to take God's gift of honest speech, and work out of it such a contrivance of villany, such an infinite fraud, of a nature so terrible, so assassinating, so comprehensive, — a cruelty, to attach to millions yet unborn so dreadful a penalty as that of being born *slaves* and consigned to *Slavery*, by an indictment of malignity that mentions only *service due*, — this is so horrible an outrage against God and man, an insult to the Almighty so defiant, and to a whole race an injustice at once so exquisite and atrocious, that it is a wonder that the bolt of heaven does not come down shattering and consuming the iniquity and its supporters in one common vengeance.

Out of such a fountain, with such hidden iniquity playing into it, if the people sanction and sustain the fraud, there can flow nothing but increasing guilt, and by the diffusion of such poison, as if arsenic were thrown into the Croton reservoir, and the deadly impregnation ran to every dwelling, the heart and conscience of the people are constantly more hardened and corrupted, more accustomed to the wickedness, and insensible beneath it. At length the old en-slaving enactments are charged with elements of double atrocity, and armed with a pungent, penetrating, and suddenly diffusive stimulant of cruelty and wrong, that seems to put those who breathe it, or taste it, or endure it, entirely beside themselves in a madness of alacrity for the dirtiest work of the slave power. It is like chloroform put to the nostrils, till the patient becomes so insensible that his own limbs may be sawed off, and he will feel no pain, nor be aware of the injury.

Thus is the conscience of the country being drugged, and the dire experiments of Slavery are being executed to the full, without resistance, without noise. The Fugitive Slave Bill, bad as it is, is made worse in its execution, being applied not only as a contrivance for kidnapping men with impunity, but its prongs thrust into babes, born since the slave mother's

escape, and, under cover of *service due*, delivered over by brutal judges into a Slavery of which they never were the subjects, and from which, in the nature of the case, they could not have been fugitives, and over whom neither the letter nor spirit of the law, diabolical as that is, could give the master the least claim. Atrocities are being committed in the name of law, and then settled as precedents, and they rush upon us with such crowd and swiftness, that the public sense has hardly time or attentiveness to be arrested by them: atrocities that formerly would have convulsed the country with horror. The records of judicial wickedness, from Jeffries downward, can hardly show so vile an act of this nature, deliberately committed, as that perpetrated by a judge of Maryland upon a slave mother, who had been manumitted, and her child, born two years after that manumission, in Washington City, both of them sentenced into Slavery by the judge, on being claimed by the son of the master who had given the slave her freedom, and asserted to be his property as fugitives. The judge not only excluded all evidence offered on behalf of the negroes, but even refused permission to have it shown in court that there could be no shadow of a claim upon the child, for that the child was not a runaway, had never been in possession of any master, could not owe service to any one, and was positively free. The evidence was offered, and deliberately refused, and both the mother and her daughter were, by order of the judge, delivered over to the kidnapper. Describing judges of this stamp in the Kingdom of Israel, God says of the execrable wretches: **THEIR JUDGES ARE EVENING WOLVES.** A hyena, with a child upon his tusks, should be set in the Capitol in bronze, as the image of such American justice; and the statue of an evening wolf would be a fitting monument for a judge capable of a decision so superfluously cruel and barbarous.

Now we demand protection for ourselves from such atrocious perversions even of cruel law, and from such distortions of the Constitution into a child-stealing instrument. We

demand enactments by which we can legally resist such wickedness. We rightfully demand that as Christian citizens we shall not be compelled to perform the common duties of humanity, enjoined by God upon us, at the risk of pains and penalties, as if we were the vilest criminals. We demand of our Senators and Representatives that our Constitution be brought back to its first principles, that judgment be returned to righteousness, and laws enacted under the shield of which virtuous men shall be secure from being made the prey of a tyrannical slave party for their declaration of the truth, their compassion towards the oppressed, their interference against wrong, their defence of equity. How dreadful is the condition of the country where the worst citizens are the most secure, where the noblest impulses of our nature are branded as crime, and the most depraved are rewarded and pensioned; where good men have to perform good deeds by stealth, or expose themselves to legal prosecution. We rightfully demand from our own sovereignties the means of legal and peaceful resistance against unrighteous and unconstitutional laws. We rightfully demand from our own Government that it respect the great object for which alone God has declared that He himself sanctions government, and gives it any authority, the protection of men in the freedom of obedience to God. If the Government will not do this, God Himself, will break up the Government, for He cannot deny Himself and He has declared that the throne of iniquity that frameth mischief by law shall have no fellowship with Him, and that the nation and kingdom that will not serve Him shall perish.

The most precious opportunity, on the vastest scale, with impregnable securities, if we would but use them, has been given of God in this country, to try the experiment of liberty by conscience, enlightened and directed by Divine truth. This is the only security of Freedom; no written Constitution being worth any thing as a safeguard, except there be the spirit of Freedom in the hearts of the people, from conscience towards God. Therefore, the law of conscience in the Word of God

was to be regarded as supreme ; God's will, God's truth and righteousness, was to be the regent, was to act in politics as in a domain of integrity and honor. But conscience, after a considerable power has been gained by this profession, has been cashiered, and turned out of its commanding position. The Constitution is perverted, and wicked precedents are set up as the rule, instead of righteous law, righteously interpreted.

This, unquestionably, is one of our greatest dangers. In this direction our Government is, with fearful rapidity, consolidating into a despotism, passing into a tyranny over us, and beyond our reach. Precedents set by unprincipled judges are allowed to stand for law, are accepted as law, are appealed to as law, are enforced as law. Consequently, any tyrannical interpretation of the Constitution by the Government has only to be put into the hands of such judges, only to be passed over to them, and their prearranged and purchased *dictum*, at command of the Government, is thenceforth published and reverberated, as with all the authority of a legislative act. A principle that could by no possibility have been got through the Senate and House of Representatives in form of a law, is thus surreptitiously enthroned as law, at the will of the Government. No despotism under heaven ever possessed such power as that must wield, which is thus constituted under the popular delusion of a representative freedom. Nothing can withstand it. The people, in submitting to it, offer their wrists voluntary to the Government to be manacled, their bodies and souls to be fettered. Thus it is, that in admitting the Dred Scott Decision as a just and legal interpretation and execution of the Constitution, along with the Fugitive Slave Bill, the people go far towards signing their own death-warrant — they render their own slavery inevitable.

The States that are Free must stand against this iniquity upon their sovereignty, and assert their rights, and defend them to the extreme. The Free States must protect their own citizens in the privilege of free speech and action against Slavery. The Free States must protect their own citizens

from the pains and penalties sought to be imposed upon them, by the Federal Government and by the Slave States, because they refuse to obey the wicked Fugitive Slave Bill, or give that Christian aid and comfort which God commands every man to give to the poor fugitive seeking to escape from Slavery. To this end a strict and energetic Personal Liberty Bill must be demanded by the people, and passed by the Legislature; and if this be not done, the people will have been proved traitors to themselves, the Legislature traitors to the people, and altogether traitors to Freedom, humanity, piety, and God. The enforcement of the Fugitive Slave Bill ought to be rendered impossible by the Legislature on the ground both of its unconstitutionality, and its inhumanity and impiety; ought to be made impossible through stringent opposing State law.

Our grand remedy, in a crisis of such danger, is pointed out in our text; it is the return of judgment to righteousness, and all the upright in heart following it. It is a conviction of the right, and a rallying upon it, with an eye single to conscience and to God. And you can have no eye single to God and the right, except you make His Word and will supreme. You can have no reliance in this conflict but upon fixed principles, by the one infallible standard of God's Word, and upon men under the power of such principles, moored by them, held fast at them, grappled to God and His throne, and neither to be terrified, torn, nor driven from that hold. You build upon the sand, if in selecting men or means you build upon expediency, availability, adaptation to success, any thing but truth and righteousness. You must go down deep, dig deep, build upon the rock, or else, when the rain descends and the floods come, your house will be swept away simply by the shifting of the quicksands under it. What the storm could not do, the shifting of your foundation will do. There is no ground of reliance upon political parties, or the management of them. There is no ground where you are secure from change, out of reach of the ocean, except the ground of God's truth and righteousness. Suppose that a man should pitch his tent on the shores of the

Bay of Fundy, where the tide rises forty, fifty, or sixty feet, and comes in with a rush like an army of war horses. If he does not take ground higher than the highest spring tide ever known to have risen, his whole establishment may be swept away in one night, and that too by the very principles against which he might have guarded at the outset. He must get above the sweep of the laws of ocean with its tides, or his reliance on the law will do him no good, nay, will only the more certainly prove his ruin. Just so, there is no reliance to be placed on any temporary expediency or compromise in regard to a great advancing sin. If you make treaties by positions, you are lost piecemeal. Every advancing victory of the Slave-power is an advance on principle, and is secured by law. Every act of yielding on our part, every compromise for peace and union, every acquiescence, every silent submission, is not only a relinquishment and loss of territory, position, and power, but is a sinful betrayal of principle.

What is thus sacrificed can never be regained but by a revolution, which becomes continually more hopeless, more impossible. As the enemy advance, you retreat, afraid to hazard a pitched battle, and every day driven to less advantageous ground for such a battle, which, nevertheless, is inevitable in the end, or you lose your whole liberties. Meantime you are losing, little by little, both your forces and your principles; every skirmish they drop off, or go over to the enemy, if not openly, yet by relinquishing the things at first demanded, till at length there is left neither any thing worth fighting for, nor any heart to fight. Daniel Webster used to say that Conscience was a power, in New England at least, and that when that was offended, nothing could stand against it. It was mere rhetoric. You find that, in regard to the outrages of the Slave-power, and the iniquities of Slavery, Conscience is made of such solid depths of India rubber, that nothing can offend it. It is as a shield of tough pitch, in which all weapons stick and hang, without so much as a scratch upon the vitals. It is the picture of a rhinoceros standing in the water and out of the

water, perfectly insensible, not only to the stings of mosquitoes, but even the darts of men. It is as a Serbonian bog, that will swallow the whole iniquity of Slavery, and leave no trace; it is as a sea of asphaltic slime, that will flow sluggishly onward, and not even a whirlwind can lash it into waves that will break, but the most terrible convulsions will leave it as smooth and unruffled as the pavement that you tread upon. A scared and sluggish conscience always wakes too late. Conscience was appointed, not for remorse only, but to be a guardian, a guiding spirit in the right, and a saving and preserving power from evil. If remorse is the only operation in which it is permitted to be effectual, then indeed is it powerful only for perdition and despair.

We must strike for the right, or God himself will strike, by the very reaction and retribution of the wrong. It is God's awful providential rule, that if men, Christian men, instructed of God, with His Word, the agent of Omnipotence in their hands, will not, out of regard to him and to the demands of benevolence and justice, right a great wrong, then the wrong will sooner or later right itself in earthquake and desolation, in conflict and war, in battle and blood. We must strike for the right, or speedily the five millions of slaves will become ten, and God will let loose the avalanche; and when he does this, it will no more be in the power of an appalled and trembling church, by an untimely repentance, wrung out of selfishness and terror, to stay or prevent the ruin, than it would be possible for a regiment of conservative saints to hold back an Alpine cataract, or a ridge on the icy forehead of the Jungfrau mountain, already loosened by the tempest and thundering into the valley below. We must strike for others, whose appeal is to us for mercy, or God himself will strike us. "If ye have not been faithful in that which is another man's who shall give you that which is your own?" We must strike for righteousness and justice, while there is any acknowledgment of either left in the land; for it is fast becoming perfectly corrupted. He that eateth of their eggs dieth, and that which is crushed breaketh out into a viper.

Finally, we must choose righteousness, obey God, do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with Him. Politicians may argue from political expediency, but God will have justice, and commands our nation every where to repent. His command comes now, as it did of old. Let my people go, that they may serve me; let them go, with their flocks, their herds, and their little ones. God instructed Moses to bring no argument to bear upon Pharaoh but just God's command. He did not permit Moses to consult with Jannes and Jambres, and get them to persuade Pharaoh that free labor was more profitable than slave. He did not permit Moses to wait a generation or so, till Pharaoh and the Egyptians should be convinced that obedience to God's command was for their own interest, and so by selfishness itself, and not by any regard to God, or justice, or humanity, Slavery should die out. God will not be thus mocked, and if we, as ministers of his word, shrink back from applying it, and say, Leave it to the politicians and the laws of nature to work away this evil, but let us not disturb the churches and our congregations with God's denunciations of it as a sin; this is neither more nor less, as I have said on another occasion, than to make ourselves in the ministry one great, concentrated, consolidated Jonah; and God somewhere will have in preparation the whale to swallow us.

It would have been every way as proper for Jonah, when God commanded him to preach repentance in Nineveh, to say, Let Nineveh alone, and by and by the people will find out by their own experience that holiness is more profitable than sin, but to fly in the face of their passions and prejudices with the Word of God commanding them at once to repent, and humble themselves before him, would be madness, would only stir up strife, and expose me as a prophet to persecution and death; it would have been just as proper and right for him to have reasoned thus, as it would be now for us to adopt the same policy of silence as to our country's great reigning iniquity. We cannot thus take passage to Tarshish, and go into our berths and sleep with safety. The whole country, and the

whole world, startled by God's providence with John Brown, are looking at us, and waiting for us, and almost calling upon us, as the shipmen upon Jonah, What meanest thou, O sleeper! Awake, and call upon thy God! Depend upon it, this matter is to be settled by the Word of God, or not at all; by the Word of God, or it will be our destruction. God will have obedience and not sacrifice. When he commands our nation to do justly, he will not let us wait and do unjustly, till, having worn out our lands, and brought ourselves upon the brink of ruin by stealing men and endeavoring to establish ourselves in unrighteousness, we at length conclude, forsooth, that honesty is the best policy, and therefore out of pure selfishness we will take the way that God commanded.

To all eternity, if God dealt thus with his creatures, leaving them to obey him only when it suited their own convenience, and his ministers to apply His Word only when it was popular, and self-interest on its side, he never could have a holy people, or a pure nation; and heaven itself, if peopled with souls and nations, thus cajoled into the practice of piety by selfishness, would only need another Lucifer to head another rebellion, and make another hell.

God has a controversy with this nation, and he calls upon his servants to proclaim it; to cry aloud and spare not, but to apply His Word, and never will the controversy be settled in any other way. And never on earth was a grander opportunity given to His church and ministry to throw themselves on Him, and in the very front rank in this conflict demonstrate the omnipotence of His truth and righteousness, fighting the battle with His Word, and gaining the victory by His Spirit. After a fiery denunciation of the very sins of which we are now guilty, God describes His own interposition, and says: "So shall they fear the name of the Lord from the West. When the enemy cometh in like a flood, then the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him." What and where is this standard? Is it in the Senate, the House, the Judiciary, the political expediency of men, who avow that they recognize

no obligation but just this, of the highest wages, and that if Slavery were profitable to the nation, Slavery would be right? Nay, it is the standard of God's Word, God's justice, God's righteousness, lifted up by His Church, carried in the van by His Ministry, and His Spirit goes with it, and "not by might nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts," is the watchword. This is our work. God convinces of sin, subdues the heart, subdues the nation, only by His Word, His Spirit, and the renunciation of any great system of iniquity is hopeless in any other way.

But in this way it is certain; and if God's Word had been applied to this iniquity of Slavery forty years ago by the churches and the ministry, instead of throwing off their responsibility by ineffective resolutions in General Assemblies, the whole system would by this day have gone out of existence. When we saw the plague spreading, we ought to have rushed forth long ago with God's fire. If they had stood in my counsel, says the Lord God in reference to this same sin, and the guilt of the prophets who would not preach against it, if they had stood in my counsel, and proclaimed my Word, they would have turned the people from their iniquity. What can be more solemn than this assurance? And this proclamation of God's Word is now our only hope, our last resort. It is an infinite mercy that we still are able to throw ourselves upon it. Though late, yet now, if we will be faithful to God, God will be faithful to us, and give us the victory over this mighty, reigning, and remorseless sin, in that way in which only it is worth gaining, the victory by conscience, the victory by Divine truth, the victory by the claims and power of the Gospel, the victory by benevolence and love, the victory by God's grace to God's everlasting glory. Then shall the text be fulfilled in us, "For the Lord will not cast off his people, nor forsake his inheritance; but judgment shall return unto righteousness, and all the upright in heart shall follow it."

George B. Cheever,

"No man in the North ought any longer to keep silence, when Northern men are to be subject to the hangman for the sake of a principle. John Brown will undoubtedly be hung. 'Tis well. He headed insurrection and became accountable for bloodshed, and must be hung. 'Tis well, I repeat. 'Tis better than that he should live. Should I live unto the day, I will thank God for the hanging of John Brown. . . . I believe that God has wisely permitted the movement, and furthermore, that on the day that that man is hung, the whole system of Slavery — that sum of human villany — will receive so fatal a stab, that it will never recover. Therein I rejoice — yea, I will rejoice — seeing in it the progress of human freedom. For this reason I shall thank God for the hanging of John Brown. There must be a martyr to truth, and each one that falls is a bountiful spring shower upon the buried seed."

REV. MR. BELCHER.

III.

SERMON BY REV. EDWIN M. WHEELOCK.*

IN THE grand march of civilization, there has been in every generation of men since time began, some one enterprise, some idea, some conflict, which is representative.

These are marked places on the world's map in token that something was then settled. That then and there mankind chose between two opposing modes of thought and life, and made an upward or downward step on that stairway which is bottomed on the pit, and reaches to the Throne. These places are always battles of some sort --- often defeats. Paul on Mars' Hill; Luther nailing his theses to the church door; Columbus on the quarter-deck of the *Santa Maria*; Cromwell training his iron-sides; Joan d'Arc in the flames; Faust bending over his types. Such as these are the focal points of history, round which all others cluster and revolve. Uncounted myriads of events take place, and uncounted myriads of men take part in them, but only one or two contain meat and meaning. Each of these is built into the solid walls of the world. Such an object is the man and his deed at Harper's Ferry. It strikes the hour of a new era. It carries American history on its shoulders. The bondman has stood face to face with his Moses. The Christ of anti-slavery has sent

* Of Dover, New Hampshire, where it was originally preached. It was repeated at Music Hall, Boston, on Sunday, November 27, 1853, from Luke iii. 15 :

“ And all men mused in their hearts of *John*, whether he was the Christ or not.”

forth its "John" and forerunner. The solemn exodus of the American slave has begun.

When the national sin of Egypt had grown enormous and extreme, THE SPIRIT made its first appeal to the conscience, — the moral instinct, — the religious sense of the offending people. To the government, incarnate in Pharaoh, these solemn words were slowly thundered: "Thus saith the Lord, let my people go that they may serve me. I have surely seen the affliction of my people, and have heard their cry, and I am come down to deliver them. I know the oppression whereby they are oppressed, and have heard their sorrow." And when the nation had shown itself hardened in inhumanity and sin, and every moral and spiritual appeal had been vainly made, then we read that the "Lord plagued Egypt." The chalice of agony they had so foully forced upon their forlorn brethren, was pressed to their own lips, and the slaveholders yielded to terror what they had brazenly denied to justice and right.

This is the record of slavery always and every where. Never yet in the history of man was a tyrant race known to loosen its grasp of the victim's throat, save by the pressure of force. Those mistaken friends of the slave, who so earnestly deprecate and condemn that "war cloud no larger than a man's hand" which has just broken over Virginia, and who teach, through pulpit and press, that the American bondmen can only reach freedom through purely moral and peaceable means, would do well to remember that never yet, never yet in the experience of six thousand years, have the fetters been melted off from a race of slaves by means purely peaceable and moral. And let those who say that four millions of our people can only gain the rights of manhood through the consent of one quarter of a million who hourly rob and enslave them, not forget that compulsory laws, or the wrath of insurrection alone, has ever forced that consent and made the slave-owner willing. Ah! this base prejudice of caste, this

scorn of a despised race because of their color, how it infects even our noblest minds!

Those eloquent men who, four years ago, when the faint, far-off shadow of Slavery fell upon *white* men in Kansas, sounded far and wide the Revolutionary gospel, "Re-sistance to tyrants is obedience to God," and who called Sharpe's rifles a "moral agency:" now, when the same "moral agency," in the hands of the same men, is battling in a cause far more devoted and divine, preach the soft South-side notes of submission and peace which Slavery loves so well to hear.

Could that be right in '55 which is so shockingly wrong in '59? Can inspiration become insanity as the skin shades from dark to pale? I believe there is a great truth in the doctrine of Non-resistance; I consider it as perhaps the consummate and perfect flower of Christianity. But I also know that both the American Church and the American State have always rejected and derided that doctrine. They inculcate the duty of forcible resistance to aggression, of self-defence, of taking the life of offenders. They have no right to prescribe to forty hundreds of thousands of our nation a line of duty they reject for themselves. In celebrating Bunker Hill, the right to condemn Harper's Ferry disappears. For more than half a century the Spirit of God has, through the religion, the conscience, the humane instincts, the heroic traditions of our land, been pleading with the American Pharaoh to let his people go. But in vain. Slavery was too potent for them all; now the "Plagues" are coming. John Brown is the first Plague launched by Jehovah at the head of this immense and embodied wickedness. The others will follow, "and then cometh the end."

He is, like his namesake in Judea, not the "One that should come." He did not bring freedom to that crushed and trodden race, but he is the "Forerunner" — the voice in the slave wilderness, crying to a nation dead in trespasses and sins, "Repent, reform, for the terrible kingdom of God is at hand!"

His mission was to inaugurate slave insurrection as the divine weapon of the anti-slavery cause. The school of insurrection is the only school open to the slave. Robbery, tabernacled in the flesh, has closed every other door of hope upon him. *This* it cannot close. Do we shrink from the bloodshed that would follow?

Ah! let us not forget that in Slavery *blood is always flowing*. On the cotton, and sugar, and rice fields, more of our people are yearly slain by overwork and starvation, by the bludgeon and the whip, than fell at Waterloo! Is their blood "ditch-water?"

Is the blood of insurrection more terrible than the same blood shed daily by wicked hands on the plantation?

Good men who speak of the "crime of disturbing the peace of Slavery by violence," speak of that which never can exist. Slavery knows no peace. Its primal condition of life is Humanity disarmed, dismembered, throttled. Its sullen calm is the peace of the vessel captured in the Malayan seas, when resistance has ceased, when the pirate knife presses against the throat of every prostrate man, and the women cower from a fate worse than death.

Its tranquil state is a *worse war* than the worst insurrection.

Slavery is a perpetual war against men, women, and children, unarmed, helpless, and bound. Insurrection is but a transient war, on more equal terms, and with the weaker side capable at least of flight. Who can say that "the last state is worse than the first?" A true peace is indeed blessed. The peace that comes from knowing God, and loving God, and doing the will of God, — that is the most desirable.

But the peace of insensibility, the peace of stupefaction, the sleepy peace of the freezing body, that is not desirable. War is better than that: any thing is better than that; for that is death. No tyrant ever surrenders his power, except under the rod. The terrible logic of history teaches that no such

wrong was ever cleansed by rose-water. When higher agencies are faithless, evil is used by God to crowd out worse evils. The slave, who vainly tries to shake off his fetters, is schooled by every such effort into fuller manhood. No race ever hewed off its chains except by insurrection.

Every nation, now free, has graduated through that fiery school. The annals of our Saxon blood, from William of Normandy to William of Orange, is a record of insurrection, cloaked by history under the name of civil and religious wars. All our noble fathers were "traitors," Cromwell was a "fanatic," Washington the chief of "rebels." "Heaven," says the Arabian prophet, "is beneath a concave of swords."

Let us remember that four millions of our nation till the soil of the South, and that three hundred thousand persons hold them in robbers' bonds. But God has said, "The soil to him who tills it." And the North will be a furnace of insurrections till the "Right comes uppermost, and Justice is done." The slave has not only a right to his freedom — it is his *duty* to be free. And every northern man has not only a right to help the slave to his freedom, it is his religious duty to help him, each choosing his own means. God help the slave to his freedom without shedding a drop of blood; but if that cannot be, then upon the felon soul that thrusts himself between God's image and the liberty to which God is ever calling him, — upon *him*, I say, rests all the guilt of the fierce conflict that must follow. In the van of every slave insurrection marches "the angel of the Lord," smiting with plagues the oppressor, "till he lets the people go." God grant that the American Pharaoh may not harden his heart against the warnings of heaven, till, in the seven-fold flame of insurrection, the fetters of the bondman shall be forged into swords.

But if that dread alternative should come, and Freedom and Slavery join in deathful duel, our duty still is plain. At once must the great North step between, either to prevent the struggle, if we can, or shorten it as best we may, by "break-

ing every yoke." Our Fathers thought that the Federal Constitution had given Slavery its death-blow. Jefferson thought the Ordinance of 1787 had dug its grave. The men of 1808 believed that the destruction of the Slave Trade had dried up its fountains. The result has mocked them all. A half century has rolled by, and now it is smothering in terror and murder fifteen States, and throwing its dark shadow over all the rest. Is this to go on? John Brown said, "No!" and marched to Harper's Ferry. It is a great mistake to term this act the *beginning* of bloodshed and of civil war; never could there be a greater error. We have had bloodshed and civil war for the last ten years; yes, for the last ten years. The campaign began on the 7th of March, 1850.

The dissolution of the Union dates from that day, and we have had no constitution since. On that day Daniel Webster was put to death. Ah! and such a death! And from that time to this there has not been a month that has not seen the soil of Freedom invaded, our citizens kidnapped, imprisoned, shot, or driven by thousands into Canada. This once free North of ours has been changed into an American Coast of Guinea, where the slave-pirate of Virginia, with the President of these United States as his blood-hound, hunts his human prey as his brother-pirate on the negro coast hunts there. When the kidnappers on the African coast would capture a town, they surround it in the night, and steal the inhabitants under cover of the darkness.

But our largest cities have been again and again captured in full daylight, and by a mere handful of negro-thieves; and their citizens stolen without even the snapping of a gun-lock. The proud city of Boston has been taken three times. I myself have seen two hundred thousand citizens, nearly two hundred police, and fifteen hundred well-armed soldiers, surrender without firing a shot, to about sixty marines, who held them all passive prisoners for ten days. And yet these were the children of men who started up revolutionists "the instant

the hand of government was thrust into their pockets to take a few pence from them!" No, it is not true that the conflict of Harper's Ferry is the beginning of a civil war,—that would be like saying that the capture of Yorktown was the beginning of the revolutionary struggle. The meaning of that new sign is this: Freedom, for ten years weakly standing on the defensive, and for ten years defeated, has now become the assailant, and has now gained the victory.

The Bunker Hill of our second revolution has been fought, and the second Warren has paid the glorious forfeit of his life.

John Brown felt that to enslave a man is to commit the greatest possible crime within the reach of human capacity.

He was at war, therefore, with the slave system. He felt that its vital principle was the most atrocious atheism, withholding the key of knowledge, abrogating the marriage relation, rending families asunder at the auction block, making the State that protects it a band of pirates, and the Church that enshrines it a baptized brothel. He knew that the cause needed not talk, not eloquence, but action, life, principle walking on two feet. He had small faith in politics. He saw that the beau ideal of a Democrat was one "that could poll the most votes with the fewest men." And that the object of Republicanism, during the next year, would be to find the most available candidate for the Presidency. And he decided that the barbarism that holds in bloody chains four millions of our people, for the purposes of lucre and lust; "that makes every sixth man and woman in the country liable to be sold at auction; that forbids, by statute, every sixth man and woman in the nation to learn to read; that makes it an indictable offence to teach every sixth man and woman in the country the alphabet; that forbids every sixth man and woman in the nation to have a husband or wife, and that annihilates the sanctity of marriage by statute, systematically, and of purpose, in regard to one sixth part of a nation calling itself Christian;"

he decided, I say, that such a barbarism, was, in itself, *an organized and perpetual war against God and man*, and could be best met by the direct issue of arms. For he was no sentimentalist and no non-resistant.

He believed in human brotherhood, in George Washington, in Bunker Hill, and in a God, "all of whose attributes take sides against the oppressor." He startled our effeminacy with the sight of a man whose seminal principle was justice, whose polar star was right. No wonder he is awful to politicians. The idea which made our nation, which split us off from the British Empire, and denying which we begin to die, — the idea of the supreme sacredness of man, is speaking through his rifle and through his lips.

He was a Puritan on both sides; and that blood is always revolutionary. He had the blood of English Hampden, who, rather than pay an unjust tax of twenty shillings, began a movement that hurled a king from his throne to the block.

He had the blood of Hancock and Adams, who, when King George laid his hand on the American pocket, aroused every New Englander to be a revolution in himself.

He knew that the crimes of the slave faction against humanity were more atrocious by far than those which turned England into a republic, and the Stuarts into exile; and his glorious fault it was that he could not look calmly on while four millions of our people are trodden in the bloody mire of despotism.

It is the fashion now to call him a "crazy" fanatic; but history will do the *head* of John Brown the same ample justice that even his enemies give to his heart.

It is no impossible feat to plant a permanent armed insurrection in Virginia. The mountains are near to Harper's Ferry, and within a few days' march lies the Great Dismal Swamp, whose interior depths are forever untrodden save by the feet of fugitive slaves. A few resolute white men, harbored in its deep recesses, raising the flag of slave revolt, would

gather thousands to their standard, would convulse the whole State with panic, and make servile war one of the inseparable felicities of Slavery.

Let us not forget that three hundred half-armed Indians, housed in similar swamps in Florida, waged a seven years' war against the whole power of the United States, and were taken, at last, not by warfare, but by treachery and bribes. A single year of such warfare would unhinge the slave faction in Virginia. Said Napoleon, when preparing for the invasion of England, "I do not expect to conquer England; but I shall do more, — I shall ruin it. The mere presence of my troops on her coast, whether defeated or not, will shake her government to the ground, and destroy her social system."

With equal correctness reasoned the hero and martyr of Harper's Ferry. He knew that slave revolt could be planted upon as permanent and chronic a basis as the Underground Railroad, and *that* once done, slavery would quickly bleed to death. His plan was not Quixotic. His means were ample. None so well as he knew the weakness of this giant sin. Had he avoided the Federal arm, he might have overrun the heaving, rocking soil of the fifteen States, breaking every slave chain in his way; while the "terrors of the Lord" were smiting to the heart of this huge barbarism, with one ghastly sense of guilt, and feebleness, and punishment.

We have seen the knees of a great slave State smiting together, and her teeth chattering with fear, while wild and craven panic spread far and wide, from the slight skirmish of a single day, with less than a score of men, and can judge somewhat of her position if insurrection had become an institution in her midst. If Brown had not, in pity to his prisoners, lingered in the captured town till beset by the Federal bayonets, he would now have been lodged in the mountains or swamps, while every corner of the State would have flamed with revolt. He did not "throw his life away;" he dies a "natural death," — to be hung is the only natural death pos-

sible for a true man in Virginia. Did the farmers who stood behind the breastwork on Bunker Hill "throw away their lives"? Was Warren a "monomaniac"? Were the eighty half-armed militia, who stood up at Lexington green against the weight of a great monarchy, and "fired the shot heard round the world," all madmen?

Is death in a feather bed to be made the single test of sanity? Last year the word *insurrection* affected even anti-slavery men with a shudder; next year, it will be uttered in every Northern Legislature, as a thing of course. Is that nothing? Pharaoh may sit for a while on the throne, but he sits *trembling*.

To hush the click of dollars, and the rustle of bank bills over the land, if only for an hour, that the still small voice of God's justice may be heard,—is the life thrown away that has done so much? Can our "sane" lives show a wealthier record? His scheme is no failure, but a solemn success. Wherein he failed, his foes have come to his aid. The greatness of their fears reveals the extent of his triumph. John Brown has not only taken Virginia and Governor Wise, he has captured the whole slave faction, North and South. All his foes have turned abolition missionaries. They toil day and night to do his bidding, and no President has so many servants as he. The best Sharpe's rifle in all his band would scarcely throw a bullet a single mile, but in every corner of every township of thirty-three States, the press of the slave party is hurling his living and inspired words—words filled with God's own truth and power, and so more deadly to despotism than hosts of armed men.

The Spartan band of chivalry, fifteen hundred strong, quaking on the hills round Harper's Ferry, for a whole day, unable to look the old man in the face; then murdering a prisoner, unarmed and bound hand and foot, who could find in that shambles no man, and but one woman to vainly plead for his life; then blowing off the face of a man who cried for

quarter; then hacking with seven wounds the body of the gray-haired leader *after he had yielded*; then before the eyes of the bereaved and bleeding father, crowding the body of his son into a "box for dissection;" then with obscene rage and threats insulting the aged chief as he lay wounded and manacled, upon his cot; the mock trial, overleaping with indecent haste the ancient forms of law; the hurried sentence; the mustering of hundreds of armed men, filling with horse, foot, and cannon, every avenue to his jail; the whole South on tiptoe with apprehension; two great States in an ecstasy of fear; Virginia turning herself into an armed garrison; the slave journals of the North shrieking in full concert. Behold on what a platform the insane rage and fear of his foes has lifted this anti-slavery veteran to the stars! Strangling John Brown will not stop the earthquake that has followed his shattering blow; or if it does, science teaches us that when the earthquake stops the volcano begins. His aim was to render Slavery insecure, and he has succeeded. "He has forced the telegraph, the press, the stump, the bar-room, the parlor, to repeat the dangerous story of insurrection in every corner of the South." From Maryland to Florida, there is not a slave who does not have the idea of Freedom quickened within him by the outbreak of Harper's Ferry. Like the Druid stone, which the united force of a hundred men could not move, while a child's finger rightly applied, rocked it to its base, this dark system of outrage and wrong, which has stood for thirty years moveless against the political power of the North, against the warnings of an insulted Christianity, and against the moral sentiment of the world, now rocks and trembles as the finger of this God-fearing Puritan presses against its weak spot. The fatal secret has now become public news. Invulnerable to all moral appeals, it yields, it dissolves, it *dies*, before the onset of force. Like the Swiss valleys, the first clash of arms brings down the avalanche. From the martyrdom of Brown dates a new era of the anti-

slavery cause. To moral agitation will now be added physical. To argument, action. The dispensation of doctrine will be superseded by the higher dispensation of fact. The appeals of the North will now be applied to the terrors as well as to the conscience of this Great Barbarism. Other devoted men will follow in the wake of Brown, avoiding his error, and will carry on to its full results the work he has begun. Slave propagandism we have had long enough. We are likely now to have some liberty propagandism.

I rejoice to see a man whose banner bears no uncertain sign. The North wants no more corn-stalk generals, but a real general, one who is both platform and party in himself. He is a Crusader of Justice, a Knight Templar in Christ's holy war—a war which shall never cease but with the snap of the last chain link. His glory is genuine. Like that of Washington, it will stand the test of time. Of the American masses, he, and such as he, are the salt: and the sufficient answer to all criticism upon him is his example. But he was "defeated;" yes, and all first class victories, from that of Calvary downwards, are defeats. Such investments do not usually yield "semi-annual dividends." All God's angels come just as he comes: looking most forlorn, marked with defeat and death, "despised and rejected of men." True he "failed," but to him who works with God, failure, fetters, and public execution are kindly forces, and all roads lead him on to victory.

He had a live religion. He believed that God spake to him in visions of the night. Yes, incredible as it may seem, this man actually believed in God! Why, he must have been "mad!" While ecclesiastics mourn a "suspense of faith," and teach that the only way to cleanse America from her sins is to instantly dress up the church in a second-hand uniform and cocked hat, this saint of the broad church did not take up the "slop trade," nor cry "old clo'" in the court of Zion. He was at his apostolic work, "casting out devils." Clearly the

"suspense of faith" had not reached *him*. It was the doctrine of John Brown that we should interfere with the slaveholders to rescue the slave. I hope no anti-slavery man will have the weakness to apologize for, explain, or deny such a self-evident truth. He could not see that it was heroic to fight against a petty tax on tea, and endure seven years' warfare for a political right, and a crime to fight in favor of restoring an outraged race to those Divine birthrights of which they had been for two centuries robbed.

He knew that every slave, on every plantation, has the right from his God and Creator to be free, and that he could not devote his life to a nobler aim than to forward their freedom. Every one feels that it is noble. Any man with the golden rule before him should be ashamed to say less than this. He is true to the logic of Lexington and Concord, and no American is so loyal to the meaning of the Fourth of July as he. He is one of God's nobility, who had outgrown selfish and private aims. And his last act is so brave and humane that politicians stand aghast, one party shrieking as if noise was "the chief end of man;" while the other protests with both hands upraised, "We didn't help them do it." Of course they didn't; it isn't in them.

Ah, the principle of the Declaration of '76 is utterly dying out of our minds. It is boldly sneered at as "a glittering generality" by some, and disregarded by all. There is to-day not a State, not a party, not a religious sect in the nation that accepts that Declaration:—only one old man in a Southern prison dares believe in it. The cause of human liberty in this land needs speeches and prayers, eloquence and money; but it has now on the banks of the Potomac, for the *second* time, found what it needed more than these; what the Hebrew Exodus found in Moses; what Puritan England hailed in Oliver Cromwell; what revolutionary France has sought in vain — A MAN!

And let no one who glories in the revolutionary struggles

of our fathers for their freedom, deny the right of the American bondman to imitate their high example. And those who rejoice in the deeds of a Wallace or a Tell, a Washington or a Warren; who cherish with unbounded gratitude the name of Lafayette for volunteering his aid in behalf of an oppressed people in a desperate crisis, and at the darkest hour of their fate, cannot refuse equal merit to this strong, free, heroic man, who has freely consecrated all his powers, and the labors of his whole life, to the help of the most needy, friendless, and unfortunate of mankind.

The picture of the Good Samaritan will live to all future ages, as the model of human excellence, for helping one whom he chanced to find in need.

John Brown did more. He went to *seek* those who were lost that he might save them. He a fanatic! He a madman! He a traitor! Yes, and the fanatics of this age are the star-crowned leaders of the next. And the madmen of to-day are the heroes of to-morrow.

It is we who have committed treason, we who here in America, roofed over with the Declaration of Independence, turn more people into merchandise than existed here when our fathers made that solemn declaration; we, who claim that the right to buy and sell men and women is as sacred as the right to buy and sell horses; we, who build our national temple on the profaned birthrights of humanity, the Fugitive Slave Bill being the chief corner-stone. But this "traitor" is Live America, and carries the Declaration of '76 in his heart. I think the time is fast coming when you will be forced to do as he has done. You will be obliged to do it by the inroads of slavery upon your own liberties and rights. What you are not brought into by conscience, you will be shamed into, and what you are not shamed into, you will be driven into by the slaveholders themselves. Slavery will neither let peace, nor liberty, nor the Union stand.

A few years more will roll away, this tyranny steadily

marching forward, till the avalanche comes down upon you all, and you will be obliged to take the very ground on which stands this high-souled and devoted man.

Editors and Politicians call him mad, and so he is -- to them. For he has builded his manly life of more than three-score years upon the faith and fear of God -- a thing which Editors and Politicians, from the time of Christ till now, have always counted as full proof of insanity.

One such man makes *total* depravity impossible, and proves that American greatness died not with Washington.

The gallows from which he ascends into heaven will be in our politics what the cross is in our religion -- the sign and symbol of supreme self-devotedness; and from his sacrificial blood the temporal salvation of four millions of our people yet shall spring. It takes a whole geological epoch to form the one precious drop we call diamond; and a thousand years of Saxon progress, every step of which has been from scaffold to scaffold, and from stake to stake, have gone to the making of this shining soul. That Virginia scaffold is but the setting of the costly gem, whose sparkle shall light up the faces of an uncounted army. When the old Puritan struck so stout a blow for the American slave, it rang on the fetters of thirty-three enslaved republics, where every foot of soil is lawful kidnapping ground, and where every man, white or black, holds his liberty at the will of a slaveholder, a commissioner, or a marshal.

The only part of America which has been, in this generation, conquered for God, is the few square feet of land on which stood the engine-house at Harper's Ferry.

Carlyle somewhere says that a "rotten stump will stand a long time if not shaken." John Brown has shaken this stump of the old Barbarisms; it remains for us to tear out every root it has sent into the soil of the North. Un-supported by these, the next breath of insurrection will topple it to the ground.

Said the ancestors of this man two centuries ago to the Long Parliament, "If you want your laws obeyed, make them fit to be obeyed, and if not — Cromwell," and the devilism of England heard and trembled. Their child of to-day has but sounded forth the same idea, and the devilism of America trembles likewise.

It is fitting that he should die. He has done enough, and borne enough. One such example of self-forgetting heroism, sanctified by such tenderness and faith, meeting the eye and filling the heart of the civilized world, spreading its noble inspiration far and wide through a continent, quickening the pulses of heroism in a million souls, is God's prime benefaction to our time — the immortal fire that keeps humanity's highest hopes aflame.

To lift a nation out of the ignoble rut of money-making, stagnation, and moral decay, Freedom has offered the blood of her noblest son, and the result is worth a thousand times the costly price.

On the second day of December he is to be strangled in a Southern prison, for obeying the Sermon on the Mount. But to be hanged in Virginia is like being crucified in Jerusalem — it is the last tribute which sin pays to virtue.

John Brown realized the New Testament. He felt that he owed the same duty to the black man on the plains of Virginia that he did to his blood brother. This was his insanity.

He does not belong to this age; he reaches back to the first three centuries of the Christian Church, when it was a proverb among the followers of Jesus, "No good Christian dies in his bed." Their fanaticism was his fanaticism. Hear his words to the slave court which tried him for his life, without giving him time to obtain counsel whom he could trust, and while he was partially deaf from his wounds, and unable to stand on his feet: "Had I interfered in this manner in behalf of the rich, the powerful, the intelligent, the so-called great, — or in behalf of any of their friends, either father,

mother, wife, or child, or any of that class, — and suffered and sacrificed what I have in this enterprise, it would have been all right. Every man in this court would have deemed it an act worthy of reward. This court acknowledges, too, as I suppose, the validity of the law of God. I see a book kissed, which I suppose to be the Bible, which teaches me that ‘all things whatsoever that men should do to me, I should do even so to them.’ It teaches me farther to ‘remember them that are in bonds as bound with them.’ I tried to act up to that instruction. I say that I am yet too young to understand that God is any respecter of persons. I believe that to interfere as I have done in behalf of his despised poor, I did no wrong, but right. Now, if it is deemed necessary that I should forfeit my life, and mingle my blood with the blood of my children, and with the blood of millions in this slave land, whose rights are di-regarded by wicked laws, I say, let it be done.” Ah, friends, how near is that land to moral ruin where such men are counted “mad”! Virginia that day doomed to death her best friend — he who would have saved her from falling some day by the hands she has manacled.

“I know full well that were I a slave and miserable, forbidden to call my wife, my child, my right arm, my own soul, my own, — liable to be chained, and whipped, and sold, — the voice that should speak Freedom to me would be holier in its accents than the music of hymn and cathedral — as sacred as the voice of an angel descending from God.

“In the eye that should be turned on me with rescue and help, a light would beam before which the shine of the sun would grow dim.

“The hand that should be stretched out to smite off my chains, it would thrill me like the touch of Christ. In his most blessed name, what on earth have his followers to do, what are they here for, if not to fly to the help of the oppressed, to maintain the holy cause of human freedom, and to stand out the unyielding opponents of outrage and wrong?”

And this, my friends, is the sacred, the radiant "Treason" of John Brown. God bless him and all such traitors, say I, and let the Great North respond Amen.

The State that has parted with the bones of the dead Washington, and that has, long since, parted with the last shred of his principles, may now fittingly put the living Washington to death; but after all, it is but little that the rage of man can do.

There is One above greater than Virginia; and across the obscene roar of the slave power comes His voice, sounding in the ears of that scarred and manacled old man, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these, my brethren, ye did it unto me." And again, "He that loseth his life for my sake, *shall find it again.*"

Yet a few days, and the bells of New England will toll for her departed hero; not slain, but made immortal.

He goes to the Puritan heaven of his free forefathers. He leaves with us two sacred trusts; his inspired example, preaching to all, "Go thou and do likewise;" and the bereaved families, whose husbands and fathers have fallen while fighting our battle.

God help us to be faithful to these trusts, and to be true to John Brown's life and example.

E. M. Wheelock

IV.

SERMON BY FALES HENRY NEWHALL.*

THE execution of John Brown sets forth in bold, clear relief the mortal conflict between Christianity and American Slavery. The smouldering fires carefully trodden down for years and generations, here burst forth in a volcanic blaze, that rises as if to "lick the stars." There is a shaking of statesmen and States over all the nation, a throbbing of telegraphic wires from centre to circumference, a swaying to and fro of vast populations, a rushing of armed squadrons along the national highways, and all to tread down that flame that comes roaring "up from the burning core below." Christianity and Slavery have been trying to live together in America. Churchmen and Statesmen, Synods and Conferences, Tract Societies and Missionary Societies, (alas! that a Christian and Christian minister should be forced to speak the humiliating words!) have striven to train them into brotherly harmony. It is as if men should strive to build a house of gunpowder upon a foundation of fire; as if they should strive to train the lightnings to sport harmlessly in a magazine. To understand this event, and rightly read its

* Entitled "The Conflict in America: a Funeral Discourse occasioned by the Death of John Brown of Ossawatimie, who entered into Rest from the Gallows, at Charlestown, Virginia, December 2, 1859:" preached at the Warren Street Methodist Episcopal Church, Roxbury, Massachusetts, December 4, 1859, from Judges xvi. 30.

"And Samson said, Let me die with the Philistines. And he bowed himself with all his might, and the house fell upon the lords, and upon all the people that were therein. So the dead which he slew at his death were more than they which he slew in his life."

lessons, we must understand this conflict in all its fierceness and magnitude. Here is a simple, faithful, heroic Christian man drawing the sword upon American Slavery, and cheerfully dying in the conflict. Christianity and Slavery, these two sworn eternal foes, are drawn up face to face in this land in battle array; and the campaign is one in which the one or the other is certain to perish. John Brown has fallen in the fight; no man can understand why he fell, who does not understand what that enemy is against whom he drew the sword, and what that Christianity is which nerved his heart. Let us look, for a few moments, at that enemy.

We talk much of Slavery, and think we understand it; yet though the word is in every body's mouth, not one man in a thousand reflects what it really is. It is not a sectional institution now, it is a national institution. Within a few years it has been made the sin of the nation, by the combined action of the three great departments of the United States Government, — the National Congress, Executive, and Judiciary. President Buchanan claims it as a national institution, and coolly wonders how any body ever doubted it. The Supreme Court has officiously volunteered its decision that we, citizens of Massachusetts, are not merely connected with slaveholding States by the Federal Union, but we are citizens of a slaveholding nation. I am not, then, speaking to you of the sins of Carolina and Mississippi, but as an American citizen I speak of the sins for which you and I are responsible, and for which you and I must answer, as sure as there is a God in heaven. I shall not dress the subject in any colors of rhetoric; Slavery is seen best in naked ugliness. Take a bare, dry schedule of what the slave code demands of the slave and allows the master; of what it *must* demand and allow in order to live a day.

1. Now the kernel of Slavery is in three words, — *Property in Man*. Admit that it is ever right for one man to own another, and all the barbarities of the most atrocious slave

code legitimately follow. Now, if you own a thing you own all there is of it; and if you own a man you own all there is of *him*, — you own his body and his soul, his blood, bones, and brain. You own his hand, and all his hand can make and earn; you own his head, and all his head can think; he has no right to think but for you: his heart, and all his heart can feel; he has no right to feel but for you. If you take a deed of a lot of land, you take therein a deed of all the fruit that may drop on it, of all the birds that may fly over it, of all the minerals that may ever be found under it; and if you can legally take a deed of a man, all that man's rights and privileges are therein deeded to you and your heirs forever.

2. It is, of course, absurd then to talk about a *slave's property*; the law cannot allow him any. It is true, that in loose, careless phrase, we talk about his hoe and axe, his clothes, and even his cabin or garden-patch, just as we talk about a horse's blanket and stable. It is the owner's blanket on the horse, and the master's clothes on the back of the slave. The *law* does not allow the slave to call any thing *his*. Yes, there is not one thing on all the earth or in all the heaven of which the slave code allows him to say, "This is mine!"

3. He has no family; he can have none. It is as absurd to talk about "his wife and children" as "his cabin and garden." He may live with a woman called his wife, but the *law* recognizes no such relation in a slave. Whatever rights he may have had as a husband or father were deeded to the master with the bill of sale. Tender and sympathizing masters there are, I rejoice to own, for the honor of human nature, but all the kindness of the kindest master cannot make a slave a husband. The law makes marriage exactly as impossible to him as to a horse. A slave woman does not, cannot own her children; they belong to her master. She has no right to train or educate them, no right to love them, they are her master's (in the eye of the law) just in the same sense that his

colts and calves are his. They are his stock ; she raises stock for her master.

4. He has no citizenship. It would be strange enough for property to have political rights, to vote, prosecute and defend itself in the courts. It would be strange enough to see property prosecuting its owner ! Hence to a judge and jury a slave is no more than a horse ; he can no more appeal to the ballot box than can the cattle. And all this *must be* ; let it be noted, all this is just and right, if it is ever right for one man to own another.

5. He has no God. You start, but it is true ; the slave code allows the slave no God but his master. He must worship what his master bids him worship — so says the law — God or idol, or no God — if the master so command. Duty is what the master bids him do — he has no right to any conscience. He must blaspheme at every breath, and break every command of law or Gospel if the master so command ; so says the slave code. And this too *must be* ; this is right, if it is ever right for man to own man. Men who dwell in comfortable homes, amid the prattle of laughing children, who worship weekly on elegant cushions and carpets, tell us that the slave ought meekly to suffer, and obey these laws till the Lord's time of deliverance comes.* Have you ever reflected that a man cannot obey these laws and be a Christian ? If not, think of it now. Can a man do what the slave code bids him do and be a Christian ? Now mark it, if there is any truth in this Gospel, obedience to the slave code secures the damnation of the slave ! A slave must disobey these laws, in a word, be rebellious, in heart if not in deed, to save his soul. When Uncle Tom is commanded to stop praying or die — and this his master may command, for any whim at any moment — then the time has come for

* Ay ; and ministers who dwell in princely mansions, in loving family circles, and surrounded by hosts of admiring friends, and who weekly preach in richly carpeted pulpits, with sumptuously cushioned seats, too ! See Henry Ward Beecher's Sermon !

Uncle Tom to choose between his master and his God; to choose his master, and lose his soul, or choose his God, and die. But this is not all.

6. Where there is property in man there must be markets for human stock; slave auctions, with all their atrocious and sickening details, coffles and chain gangs, stock fanciers, stock breeders, with ten thousand other equally disgusting consequences, which my tongue would refuse to speak and your refined ears refuse to hear. Yet it is silly squeamishness for any man or woman to recoil from any of these consequences who believes that there can be "*property in man.*"

Finally. It would be inconsistent for a code of laws which recognizes this relation not to arm the master with power to enforce his claims. Great and astonishing as are these claims, his power must equal them or he cannot be a master. Hence the master must crush the intellect of the slave, or cease to be a master. Ignorance must be enforced by statute, or Slavery will cease. Let the mental faculties be quickened by education, and how long would a man remain a slave? To teach slaves to read is to teach them their manhood, it is to teach them sedition and rebellion. No slave could be safely trusted with the Bible. The master had better put loaded revolvers into his hand than ideas into his head; he had better turn him loose and bid him help himself in the Springfield arsenal than in the Cambridge library.

For a man who has no rights to be allowed to defend himself, under any circumstances, would be absurd enough. It is right for a man to whip a refractory horse, and as a refractory man is a thousand times more dangerous animal, his punishment must be a thousand times more severe. A true man will not yield up his manhood, a true woman will not surrender her womanhood, without a terrible conflict, in which blows and blood may be but trivial incidents. And let it be remembered that any caprice of passion, or the merest whim of fancy on the part of the master, is to be absolute law to the

slave, from which there is no appeal except to the Almighty Judge, at the Great Assize. If the claims of the master are just, then it is just to enforce them by all necessary means and instruments, by the lash, fetter, and fagot. Scourging and torture are not abuses of Slavery, they are inevitable, if the system is to be maintained. If necessary to maintain his authority over the slave, the master may whip, torture, kill him; hunt him through the swamps with rifles and blood-hounds, and offer for him high rewards, dead or alive. And all this, I repeat again, is inevitable, all this is just and right, if it is right for man to be the property of man.

This is the essence of American Slavery; this long chain of abominations, you will see is firmly linked and locked together, each to the next, and all to the first, *property in man*. Have I shocked and disgusted you? Is it a shame to speak of these things in this decent and solemn place? Tell me, then, in the name of the Lord, what is it for a great nation to *do* these things, to strain every nerve and sinew to perpetuate them, for great churches to defend them so as to fasten this curse upon the African, upon his seed, and upon his seed's seed forevermore? Had all Hell sat in conclave for ages, the assembled devils could not have devised a crime which more thoroughly sucks the juice out of all other crimes, which in a more thorough-going and workmanlike manner breaks all the commandments of God, from the first word of the law to the last word of the Gospel. This is the institution against which John Brown felt it his duty to draw the sword.

I have said that there was a mortal conflict between this system and Christianity. You all know what Christianity is, for you all have read the New Testament; and therefore I will not insult your common sense by attempting to prove that they are irreconcilably hostile to each other. Doctors of divinity have spent their strength and learning to prove that the Bible endorses American Slavery, but such divines

make infidels faster than an army of Humes and Paines. For if you will prove to me clear as these sunbeams that the Bible sanctions this crime, that moment you have made the Bible worthless to me, you have demonstrated to me that God never wrote it, that it bears a lie on its title-page, and reverence for my Heavenly Father bids me throw it into the furnace. Sit down and convince me that God approves Slavery as it is in America to-day, and when you have succeeded you have made me an atheist. Where Baal or Moloch were gods, Slavery might harmonize with the national religion; but where Jehovah is God, Christ the Saviour, and the Bible the Revelation, the man who says that God approves this Crime of crimes blasphemes Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

I have called this a national institution. As our distinguished Senator (whom God preserve) has so ably shown, when our national flag was first flung to the breeze, it did not, on the national domain, float above a single slave. Now wherever it floats it protects and defends the abomination. Then it was protected by certain States, but nowhere by the nation; now the national argis shelters it every where. First, all for Freedom, now all for Slavery. The American Government to-day, is a mere instrument of the Slave power. It has coiled its slimy folds round the American Church. It sits in the Tract House at New York, and corrects proof-sheets for the American Tract Society. It runs its eye over Harris's Mammon, detects an allusion to Slavery, and the sentence is struck out in a moment. The memoir of a sweet Scottish girl alludes to the beautiful and touching fact that she was accustomed to pray in secret for the slave, and the line is blotted that tells the tale. The great Methodist Church began by declaring Slavery "the sum of all villanies." But soon the leprosy began to appear among its membership, spread among the clergy, and at last, lo! a leprous spot on the face of a bishop, and then the Church recoiled.

In solemn conference assembled, the Church gathered around him, looked on the sign of the plague, and mildly apprised him, in cautious, dainty phrase, that until rid of his "impediment," he would not be acceptable as a presiding officer. The Slave Power caught the words, rose in wrath, laid its talons on the Methodist Church, and broke it in twain. And all this is consistent with its very genius. In order to live it must be as unscrupulous as Satan himself, relentless as fate, cruel as the grave. Kidnapping in Africa or America, Kansas outrages, Leecompton messages, Sumner assaults, Dred Scott decisions, — all these things are necessary to the very existence of Slavery.

And be it remembered that in still another sense it is a national institution. The whole nation has shared its profits. Northern avarice and covetousness are interested in its perpetuation. Northern merchants and capitalists have too often taken the lion's share of these wages of sin, this price of blood. Slavery is loved in Boston as well as in Savannah, in New York as well as in New Orleans; it has strong fortresses in State Street and in Wall Street. The nation has stuffed cotton into its ears, and refused to hear the clank of the fetters, the long agonizing wail of breaking hearts.

And now, — these words may sound awful in your ears, but they come from my heart, — if God had sent plague, cholera, famine upon those cities whose wealth has been coined from the sinews of the slave, we could but bow in meekness and say, "It is just." Had God made the grass to grow in State Street; had he made the wharves and warehouses to rot that have been piled with the products of unrequited toil; had he levelled the granite piles which our merchant princes have built, and filled up with the ruins that harbor where once the accursed Acorn lay; had he made those pavement stones slippery with blood over which Anthony Burns was marched back to servitude, we could but

say, "O God! this is dreadful, but thou art just! The cup of trembling which we and our fathers mingled for others, is it not pressed to our own lips?" So is that panic dreadful in which the whole South palpitates to-day. I have no disposition to jest and sneer at it as do many. It is ridiculous to us, but fearfully real to them. Virginia mothers clasp their babes to their bosoms with shrieks of terror at the sound of an unexpected footfall by night; every meteor is a battle signal; the mountains and forests are peopled with phantom warriors; they see the rod of the destroyer trembling on high; they see the fingers of a man's hand writing MENE, MENE, on the wall of their banquet chamber. God forbid that I should deride their terrors. But are the tears of that planter's wife any more precious in the sight of God than the tears of that slave woman who sinks under the overseer's lash close by? What though the first born should fall slain on every hearth that has been laid in the blood of the slave, and from every one of those homes there should go up one morning a great and bitter cry like that of old, would it stir any deeper sympathy on high than that which has been rising unheeded through all these years, from plantation, swamp, and cabin? For years and generations God has been bottling these tears, and if he returns them to us in showers of blood, who will dare to murmur at his justice? The tears and the blood of the strong and of the weak, of the white and of the black, are alike to Him "who hath made of one blood all nations of men."

In my mind the question whether John Brown did right in drawing the sword in Kansas is included in that other question,—Is it ever right to fight? Admit that it can ever be justifiable to draw the sword, and it will be hard to prove that John Brown did wrong.

Kansas was thrown into a state of civil war through the disgraceful imbecility of the National Government, and its shameful subserviency to the slave power. The peaceful set-

tlers could get no protection from the nation against reckless marauders, who burned their homes, sacked their towns, destroyed property and life. They were forced to fight or fly; Brown chose to fight for his sons and his property. He was right, if it is ever right to draw the sword. Kansas looks upon him as a deliverer.

At Harper's Ferry he tells us his purpose was simply to liberate slaves on a large scale. This we are bound to believe, for all know that John Brown was too brave a man to lie. Had there been a reasonable prospect of success, his attempt would have been right; but he certainly expected success, and, therefore, to him it was right, though as we see the odds against such an attempt, it would be wrong for you and me. Success would have made his "monomania" and "fanaticism" Napoleonic strategy.

He defends himself better than I or any other man can defend him. He calmly tells the jury who convicted him, that had he done for them, their wives and children, what he did for "God's despised poor," it would have been all right. This defence is impregnable. Had John Brown done precisely the same act to save the white man from the tyranny of the black man, successful or unsuccessful, the deed would have been sung and celebrated as heroic with the deeds of Hampden and Warren. Had he been a black man fighting for his own race, some say, it would have been right. But John Brown believed the Bible, which makes no distinction of races, and declares that God "*hath made of one blood all nations of men.*"

But was he not a rebel, guilty of sedition and treason? Yes, all this. But we are to remember that the words "rebel" and "treason" have been made holy in the American language. Are not our children fed on revolutionary reminiscences which make "rebel" and "patriot" synonymous in their childish apprehension? What means that stone and that tablet at Lexington, that inscription which patriots

come from the ends of the earth to read, commencing, "*Sacred to Liberty and the Rights of Mankind!*" It means that eight Massachusetts rebels dashed themselves against an empire on that village green, and that Massachusetts is proud of their very ashes. What means that monumental bronze on Court Square? It means that we glory in the treason of that arch rebel Benjamin Franklin, "who snatched the lightning from heaven and the sceptre from tyrants." What mean those massive granite blocks that are piled on Bunker Hill? It means that we glory in the deed of those rebels who knelt in a trench there one June morning, under the glare of burning Charlestown, to salute with powder and bullets the soldiers of their "rightful sovereign," and waited, the fowling piece to the shoulder and the finger on the trigger, till they could see the whites of their eyes! I do not say that Massachusetts has any right to glory in those deeds as she does, but I do say that she has no right to glory in the treason of Hancock, Adams, and Franklin, as noble and Christian, and then brand the treason of John Brown as infamous. Yea, is not his deed nobler than the deed of him whom you, citizens of Roxbury, are so proud to call an ancestor, as you exultingly tell the stranger that here the hero Warren was born, and on this street, close by this sanctuary, he first drew the breath of life? Which is nobler, more Christian, to strike a blow for myself or for others oppressed? Posterity will marvel at the heathenism of Christian America, the children will be ashamed of the heathenism of their fathers, which gave Warren a statue and John Brown a gibbet. Brown, fighting for the negro against the white man, is precisely parallel with Byron* fighting for the Greeks against the Turks, with Kosciuszko and Lafayette fighting with our fathers against the British. His deeds take rank with theirs in self-devotion and heroism; history will write their names on the same page;

* Better still, to say Dr. Howe, of Boston, an American, whom all America applauded for the deed. J. R.

poetry will weave them in the same garland. Brown made mistakes,—he saw them himself when too late,—great, grave mistakes, but they were mistakes of the head, not of the heart.* His *heart* was true to God and man through all. And, therefore, I rejoice to believe that between eleven and twelve o'clock last Friday forenoon he heard from the Judge of all flesh the words, "Well done! good and faithful servant."

I would now say something of John Brown's character as a man and as a Christian; for it is in the light of that character that we see the mortal conflict of which I have spoken between Christianity and American Slavery. The broad blaze of that character, lustrous in the glory of Christianity, suddenly falls upon this abomination, draws thither the gaze of all the world, and at a flash reveals every horrid limb and feature, from the foot planted in the depths of hell, to the head that "dares affront the throne of God." This grim, grisly Moloch had lain in the dark, wallowing in the blood of his victims; John Brown passes by, and his character falls on the monster in a flash of radiance, and at the same instant the whole panic-stricken South, in its spasm of terror, unwittingly shouts to the world, "Look there! behold our God!"

It is unnecessary for me to attempt to delineate his character at length—you all know it, for it is transparent. A few months ago most of us thought of him as a bold, rough, reckless outlaw, imbittered by the loss of his property, and the loss of his sons in Kansas. Had he been shot down in the engine-house at Harper's Ferry, that would have been our mental daguerreotype of old Osawatimie. But God did not allow that cowardly United States lieutenant, who could smite a man disarmed and prostrate, to take his life; he would first show his face to the land and to the world. And all who have

* That is to say, in not regarding every white Virginian as an enemy, for whom no sympathy was to be felt. He should not have "regarded the feelings of their families" when he arrested his prisoners; he should only have remembered their crimes against humanity. Had he done so he would have been living and a conqueror to-day. It is a mistake that is not likely to be made again.

looked on that face, friend or foe, have looked with awe and admiration. How strange! how sublime is John Brown's *victory* at Harper's Ferry! He conquered all that looked upon his face. How all around dwarfed into insignificance in the presence of that old wounded prisoner, doomed to a felon's death! What man in a million could have won such a victory? He stood like a born prince among them; every word, look, and gesture showed him to be of the royal line. He seemed predestinated for the spot by education, associations, and ancestry, — foreordained for the hour.

There is in his character such a beautiful simplicity, that every word and act opens a window in his bosom through which you see the man to the very core. Inflexible purpose and Spartan courage were written on every lineament of his face, while yet a childlike artlessness played over every feature, and lofty Christian faith blended with the lightning decision that flashed from his eye. He was of the old Puritan stock; his fifth ancestor was Peter Brown, of the Mayflower and of Plymouth Rock. The spirit of Dunbar and Naseby had come throbbing through these ancestors to his soul. His grandfather* was a captain in the Revolution, and he himself, when a boy, stood by his father to witness General Hull's surrender. Thus did he draw in with his mother's milk the love of Freedom and the fear of God. His soul was steeped in revolutionary memories, and his childish imagination was peopled with the martyrs of religion, and the martyrs of freedom, side by side. As Hannibal, when a child, swore upon the altar eternal hatred to Rome, his country's enemy, so he, in his very childhood, vowed to hate and fight through life his country's fiercest mortal foe — American Slavery. Early in life he learned to fear and love the God of his fathers; solemnly devoted his head, heart, and hand to God, and took upon himself the holy vows of the Christian life and the Chris-

* His grandfathers and grand uncle all officers in the Revolutionary struggle.
J. R.

tian church. Through all his life those who most intimately knew him declare that he maintained his Christian profession unwavering. The old English Bible was ever his dearest book; his memory was filled with its passages; his speech and letters were studded with its phrases; his heart was a-glow with its spirit. Morning and evening, as regularly as the morning and evening meals, the great family Bible was opened, God's goodness was praised, and his presence implored that that house and those hearts might be his dwelling-place.

And with this ancestry, this early training, this education, and this religion, every word that fell from his lips on the ear of the American public, from the hour he was taken up from the blood-stained floor and laid on the grass in front of the engine-house, to the hour on the scaffold, — with all this I say, every word from that moment to the last was perfectly consistent. His letters, his conversation with friend and foe, his brief, sublime appeal to the moral consciousness of judge and jury in the presence of death, all breathe the same artless simplicity, the same adamantine firmness, the same unflinching courage, the same lofty Christian faith. He shows the hero and Christian from first to last, as easily and naturally as he draws his breath.

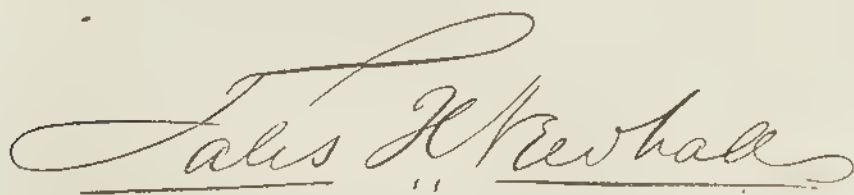
He tells us that his first Sabbath in prison was the "*sweetest, most blessed Sabbath of all his life!*" Think of it! old, wounded, death by the gallows inevitable, infuriated enemies glaring on him through the single grated window; yet there reclines the old man, calmly reading his Bible, and enjoying the "*sweetest, most blessed Sabbath of all his life.*" "My soul is among lions," writes the old man, "but it rejoices in the Lord." When a lady visitor in his cell alluded, with a woman's delicacy and tenderness, to his ignominious sentence, the old hero and martyr quietly replies, in immortal words, "*I do not think I can better serve the cause I love so much than to die for it.*" She then sympathized with his wounds and his

weakness, lamented the tediousness of his forced inactivity, and remarked how trying it must be for so active a man, with such great designs in his heart, to lie on his back in a prison, and asked if he had no fears that through this weakness he might waver in his faith. He calmly replied, with Christian modesty, "*I cannot tell what weakness may come over me, but I do not think that I shall deny my Lord and Master Jesus Christ, as I certainly should, if I denied my principles against Slavery.*" Yet there is no parade of bravery, no ostentation whatever. He comes forth from the close, dark prison, and his eye once more, and for the last time, glances over earth and sky, and he remarks on the beauty of the scenery while riding on his coffin to the gallows! He recognizes acquaintances about him, and bids them a cheerful "Good morning," as he passes on. He looks around with soldier-like approval, upon the trained movements of the military, and with a soldier's ear enjoys their measured tread. He is the first to mount the scaffold, and, rock to the last, sternly declines to listen to the prayers of a slaveholding ministry. As he stands there, he wears the halter on his neck like a garland of glory. And when at last the drop fell, and he hung between the heavens and earth, he made the gallows glorious in America. Yes, henceforth it is no disgrace to die on a gibbet in this land. As the Holy One, whose steps he followed, and who died for others the death of a slave, made the barbarous cross a glorious thing from the moment his hand was nailed to its rugged wood, so this, his worshipper and follower, when he gave his life cheerfully there for the millions of God's despised poor in this land, consecrated the gibbet on this American soil. All the world gazes on that body, as it swings lifeless on the gallows tree, and asks, "Who hangs there?" The answer comes from a whole race, out of the millions of their tropic hearts, "It is the man who loved us enough to die for us." The answer rolls from land to land, "It is a son of the Pilgrims, a son of the Revolutionary pat-

riots, and a son whom friend and foe will say was worthy of his sires." It is a tender father, a devoted husband, a heroic Christian patriot, a man who loved his despised fellow-man so deeply that he could cheerfully die for him; it is a man who loved his God with such devoted love, and trusted his God with such lofty faith, that men called him a maniac. "What!" cries the world in amazement, "is it for such a man that the gallows stands in America? Are such men hung on the gibbet there? Who, then, do the Americans think fit to live? How is it that a man must die on the gibbet there who is acknowledged by his fiercest foes to be a hero and a Christian?" And one answer rolls round the world, "He dies because American Slavery demands it. He, and such as he *must die* for Slavery to live." And then our nation asks, is asking to-day, — this John Brown's first Sabbath in heaven, — "Which is worth the most to us, Slavery or a man, a hero, a Christian, like Brown of Osawatomie?" That question is asked in millions of homes to-day; it is pondered in the minds of statesmen, it is burning in myriads of Christian hearts this Sabbath morning, and mark it, when that question is fairly asked through all the land, it is answered in a thunder roll from Atlantic to Pacific, from Lake to Gulf, and Slavery is doomed. Last Friday morning, when John Brown was swung from the gallows, American Slavery felt that pinioned hand strike a blow to its very heart; it trembled with a horror it never felt before. Had not God smitten the slaveholders with judicial blindness, they would have built John Brown a palace, clothed him in fine linen, and fed him sumptuously every day, rather than ever have allowed him to mount that scaffold. He was content to "die with the Philistines," when he could slay more of them at his death than in all his life.

True, he had laid them heaps upon heaps. He had driven them before him like frightened sheep, from border to border, over the plains of Kansas. But he made a mistake, — for an

instant, a fatal instant, faith changed to presumption; for a moment that keen, wakeful eye slumbered, and they stole behind him and sheared his locks. And then they clutched him, and looked into the eye, whose glance had scattered them a thousand times, and cried, "Ha! it is he! it is Samson of Osawatomic! Praised be Baal! Glory to Dagon!" and they bound him and led him away: They shouted through Gath and Ascalon, "We have caught the terrible Samson!" and they shut him in their prison, and peered at him at a safe distance down through the grated window, and rubbed their hands in glee as they said to one another, "It is he! the old Samson of Osawatomic, caged at last." But O, how the old hero's locks grew in that dusky prison air! Every moment they kept him there, the strength of a thousand Samsons was gathering in his thews and sinews. The cowards saw it and trembled; they feared him in that prison more than an army with banners. And so they hurried him forth to die; but in the blindness of their fear and passion they did not see that when they placed him on the scaffold, they had set him between the very pillars of their idol's temple. And he looked up and prayed, "Avenge me now for my two eyes." He threw his arms around those pillars and bowed himself. "Let me die with the Philistines," cried Samson of Osawatomic. Ah! see the vast fabric totter! hear the Philistines shriek! To-day they are dropping over all the land, the first falling fragments from the great crash of American Slavery.



Fales H. Newhall

"THE practical matter of hanging four men who exposed themselves in conflict with a national crime, makes this day forever memorable, and raises some elementary questions in morals that are not likely to subside till they get settled quite differently from the fashionable logic of Congress and the newspapers. "John Brown was a felon," says the slaveholder. "Nobody justifies Brown," says your dignified and astute statesman. I beg your pardon, sir, I DO. So do you. So does every man, when out of the fog. No man standing in the clear sky of common sense, decides the right or wrong of such an act as Brown's by counting the actors on the two sides. Not till politics have made a fool of you, do you begin to think that multiplying the perpetrator of a self-evident crime by ten or twenty millions, while you leave its zealous opponent still a unit, you have transferred the crime to the latter. No, sir, and forever, NO.

"Look here my Hon. Proxy for compiling Statute Books. If a man with wit and limbs, but too lazy or too mean to work out his own honest living, appropriates to himself the fruits of another man's toil, he is a criminal, isn't he, whether you have described his crime in your statute book or not? Very well. You describe it, and send a sheriff. He is too much for the sheriff, and knocks him down. Is he less a criminal for that? You send a judge. He bribes that dignitary. You send a parson. He gags him with bread and cheese. You send lawyers, and for a pinch of snuff they swear his blackness is all white. He laughs the very idea of punishment to scorn. Has he become less a criminal by all that? By and by he allures somebody into a partnership of his iniquity. Nobody interferes to enforce the law, and the letter thereof dies and is buried.

"Multiplied criminals walk abroad, and, finding it too tedious to appropriate products, appropriate the producers. Those that resist, they kill; adding murder to robbery, *ad libitum*, and for the convenience of doing so, write statutes to that effect. Nobody rebels. Is the crime growing less, O sapient legislator? Law, so called, is exactly bottom side up as to this now immense partnership of criminals. Is the moral nature of their conduct changed by that fact? They have died and left their crime to their children and their children's children, garnished with piety and polite literature. Has it therefore become righteous *per se*? Out of millions who do not think it righteous, there is not one who will risk his life to rescue one of its victims.

"Does it follow that it is criminal to rescue one of its victims? I say it is the holiest thing a man can do — and as sure as there is a hereafter it is the sanest, provided he has any talent for it. I think Brown, and his followers who are to be so coolly murdered to day, had remarkable talent for it. They, at the cost of entering heaven some years earlier, placed themselves on the side of law, order, and honesty, which other men stand for only so far as happens to be convenient. I think they deserve to be imitated by all the moral and physical force in the world, till man stealers are not considered more sacred than pickpockets."

Dec. 16, 1859.

Oliver Wright.

V.

SERMON BY REV. GEORGE B. CHEEVER, D. D.*

NEARLY two hundred and fifty years ago, in the end of this present stormy winter month, a little frail vessel was tossing on the waves of the Atlantic near the New England coast. In the cabin of that vessel, before she touched the land, a great covenant of principle was transacted, which grew out of their church covenant, "As the Lord's free people, to walk in all his ways, made known, or to be made known to them, according to their best endeavors, WHATEVER IT MIGHT COST THEM." They formed themselves, by the compact in that cabin, into a body politic, "to enact, constitute, and frame such just and equal laws as should be thought most meet and convenient for the general good," promising all due submission and obedience thereto;—just and equal laws, the foundation of whose authority, and the determination of their justice, was the Word of God; and due submission and obedience, that is, just so far, and so far only, as God's Word and their own consciences, under its teaching, would permit them to render. Out of the righteous disobedience of unrighteous law grew that constitution of a righteous liberty.

* Entitled, "The Martyr's Death and The Martyr's Triumph," delivered on the occasion of the Martyrdom of John Brown, before the Moloch of American Slavery, on December 4, 1859, from Matt. x. 27, 28.

"What I tell you in darkness, that speak ye in light, and what ye hear in the ear, that preach ye on the housetops; and fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul; but rather fear Him who is able to destroy both soul and body in hell."

One of the few men in the cabin of the *Mayflower* who took upon themselves that covenant, and in so doing laid the foundations of a state of freedom among men by allegiance to God, was named Peter Brown. It is now nearly two hundred and fifty years since that signature, and what amazing changes have passed upon the world! This Western continent filled with more millions than in that little company there were men; but millions so diverse in character from theirs, so little consecrated and instructed by their example, so disobedient, indeed, to the supreme Divine law, to which they promised a sole eternal loyalty, that in the middle of this third century after the *Mayflower* landed, a lineal descendant of Peter Brown rises up, and is publicly hanged for carrying into effect the principles of that *Mayflower* compact, that covenant of obedience to just and equal laws, obedience to God and his Word as supreme, and disobedience to man's authority, if requiring aught that God has in his law forbidden.

For this is the very issue on which this Christian hero, this remarkable man, has ventured his life and suffered. It is as plain as day. It cannot be denied. It is the iniquity of Slavery, in law and in practice, — a sin against God and man, — in opposition and defiance of which, John Brown, trusting in God, — obeying God rather than man, — gathered up his strength, his life, and threw himself, in behalf of the enslaved, and against the enslaving government and law, even unto death. Two great passages in God's Word shone before him like a star, occupied his being like presiding angels, like flames of fire, like a chariot of flame, in which, at length, his whole nature having been occupied with their fulfilment, he ascended from the scaffold to the great cloud of witnesses. One of these passages was from the New Testament, "Remember them that are in bonds, as bound with them." The other from the Old, "If thou forbear to deliver them that are drawn unto death, and those that are ready to be slain; if

thou sayest, Behold we knew it not; doth not He that pondereth the heart consider it, and He that keepeth thy soul, doth not He know it? and shall not He render to every man according to his works?"

Between these grand outstanding testimonies of God's will and man's duty, there rose, attendant upon John Brown's conscience, and deepening the impression, a hundred other angelic witnesses, with holy and benevolent utterances, amidst which, from Jesus Christ, the Lord and giver of them all, the faithful witness, whose name is called the Word of God, came to the heart of the man of God the great words, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me; and, inasmuch as ye have not done it unto one of the least of these, ye have not done it unto me!" — came also the great command, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," and "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." Attended by such angels, commissioned by such words, John Brown grew onward to the sphere of character and duty for which God had appointed him. The same influence in kind came upon him as upon Jeremiah, the same concentration and intensifying of Divine revelation in one direction, as always happens when God pleases, and when, for His own great purposes, He will discipline and prepare a man for himself, to bear the reproach among men of being a fanatic, — a man of one idea. "From above He hath sent fire into my bones. His word was in my heart as a burning fire shut up in my bones, and I was weary with forbearing, and I could not stay."

With an eye single against the iniquity of Slavery in law and in practice, John Brown, trusting in God, has thrown himself into this conflict, a martyr even unto death. By his death, in the train of his daring opposition against this infinite unrighteousness in law, in government, and in society, the whole country is stirred to its foundations; and concerning the government and the people that sustain such iniquity, and

put to death those that rise up against it, there cometh out of the whirlwind and fire of Divine revelation infolding itself, the voice of the Almighty, "Execute judgment in the morning, and deliver him that is spoiled out of the hand of the oppressor, lest my fury go forth like fire, and burn that none can quench it, because of the evil of your doings. Execute ye judgment and righteousness, and deliver the spoiled out of the hand of the oppressor, and do no wrong, do no violence to the stranger, the fatherless, nor the widow, neither shed innocent blood in this place. But if ye will not hear these words, I swear by myself, saith the Lord, that this house shall become a desolation." Will the country hear these words? Will the people lay them to heart, and shall judgment return unto righteousness, that the Lord's vengeance may be mercifully averted?

We must look this great event in the face, and bring the deeds and character of the man, as against the government, under solemn examination, under the burning glass of God's Word, that we may see which party God condemns, and whose sentence God will execute. As for me, God forbid that I, amidst the storm of reproaches and of slander, should shrink back from such an examination; and God forbid that we, as a church and people, having been brought of God unconsumed through so many fires, should now perish in the smoke, because we are afraid of the continuance of the clear fire, notwithstanding that we have the Son of God walking with us in the midst of it.

Let us look first at the state of the case, in the complication, accumulation, and climax of iniquity, against which A MAN, one of the noblest of his race, has made his protest, and for putting that protest into action, has been hanged as a murderer. It is a most intense and awful contrast. God says, "The man that commits this iniquity of Slavery shall surely be put to death." The State in this thing, at length instantly and openly setting itself against God, says, "The

man that opposes this iniquity shall surely be put to death." The State not only tolerates the iniquity, but enthrones it as righteousness, establishes it with the sanction of law, and condemns the violation of the law sanctioning the iniquity to the same penalty that God Almighty has set against the iniquity itself. God declares that "He that stealeth a man and selleth him, or if he be found in his hands, he shall surely be put to death." The State declares that he that stealeth and selleth, or if he be found in his hands, shall be honored and applauded as a righteous man, and that his act and practice shall be carried into perpetual establishment as a system, so that not only the stolen beings shall be considered as his lawful and sacred property, but their children and their children's children shall be stolen and branded forever as property from the birth. God says, "Thou shalt not make merchandise of thy brother man." The State says, "Thou *shalt* make merchandise of thy brother," and such merchandise is the most sacred of all property, and especially if thy brother be guilty of a skin not colored like thine own he has no rights that white men are bound to respect; he cannot and shall not be like thyself, a citizen, neither shall he be under any protection, for his rights as a man, of the laws that protect thee. God says, "Thou shalt not deliver unto his master the servant that has escaped from his master unto thee. He shall dwell with thee, even among you in that place which he shall choose, in one of thy gates where it liketh him best; thou shalt not oppress him." The State says, "Thou shalt oppress him; thou shalt deliver him up; thou shalt refuse him aid and shelter; thou shalt not permit him to dwell among you; if thou do not deliver him thou shalt suffer the penalty, and if thou aid the fugitive or interfere to protect him thou art a criminal, and if thou entice him to his freedom thou shalt be hanged for treason."

The iniquity is ten thousand times worse thus concentrated, commanded, and perpetuated in law, than it was, or ever

could be, as naked individual cruelty and crime without law, and without the provision of its perpetual sanction and increase. And the obligation towards God and man, upon every man, to set himself against it, is ten thousand times greater when human law thus commands and perpetuates what God has forbidden, than it could be where no law enthroned and protected the villany. Two crimes, in this case, require opposition, instead of one; two forms of crime, — and the second the vastest, most atrocious, most terrible. For God hath publicly and solemnly expelled from sanction and fellowship the throne of iniquity that frameth mischief by a law.

Now a man has risen up to fling God's protest in the face of such a State, and to put the protest into action. God evidently prepared the man, by many years of discipline, of prayer, of instruction in His Word, for such a protest, for such a work, teaching him reliance solely on God. Having taken His own time and in His own way, God, who seeth the end from the beginning, and not as man seeth, takes this trained servant and drives him openly against such wickedness, such a State, such laws. It is no more singular that God should do this by His providence than that He hath done it in His word. If John Milton were on earth he would show you that as clearly as God ever sent Ehud against Eglon and his tyranny, so clearly, and much more, was John Brown commissioned against this tyranny of Slavery, and against the State and the laws that uphold it. And though the man might mistake as to the manner and method of the protest, yet that it is God's protest is as true as that it is God's providence. And the kind of instrument that God has taken for this work is a most plain and sacred indication that it is from Him; plain and sacred, along with and in the light of His requisitions of men to act as "gapmen" in vindication of His violated law, when a whole land seems given up to such violation.

God's thoughts are not as our thoughts ; neither are His ways as our ways. The very lowest expounders of all the race of apologists for sin, the extremest defenders of the iniquity of Slavery as righteousness, must acknowledge that God has permitted a Christian man to fling this defiance, in God's name, against both the Slavery and the State that sustains it. Obedience to God's law instead of man's, obedience to God's law against man's, is a Christian work when man's law is against God's. Now, it is no wonder that God should take a Christian to do this work. And if any evidences of the presence of His Spirit with the individual doing this work can be relied upon, certainly we have those evidences.

For many years the man had walked with God ; he had trained up his family in God's fear ; he had maintained the family altar, and all the sanctities, the instructions, the careful observant discipline of a household piety. He had been a man of strict, known, undoubted integrity. He was a man whose conscientious sense of right and wrong was as a flame of fire, where in common men it was merely a spark in sluggish embers. His sensitiveness to injustice was extreme—injustice against others ; the iron entered into his own soul. He was accustomed, with grave steadfastness and holy principle, to rebuke profaneness and wickedness in high or low. In the midst of his trial, wounded and lying on his cot, when he heard the oaths of some in the court room round about him, he would raise himself upon his elbow, and calmly say, "Gentlemen, can you not compass this business without swearing?" Just so with all under his command ; both by example and teaching he endeavored to inculcate obedience to the precepts of religion.

He had learned from a child the sacredness and dignity of human nature under whatever skin, and as an old man on the verge of eternity could say, with the simplicity of a child and the majesty of an angel, "I am yet too young to understand that God is any respecter of persons."

He had long been a student of God's word. He made it the man of his counsel, and sought the guidance of God's spirit in pondering its sacred pages. He seems to have been familiar with every part of it, but by God's own peculiar guidance of his mind and heart, was baptized especially with the fire of its benevolence against oppression, and its sacred sympathy in behalf of the oppressed. His tender sympathies and practical charities abounded towards the poor and needy.

An apprentice of his relates the following anecdote of his benevolence. "Having heard that a poor man with a large family were suffering for the necessities of life, he sent me to his house to inform him that John Brown would sell him provisions on credit. He came at once and got about thirty dollars' worth, agreeing to pay in work the next summer; but with summer came other calls for his labor than the payment of old debts; so he came to Brown and frankly told him his situation, and that it would be impossible to pay as agreed upon. The noble old man said to him, 'Go home and take care of your family, and let me hear no more about this debt. *It is a part of my religion to assist those in distress, and to comfort those that mourn.*'"

A course of years in the practice of such virtues indicates the man of God, even if his profession of religion had not been known and read of all. "For by their fruits ye shall know them, for men do not gather grapes of thorns, nor figs of thistles; but every good tree bringeth forth good fruit, while a corrupt tree bringeth forth evil fruit."

He was a man of prayer. He walked with God even amidst surrounding violence. He was once, it was said, early in life, that is, at the beginning of his Christian career, destined to the ministry, and there is nothing that we know of in his life, amidst the pursuits to which he was turned aside from such preparation and such a vocation, inconsistent with the baptism of God's Spirit for the ministration of the Gospel.

On the contrary, in one great point of fitness for that work, he seems to have been always growing; increasing in the knowledge of the Word of God, in a reverential submission to it, in a sense and living experience of it as fire and power, for thus God evidently was training him.

Now with these developments of character, these possessions of grace, under these many years of discipline, this specimen of God's fireworks is suddenly touched into a flame, and rises out of obscurity into a light that fills the whole atmosphere, and turns the eyes of the spectators of a whole nation to scan the spectacle. This man of God breaks out in the most daring venture against the most consolidated, remorseless, powerful, all-conquering system of iniquity, that any civilized country ever saw or endured; breaks out in an act, that while some declare by God's Word to be the venture of a man in God's behalf, doing God's work against the vastest of human crimes, others declare to be the act of a madman; others the hallucination of a good man; others the crime of a man possessed with a devil.

But amidst all the hazards and disasters of the outbreak, he is the same man that he ever has been, and after the conflict, amidst his wounds, amidst his enemies, overpowered, apparently unsuccessful, he is as calm and confident as ever in God, and in the justice and sacredness of the cause he has undertaken. And after the disastrous failure of his enterprise, in his prison, through all the mockery of his trial and sentence, and in all his words, speeches, letters, in all his intercourse with men, in all his deportment, he is the same man as before; the same Christian man confiding in God. He is still seen walking with God, and God does not desert him. Nay, the evidences of the presence and power of God's Spirit in his heart brighten and increase, till they are sublime, attractive, wonderful. He speaks and writes with an almost superhuman simplicity, dignity, calmness, and depth of feeling; a restraint, an absence of all rhetoric, ostentation, and

false emotion ; a transparency of character, a profound thoughtfulness, a pence of mind, a trust in God, quite impossible to be assumed in such a position, at such an hour, — quite impossible, indeed, ever under such circumstances to be palmed off, and credit gained for them, by a self-deluded man, or a wicked man and an impostor.

After the battle is over, — after this mighty crime, as some call it, for which he is sentenced to death, — in the soiled and tattered garments bathed in blood, chained, reviled, hated, he appears greater than ever, more manifestly the Christian hero, in possession of the spirit of love and of power and of a sound mind. And thus daily he is seen preparing for death, and daily God is with him. If there can be any evidences of this, they are granted. There were those, even in the presence of the Saviour, beholding his marvellous works, that declared that he cast out devils by Beelzebub, the prince of the devils ; and our blessed Lord said that if they had called the master of the house Beelzebub, much more would they them of his household. Now, methinks none but such blasphemers could deny the evidences of John Brown's Christian character since his overthrow. Manifestly God was with him — with him to the end — with him, maintaining his confidence in the justice of his cause and the righteousness of his effort, even unto death — the righteousness of the very act for which he was to die. God was with him so sustaining, as to enable him to feel and to say that he willingly gave himself to the sentence of the law, counting it a privilege to be permitted to die in behalf of the outcast race for which he had endeavored to live, and for whose deliverance he had ventured with death in view.

An outcast race ! And John Brown felt and knew that what he did for them he was doing for his Saviour. Under sentence of death for an action in their behalf, he could say that he considered himself "worth inconceivably more to be hung in this cause" than to be disposed of in any other way ; and "could wait the hour of his public murder with great

composure of mind and cheerfulness, feeling the strong assurance that in no other possible manner could he be used to so much advantage to the cause of God and of humanity."

When has there been in the world any thing like this? It has properly been marked, in regard to the brightest names in the historic records of self-sacrificing patriotism, in the pages of the struggles for liberty, that their ventures were for their own country, kindred, homes, every thing; and if ye love them that love you what thank have ye? If ye salute your brethren only, or defend your own caste, do not even the publicans so? But this self-sacrifice of John Brown was for a despised and hated race, condemned to perpetual Slavery. It is a sublime and solitary instance in all modern history. A man in his senses, in an age of prudential wisdom worshipped as religion — in an age of self-interest and expediency — when the world is full of priests and Levites, — ecclesiastical, political, social, — passing by on the other side, offers himself in the service of a despised, rejected, down-trodden caste, pursues his purpose for twenty years, watches for opportunities to strike some mighty blow of deliverance, and at length, thinking that God had given him the hour, goes forth to suffer unto death for slaves — for negroes.

And then his submission to God's will, when the blow seemed to have failed and nothing remained before him but to die; his cheerful resignation, in the confidence that God doeth all things well; his experience of the peace of God that passeth all understanding, and his gratitude to God for such "infinite grace;" — in all things he has been approved as a child of God in this matter, and we only need to record and ponder his own expressions, to feel assured that God was with him. "I wish I could only know," said he, "that all my poor family were as composed and as happy as I. I think nothing but the Christian religion could ever make any one so composed.

'My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this.'

Again :

"As I believe most firmly that God reigns, I cannot believe that any thing I have *done, suffered, or may yet suffer, will be lost to the cause of God or of humanity.* And before I began my work at Harper's Ferry, I felt assured that in the *worst event* it would certainly *pay.* I often expressed that belief, and I can now see no possible cause to alter my mind. I am not, as yet, in the *main,* at all disappointed. I have been a *good deal* disappointed as it regards *myself* in not keeping up to my own plans ; but I now feel entirely reconciled to that even ; for God's plan was infinitely better, *no doubt,* or I should have kept to my own. God's will, not mine, be done ! "

Again, the mingled "meekness and fear," coupled with such reverential submission to the will of God, with which he describes the hope that sustains him, will be noted as among the surest evidences of his being under the guidance of God's Spirit, the subject of his sanctifying grace.

"I trust that God, who has sustained me so long, will not forsake me when I most feel my need of Fatherly aid and support. Should He hide His face, my spirit will droop and die ; but not otherwise, be assured. My only anxiety is to be properly assured of my fitness for the company of those who are 'washed from all filthiness,' and for the presence of him who is infinitely pure. I certainly think I do have some 'hunger and thirst after righteousness.' If it be only genuine, I make no doubt I 'shall be filled.' "

The sublime consistency and firmness of the testimony of such a man against Slavery, every step of his way to the grave, are to be marked, in connection with the meek submission of his soul to God, and the humility with which he speaks of the manifestation of God's mercy. He would not receive, either in the jail or on the scaffold, the ministrations of men who consent to the enslavement of their fellow-creatures. He declared that the gospel of such men was not the Gospel of God, and that he could have no communion with them. He said he would rather be accompanied to the scaffold by a dozen slave children, and a pious old slave mother, with their appeal to God for blessings of his soul ; and an

incident is related of his passage from the prison to the scaffold, characteristic and affecting, which must be given in the language of the relator.

"As he stepped out of the door a black woman, with a little child in her arms, stood near his way. The twain were of the despised race, for whose emancipation and elevation to the dignity of children of God, he was about to lay down his life. His thoughts at that moment none can know except as his acts interpret them. He stopped for a moment in his course, stooped over, and with the tenderness of one whose love is as broad as the brotherhood of man, kissed it affectionately."

Connect again with these notices the deep humility and tenderness of the man in conscience and in heart, towards God and man, as revealed in such a letter as the following, in answer to one who had written to him as a "dear brother," to encourage him in Jesus.

"Your kind mention of *some* things in my conduct here which you approve is very comforting indeed to my mind; yet I am conscious that you do me more than justice. I do certainly feel that, through Divine grace *I have endeavored* to be 'faithful in a few things,' mingling with even these much of imperfection. I am certainly unworthy 'even to suffer affliction with the *people of God*.' Yet, in Infinite grace, He has *thus* honored me. May the *same* grace enable me to serve Him in '*new obedience*' through my little remainder of this life, and to rejoice in Him forever. I cannot feel that God will suffer the poorest services we may any of us render Him or His cause to be lost or in vain.

"I do feel, 'dear Brother,' that I am wonderfully 'strengthened from on high.' May I use that strength in 'showing *His strength* unto this generation,' and His power to every one that is to come.

"I am most grateful for your assurance, that my poor, shattered, heart-broken 'family will not be forgotten.' I have long tried to commend them to 'the God of my Father.' I have *many* opportunities for *faithful plain dealing* with the more powerful, influential, and intelligent class in this region, which I trust are not entirely unimproved. I *humbly trust* that I firmly believe that God reigns, and I think I can truly say, 'Let the earth rejoice.'

"May God take care of His *own cause* and of His own name, as well as of them who love their neighbors."

Now, I say that under such circumstances, John Brown has all the characteristics of a martyr, and his death is a martyr's death. The false accusations, the prejudice and hatred, the reigning religion and law against him, the abuse, the torture, the present ignominy and shame, the apparent failure of his life, and defeat of all his plans, and perfect triumph of his enemies—all these things are essential circumstances of martyrdom, as a just cause and spirit are its qualities. Success never can make a martyr, never could canonize one, and those who determine the moral quality of an action or a character by success, are not fit to sit in judgment on a man like John Brown, or the nature of his enterprise. A martyr's death must always, at the time, be ignominious. When Stephen was stoned, it was not amid plaudits of his cause and character. When Latimer was burned, it was not as on a theatre of popular applause, so that his departing spirit could be wafted away upon the very lallelujahs of his persecutors. A martyr is always put to death by the hatred and cruelty of men under a cloud of obloquy and odium, under authority of wicked law; what men suppose to be the highest triumph of their cause, being, in fact, but the climax and highest demonstration of their wickedness—the filling up of the measure of their iniquity. For when not only is the wickedness established and triumphant with consent of all, but God sends witnesses against it, and men put the witnesses to death; then we know that the cup is well-nigh full and the end is not far off. "O, Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets and stonest them that are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not! Behold, your house is left unto you desolate!"

An age of martyrdom must be at once of highest wickedness and popularity in the government and laws, and of

deepest disgrace, united with highest enduring firmness and virtue on the part of the sufferer. History takes up his words and embalms them; but at the hour of his trial and death there are few hardy enough to pronounce a verdict in his favor, at least without some prudential caveat of hallucination, monomania, imprudence, rashness, or fanaticism. There are few that are willing to admit his sound sense and rightfulness of conduct in setting himself against unjust government and law.

John Brown's trial, by the forms of such law, was a martyr's trial, not many times, in the history of our world, transacted with such awful issues, in such grand and solemn light. John Fox's Book of Martyrs being opened before us, you might almost think a score of pages had been taken from it to be rehearsed in Charlestown. John Bunyan could hardly have drawn a more graphic description of this case, as to principle, if the trial of Faithful, with all the proceedings, had been made up from notes of this modern wickedness. You can recur, almost from memory, to the picture. "Then a convenient time being appointed, they brought forth their prisoners to their trial, in order to their condemnation. When the time was come, they were brought before their enemies and arraigned. The judge's name was Lord Hategood; their indictment was one and the same in substance, though somewhat varying in form; the contents whereof was this: 'That they were enemies to, and disturbers of, the trade; that they had made commotions and divisions in the town, and had won a party to their own most dangerous opinions, in contempt of the law of their prince.' Then Faithful began to answer, that he had only set himself against that which had set itself against Him that is higher than the highest."

This was the great crime, the great conflict. And whenever a great sin is enthroned in government and law, and any man, in the name of God, sets himself with God's Word against it, disobeying the unrighteous law, and teaching men

to obey God's law above it, God's law against it, the conflict is irrepressible, for God will reign, and God's children must maintain his sovereignty, and the supremacy of his law, even unto death.

Then the witnesses were called against him, the first of whom testified that "he neither regarded prince nor people, law nor custom, but did all he could to possess all men with certain of his disloyal notions, affirming in particular, that Christianity and the customs of our town of Vanity were diametrically opposite, and could not be reconciled. By which saying, my lord, he doth at once not only condemn all our laudable doings, but us in the doing of them. If need be, when the other gentlemen have given in their evidence, rather than any thing shall be wanting that will despatch him, I will enlarge my testimony against him. Then, when the witnesses had finished their testimony, Faithful declared, among other things, that he never said aught but this, that what rule, or laws, or custom, or people, were flat against the Word of God, are diametrically opposite to Christianity."

It is always the higher and the lower law that are brought into collision in every such trial, and the victim is condemned for setting forth and teaching and acting out his allegiance to the Higher against the lower, his obedience to God rather than man. Accordingly, when the Judge called the Jury, he said: "Gentlemen of the jury, you see this man, about whom so great an uproar hath been made in this town; you have also heard what these worthy gentlemen have witnessed against him; also, you have heard his reply and confession: it lyeth now in your breasts to hang him, or save his life; but yet I think meet to instruct you in our law. There was an act made in the days of Pharaoh the Great, servant to our prince, that, lest those of a contrary religion should multiply and grow too strong for him, their males should be thrown into the river. There was also an act made in the days of Nebuchadnezzar the Great, another of his servants, that whoever

would not fall down and worship his golden image, should be thrown into a fiery furnace. There was also an act made in the days of Darius, that whoso for some time called upon any god but him, should be cast into the lions' den. Now, the substance of these laws this rebel hath broken, not only in thought, (which is not to be borne,) but also in word and deed; which must, therefore, needs be intolerable. He disputeth against our religion; and for the treason that he hath already confessed, he deserveth to die the death.

"Then went the jury out, whose names were Messrs. Blind-man, No-good, Malice, Love-lust, Live-loose, Heady, High-mind, Enmity, Liar, Cruelty, Hate-Light, and Implacable; who every one gave in his private verdict against him among themselves, and afterwards unanimously concluded to bring him in guilty before the judge. And so they did; therefore he was presently condemned to be had from the place where he was, to the place from whence he came, and there to be put to the most cruel death that could be invented. They therefore brought him out, to do with him according to their law, burning him to ashes at the stake," after divers other tortures. And thus came Faithful to his end.

Now this is a chapter from past reality, which we never expected to see reproduced in our own country, under a so-called free government, under the full light of the Christian religion. The possibility of it shows that the limit of forbearance from God towards us is reached; the point reached where God will say, Ephraim is joined to idols; let him alone. But I will not now dwell again upon this. There is a brighter, happier picture in the martyr's fate, which Bunyan shall describe in his own brief words, and there are some sacred lessons to be drawn from the whole character and transaction, personal, solemn, important. The last that human eye can see of Faithful is the form of his crisped and mangled body half visible through flame and smoke, and the multitude of spectators stand gazing, some noisy, some silent,

some horror stricken. But "now I saw," says the Dreamer, and who can conceive the glorious reality hidden under these images, "that there stood behind the multitude a chariot and a couple of horses waiting for Faithful, who (so soon as his adversaries had despatched him) was taken up into it, and straightway was carried up through the clouds with sound of trumpet, the nearest way to the celestial gate." There he had, through Christ, a right to the tree of life, and entered in through the gates into the city. There he joined the great multitude before the throne and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands. There upon the sea of glass mingled with fire, he joined the company of those who overcame Satan on earth by the blood of the Lamb and the word of their testimony, and loved not their lives unto the death. Who are these that are arrayed in white robes, and whence came they? These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and have made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple, and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb, which is in the midst of the throne, shall feed them, and shall lead them to living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

The cause in which John Brown suffered is made, if possible, more sacred than ever by his martyrdom, which has all the seals that ever could render a martyrdom glorious. His name, his memory, his letters, the vindication of his character and acts, are a sacred and invaluable trust which a large portion of the so-called Church of Christ in this nation, proud and judicially blinded, will haughtily and scornfully reject. Yet God will not let the lessons of such a life be sealed by such a death in vain. The church that disowns

him is not worthy of him ; but we thank God for the divinely precious and sunlike testimony of his membership in the true fold of Christ ; for the example of one such Christian is confounding to a thousand hypocrites, and ought to bring back to Christ's own fold the unhappy wanderers whom the blight of such hypocrisy, mistaken for religion, has made infideis.

We thank God that the first public victim of the cruelty of slave law and of the slave despotism in our land, should have been found a faithful servant of Christ, so unblemished, so entire, so pure, for such an offering. We thank God that this immolation, so awful, so solemn, on the altar of this Moloch, with ostentatious military ministration of Federal and State powers, as the willing priests of its worship, has been the sacrifice of a man in whom, as in Daniel of old, no fault could be found, except concerning the law of his God, applied and obeyed by him against the reigning iniquity of the nation. It is matter for profoundest thoughtful praise, that after the moral assassination of the race by Federal justice, declaring that black men have no rights that white men are bound to respect, this culminating State crime of the murder of the first man who openly struck for their deliverance, has been signalized by finding in its victim a being with God's seal, God's baptism, God's commission, God's truth manifestly upon him and within him, and whose very form, even out of prison and obscurity, has been enlarging and becoming radiant, as with a divine transfiguration, ever since the revengeful and implacable insulted slave power lifted him to the world's gaze as a traitor and a criminal.

It is matter for grateful joy that the first great governmental martyr of this wickedness was carried to his act of treason against it by the impulses of a Christian heart and conscience, by the Word and Spirit of God, by the loftiest teachings of religion, by his convictions as a worshipper of that God who is no respecter of persons, a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ,

and in the incompatibility of his Gospel with that form of cruelty and sin, for opposing the law and government of which, in seeking the deliverance of its victims, he was hanged upon the gallows. It is matter of devout thankfulness, that out of the malice of his enemies, out of the rage and successful cruelty of the slave power, out of the roar and fury of the elements, where occurs the first great public violent collision between conscience and law in the question of the right of Slavery to exist, the grand emphatic development and exhibition, filling all minds with astonishment, is that of the most exalted personal virtue, piety, heroism, against which the slave power feels that it has no right but that of murder, no security but that of hanging. The storm has been raging and two seas have met, and on the height of this great first wave we see, as by the midnight lightning of God, the form of John Brown raised between heaven and earth, — a moment seen, then gone forever. But the image shall remain, — the sight of that gallows and the form of the Christian victim upon it, — destined, we may hope in God, to awaken a deeper, holier, more intense and comprehensive indignation and hatred against Slavery, than the detail of any of its less public and illustrious atrocities has ever produced.

Now, again, we affirm the obligation of gratitude to God for John Brown's Christian character. It is just cause for praise that God has so sanctified the battle against Slavery; that He would not leave the glory nor the suffering of this terrible protest to be monopolized by any mere soldier of this world, or any unbeliever in Him; but that He prepared a Christian warrior to strike this fearful blow, and then, when it had been struck, continued with him amidst its consequences; shielding him with His truth and buckler, not deserting him as if he had plunged into some forbidden sin, but filling his mind with the peace of God which passeth all understanding; — showing forth to all men the fact that he had been with Jesus, revealing as through a transparency

the hidden life of faith that was impelling him, breaking open beforehand the seals of the invisible engraving of God's Spirit on his soul, and making his bare heart a living epistle known and read of all men; publishing from that heart letter after letter of such apostolic simplicity, gravity, sound speech that cannot be condemned — no incongruous utterance intermingled; continuing him long enough in life himself to examine his own conduct in the view of death, and to reiterate his calm affirmation of the righteousness of the deed for which he was to suffer as a criminal; abjuring and denying all purpose, all motive, all idea of personal revenge; declaring that he desired and intended simply the rescue of slaves, without injury to any one; that he never did intend murder, or treason, or the destruction of property, or to excite or incite slaves to rebellion, or to waken insurrection; avowing, also, the right and duty of all men to assist the enslaved to regain their liberty; declaring his holy and resolute defiance of the slave power and wickedness, and his rejection, on the verge of eternity, of any ministry that would sanction such wickedness as maintaining a religion incompatible with the law of God and the Gospel of Christ.

The perfectness and glory of this protest — its completeness, its sublimity, its solemnity and firmness, even to the end, surpass all possibility of mere human contrivance, and are at once the work of a Divine Providence, and the impulse of Divine truth and grace. In all this there are wonderful lessons as to the right manner and method of our warfare against Slavery — as to the spirit that God sanctions; as to the weapons that He would have us use; as to the moral omnipotence of his Word; as to the necessity of being rooted and grounded in it, and in the love which it inspires; as to the impossibility of being supported and made faithful to the end by any other strength than God's strength; as to the power of prayer, the necessity of walking with God in every enterprise, and the serenity and confidence which the habit

of so walking with God infuses into the soul, as well as the might and sovereignty with which it invests it.

We have here a character magnificent on principle. We have a man submissively regardful of God's Word as the expression of His supreme and sovereign righteousness and will. We have a man sympathizing with God, jealous for God; not a man of mere sympathy, — above all, not of sympathy with the oppressor, but with the oppressed. We have the grave characteristic of jealousy for God's great justice and righteousness — jealousy for God's law, against every law and practice that violates it. This type of character is of the old Puritan Mayflower stamp. It would seem as if the plates of that character must have been stolen away from that first generation and buried; but now, after two hundred years, a new, fresh, vivid impression is before us. Perhaps God is going to cast in the furnace, just now kindled, a new set of plates. At any rate, God has renewed, for our admiration and for the slave power to hate and hang, the marvel, in this age, of an old, stern, brave, yet courteous and loving Puritan hero. The character is God's work, not man's, and it fills us with admiration to see so commanding a form rise up in this age of expediency, and mere cheap sensibility and tears; so commanding a manifestation of righteous principle towering above all expediency, and of sympathy in behalf of the enslaved, where vested rights in them as property are claimed as so legitimate and holy, that no law of God, nor justice, nor benevolence, can have any right to interfere with them.

Such a character shows the power of prayer, and such a crisis shows the need of it. What could John Brown have accomplished, had he not been a man of prayer? And were it not for the belief men have in his Christian character before God, how vain would have been his letters, his words, his grand utterances; how ineffectual, but for the assurance of his Christian integrity, but for the depths of Christian

experience out of which those utterances sprang. Look how his familiarity with God's Word, and the possession of his whole being with the sense of God's attributes, God's presence, God's truth and justice, carry a weight, a power, a majesty in his expressions that nothing can equal. Before such demonstrations of the power and teaching of God's Word in his heart the most glowing eloquence is poor and feeble. Men feel that it would have been impossible to have conceived or framed this man's singularly simple, forcible, and sacred speeches and letters, under such awful circumstances, but by more than mortal teaching, out of the habit of a soul, whose resting place was God, and God his rock and refuge. The habit of prayer and communion with God's Word seems to have made him what he was, and such passages as the 46th Psalm might have been the habitual hymn of his sanctified nature.

That such a man should have been hanged by a professedly civilized and Christian State, for the benevolent attempt to rescue a few of his oppressed and enslaved fellow-beings from the bondage and cruelties of Slavery; and hanged on the pretence that he had committed treason against the State and the government; and hanged on the principle of expediency announced by Caiaphas of old, that if he were permitted to live, the State was in danger; all this brings both the State and the crime of hanging such a victim into a dreadful resemblance with the Jewish murderers of Christ, on the plea that it was expedient that one man should die rather than the whole nation stand in danger of perishing. Doubtless the death of John Brown is the beginning of the end. God in his infinite mercy grant that through the faithfulness of his servants with his Word, attended by his Spirit, the end may come in a peaceful emancipation of the slaves, and not in a whirlwind of the Divine vengeance.

JOHN BROWN OF HARPER'S FERRY.

HERO that pays our country's pawn!
The soul that felt, and dared to smite!
The man who dies to say that Right
Is better stuff than blood and brawn!

Our words that spun full three years' course
On Freedom failing sun by sun,
In him to molten lightnings run,
And welded thinking into force.

In rough-cast brain this Northern will,
From suffering all its steel had wrought,
Till, striking surer than its thought,
The shock rang sharp from hill to hill.

Ah, sire! our tears are such as roll
On days of Triumph, not of Death;
We bring thee them, and love and faith, —
Our royal way of soul *for* soul.

We count thy dying so sublime,
Our woman-hands we would not lay
About that brave old heart to stay
Its flowing life, and wrong our time.

O, doubt not who of these shall win!
Or who is traitor to th' eleven!
This man in front of open heaven,
Or wrathful ones that swing him in.

Doubt not our world takes heart again;
And hands of brotherhood grow warm,
Starting each other, palm to palm,
With this hot stroke on Southern chain.

Earth feels the time of prophet-song, —
When lives from land to land shall say,
And think it praise enough to say, —
"We are too just to bide with Wrong."

O, comes a deeper wisdom then! —
And owns that in our golden year,
One fire-anointed soul was clear
To glass God's image forth to men.

C. P. H

WORCESTER, Nov. 14.

Book Third.

NON-INTERVENTIONISTS.

THE CONTRAST.

"We'll force the tax, and rule your trade,"
In times gone by, Great Britain said ;
"Let Adams, Hancock, Otis, rave,
The red cross o'er you still shall wave."

And then Old Faneuil Hall rang out,
With patriots' speech, and freemen's shout :
"Though war and rapine scourge the land,
We scorn the laws by despots planned."

Another "Old Dominion" now
Beneath her yoke bids Boston bow ;
Not Union, but subjection, claims
Of those who bear heroic names.

And, straightway, Faneuil Hall sends out
The gilded speech and purchased shout,
"Insult, oppress us, as you will,
We kiss your feet, and serve you still."

Boston, December, 1859.

I.

SPEECH BY HON. EDWARD EVERETT.*

MR. CHAIRMAN AND FELLOW-CITIZENS: In rising to address you, on this important occasion, indulge me in a few words of personal explanation. I did not suppose that any thing could occur which would make me think it my duty to appear again on this platform, on any occasion of a political character; and had this meeting been of a party nature, or designed to promote any party purposes, I should not have been here. When compelled, by the prostration of my health five years ago, to resign the distinguished place which I then filled in the public service, it was with no expectation, no wish, and no intention of ever again mingling in the scenes of public life. I have accordingly, with the partial restoration of my health, abstained from all participation in political action of any kind; partly because I have found a more congenial, and, as I venture to think, a more useful occupation in seeking to rally the affections of my countrymen, North and South, to that great name and precious memory which is left almost alone of all the numerous kindly associations, which once bound the different sections of the country together; and also because, between the extremes of opinion that have long distracted and now threaten to convulse the country, I find no middle ground of practical usefulness, on which a friend of moderate counsel can stand. I think I do a little good, — I try to, — in my waning years, in augmenting

* Delivered at the Union Meeting in Faneuil Hall, December 8, 1859.

the funds of the charitable institutions, — commemorating from time to time the honored dead and the great events of past days, and chiefly in my humble efforts to rescue from desecration and the vicissitudes of private property, the home and the grave of WASHINGTON. These, sir, seem to me to be innocent and appropriate occupations for the decline of life. I am more than contented with the favor with which these my humble labors are regarded by the great majority of my countrymen; and knowing by experience how unsatisfying in the enjoyment are the brightest prizes of political ambition, I gladly resign the pursuit of them to younger men.

Sir, the North and the South, including the Northwest and the Southwest, have become fiercely, bitterly arrayed against each other. There is no place left in public life for those who love them both. The war of words — of the press, of the platform, of the State Legislatures, and, must I add, the pulpit? — has been pushed to a point of exasperation, which, on the slightest untoward accident, may rush to the bloody arbitrament of the sword. The great ancient master of political science (Aristotle) tells us, that though revolutions do not take place *for* small causes, they do *from* small causes. He means, sir, that when the minds of the community have become hopelessly embittered and exasperated by long-continued irritation, the slightest occurrence will bring on a convulsion.

In fact, it seems to me, that we have reached a state of things, which requires all good men and good patriots to forego for a time mere party projects and calculations, and to abandon all ordinary political issues; which calls, in a word, upon all who love the country and cherish the Union, and desire the continuance of those blessings which we have till lately enjoyed under the Constitution transmitted to us by our Fathers, — and which I regard as the noblest work of political wisdom ever achieved, — and to meet as one man and take counsel for its preservation. It is this feeling that has brought me here to-day.

It will probably be said, sir, that those who entertain views like these exaggerate the gravity of the crisis. I wish I could think so. But I fear it is not we who exaggerate, but those who differ from us, that greatly — and soon, I fear, it will be fatally — underrate the ominous signs of the times. I fear, sir, that they are greatly misled by the one-sided views presented by the party press, and those who rely upon the party press exclusively for their impressions, and that they are dangerously ignorant of the state of opinion and feeling in the other great section of the country. I greatly fear that the mass of the community in this quarter, long accustomed to treat all alarm for the stability of the Union as groundless, and all professed anxiety for its preservation as insincere, or, if sincere, the result of nervous timidity, have unfitted themselves to measure the extent and the urgency of the existing danger. It is my own deliberate conviction, formed from some opportunities of personal observation, and from friendly correspondence with other parts of the country, (though I carry on none of a political nature,) that we are on the very verge of a convulsion, which will shake the Union to its foundation; and that a few more steps forward, in the direction in which affairs have moved for a few years past, will bring us to the catastrophe.

I have heard it urged on former occasions of public alarm, that it must be groundless, because business goes on as usual, — and the theatres are open, and stocks keep up. Sir, these appearances may all be delusive. The great social machine moves with a *momentum* that cannot be suddenly stopped. The ordinary operations of business went on in France, in the revolution of 1789, till the annihilation of the circulating medium put a stop to every thing that required its use. The theatres and all the other places of public amusement were crowded to madness in the reign of terror. The French stocks never stood better than they did in Paris on the 21st of February, 1848. On the 24th of that month, Louis

Philippe was flying in disguise from his capital; the Tuileries were sacked, and the oldest monarchy in Europe had ceased to exist.

I hold it to be time, then, sir, as I have said, for good men and good patriots, casting aside all mere party considerations, and postponing at least all ordinary political issues, to pause; to look steadily in the face the condition of things to which we are approaching; and to ask their own consciences whether they can do nothing or say nothing to avert the crisis, and bring about a happier and a better state of things. I do not ask them to search the past for topics of reproach or recrimination on men or parties. We have had enough of that, and it has contributed materially to bring about our present perilous condition. In all countries where speech and the press are free, especially those countries which by controlling natural causes fall into two great sections, each possessing independent local legislatures and centres of political opinion and influence, there will in the lapse of time unavoidably be action and reaction of word and deed. Violence of speech or of act on the one side, will unavoidably produce violence of speech and act on the other. Each new grievance is alternately cause and effect; and if, before resorting to healing counsels, we are determined to run over the dreary catalogue, to see who was earliest or who has been most to blame, we engage in a controversy in which there is no arbiter, and of which there can be no solution.

But, without reviving the angry or sorrowful memories of the past, let me, in all friendliness, ask the question, What has either section to gain by a dissolution of the Union, with reference to that terrible question which threatens to destroy it? I ask patriotic men in both sections to run over in their minds the causes of complaint which they have, or think they have, in the existing state of things, and then ask themselves dispassionately whether any thing is to be gained, any thing to be hoped, by pushing the present alienation to that fatal

bourne, from which, as from death, there is no return? Will the South gain any greater stability for her social system, — any larger entrance into the vacant public territories? Will the North have effected any one object, which by men of any shade of opinion, extreme or moderate, is deemed desirable; on the contrary, will not every evil she desires to remedy be confirmed and aggravated? If this view of the subject be correct, what can be more unwise, what more suicidal, than to allow these deplorable dissensions to result in a Revolution, which will leave the two great sections of the country in a worse condition than it finds them, with reference to the very objects for which they allow themselves to be impelled to the dreadful consummation?

But I shall be told, perhaps, that all this is imaginary; that the alarm at the South is a factitious or rather a groundless panic, for which there is no substantial cause, — fit subject for ridicule rather than serious anxiety. But I see no signs of panic in Virginia, except for a few hours at Harper's Ferry, where, in the confusion of the first surprise, and in profound ignorance of the extent of the danger, the community was for a short time paralyzed. I am not sure that a town of four or five hundred families in this region, invaded at midnight by a resolute band of twenty men, entering the houses of influential citizens, and hurrying them from their beds to a stronghold, previously occupied, and there holding them as hostages — I am not sure, sir, that an equal panic would not be created till the extent of the danger was measured. Besides, sir, if the panic had been much more extensive than it was, the panics of great and brave communities are no trifles. Burke said he could not frame an indictment against a whole people; it seems to me equally in bad taste, at least, to try to point a sneer at a State like Virginia. The French are reputed a gallant and warlike people; but the letters from the late seat of war tell us, that even after the great victory of Solferino, a handful of Austrians, straggling

into a village, put a corps of the French army — thousands strong — to flight. A hundred and fifty men overturned the French monarchy, on the occasion to which I have already alluded, in 1848. When the circumstances of the case are taken into consideration, I suspect it will be agreed that any other community in the country, similarly situated, would have been affected in the same way. A conflict of such an unprecedented character, in which twelve or fourteen persons on the two sides were shot down, in the course of a few hours, appears to me an event at which levity ought to stand rebuked, and a solemn chill to fall upon every right-thinking man.

I fear, Sir, from the tone of some of the public journals, that we have not made this case our own. Suppose a party of desperate, misguided men, under a resolved and fearless leader, had been organized in Virginia, to come and establish themselves by stealth in Springfield in this State, intending there, after possessing themselves, at the unguarded hour of midnight, of the National Armory, to take advantage of some local cause of disaffection, say the feud between Protestants and Catholics, — which led to a very deplorable occurrence in this vicinity a few years ago, — to stir up a social revolution; that pikes and rifles to arm twenty-five hundred men had been procured by funds raised by extensive subscriptions throughout the South; that at the dead of a Sunday night the work of destruction had begun, by shooting down an unarmed man, who had refused to join the invading force; that citizens of the first standing were seized and imprisoned, — three or four others killed; and when, on the entire failure of the conspiracy, its leader had been tried, — ably defended by counsel from his own part of the country, convicted and executed, that throughout Virginia, which sent him forth on his fatal errand, and the South generally, funeral bells should be tolled, meetings of sympathy held, as at the death of some great public benefactor, and the person who had plotted to

put a pike or a rifle in the hands of twenty-five hundred men, to be used against their fellows, inhabitants of the same town, inmates of the same houses, with an ulterior intention and purpose of wrapping the whole community in a civil war of the deadliest and bloodiest type, in which a man's foe should be those of his own household; suppose, I say, that the person who planned and plotted this, and with his own hand, or that of his associates acting by his command, had taken the lives of several fellow-beings, should be extolled, canonized, placed on a level with the great heroes of humanity, nay, assimilated to the Saviour of mankind; and all this not the effect of a solitary, individual impulse, but the ripe fruit of a systematic agitation pursued in the South, unrebuked, for years! What, Sir, should we feel, think, say, under such a state of things? Should we weigh every phrase of indignant remonstrance with critical accuracy, and divide our murmurs with nice discrimination among those whom we might believe, however unjustly, to be directly or indirectly concerned in the murderous aggression?

Mr. Chairman, those who look upon the existing excitement at the South as factitious or extravagant, have, I fear, formed a very inadequate idea of the nature of such an attempt as that which was made at Harper's Ferry was intended to be, and would have been, had it proved successful. It is to want of reflection on this point that we must ascribe the fact, that any civilized man in his right mind, and still more any man of intelligence and moral discernment, in other respects, can be found to approve and sympathize with it. I am sure if such persons will bring home to their minds, in any distinct conception, the real nature of the undertaking, they would be themselves amazed that they had ever given it their sympathy. It appears from his own statements and those of his deluded associates, of his biographer, and of his wretched wife, that the unhappy man who has just paid the forfeit of his life, had for years meditated a general insurrec-

tion in the Southern States; that he thought the time had now come to effect it; that the slaves were ready to rise, and the non-slaveholding whites to join them; and both united were prepared to form a new Commonwealth, of which the constitution was organized, and the officers chosen. With this wild, but thoroughly matured plan, he provides weapons for those on whose rising he calculated at Harper's Ferry; he seizes the National Arsenal, where there was a supply of arms for a hundred thousand men; and he intended, if unable to maintain himself at once in the open country, to retreat to the mountains, and from their fastnesses, harass, paralyze, and at length revolutionize the South. To talk of the pikes and rifles not being intended for offensive purposes, is simply absurd. The first act almost of the party was to shoot down a free colored man, whom they were attempting to impress, and who fled from them. One might as well say that the rifled ordnance of Louis Napoleon was intended only for self-defence, not to be used unless the Austrians should undertake to arrest his march.

No, sir, it was an attempt to do on a vast scale what was done in St. Domingo in 1791, where the colored population was about equal to that of Virginia; and if any one would form a distinct idea what such an operation is, let him see it — not as a matter of vague conception — a crude project — in the mind of a heated fanatic, but as it stands in the sober pages of history, which record the revolt in that Island; the midnight burnings, the wholesale massacres, the merciless tortures, the abominations not to be named by Christian lips in the hearing of Christian ears, — some of which, too unutterably atrocious for the English language, are of necessity veiled in the obscurity of the Latin tongue. Allow me to read you a few sentences which can be read from the historian of these events:

“In the town itself, the general belief for some time was, that the revolt was by no means an extensive one, but a sudden and partial

insurrection only. The largest sugar plantation on the plain was that of Mons. Gallifet, situated about eight miles from the town, the negroes belonging to which had always been treated with such kindness and liberality, and possessed so many advantages, that it became a proverbial expression among the lower white people, in speaking of any man's good fortune, to say, *Il est heureux comme un negre de Gallifet*, (He is happy as one of M. Gallifet's negroes.) M. Odeluc, an attorney, or agent, for this plantation, was a member of the General Assembly, and being fully persuaded that the negroes belonging to it would remain firm in their obedience, determined to repair thither to encourage them in opposing the insurgents; to which end he desired the assistance of a few soldiers from the town guard, which was granted him. He proceeded accordingly, but on approaching the estate, to his surprise and grief, he found all the negroes in arms on the side of the rebels, and (horrid to tell) *their standard was the body of a white infant, which they had recently impaled on a stake!* Mr. Odeluc had advanced too far to retreat undiscovered, and both he and a friend who had accompanied him, with most of the soldiers, were killed without mercy. Two or three only of the patrol escaped by flight, and conveyed the dreadful tidings to the inhabitants of the town.

"By this time, all or most of the white persons who had been found on the several plantations, being massacred or forced to seek their safety in flight, the ruffians exchanged the sword for the torch. The buildings and cane-fields were every where set on fire; and the conflagrations, which were visible from the town, in a thousand different quarters, furnished a prospect more shocking, and reflections more dismal, than fancy can paint, or the powers of man describe."

Such, sir, as a matter of history, is a servile insurrection. Now let us cast a glance at the state of things in the Southern States, co-members as they are with us in this great republican confederacy. Let us consider over what sort of a population it is, that some persons among us think it not only right and commendable, but in the highest degree heroic, saint-like, god-like, to extend the awful calamity, which turned St. Domingo into a heap of bloody ashes in 1791. There are between three and four millions of the colored race scattered through the Southern and Southwestern States, in small groups, in cities, towns, villages, and in larger bodies

on isolated plantations; in the house, the factory, and the field; mingled together with the dominant race in the various pursuits of life; the latter amounting in the aggregate to eight or nine millions, if I rightly recollect the numbers. Upon this community, thus composed, it was the design of Brown to let loose the hell-hounds of a servile insurrection, and to bring on a struggle which for magnitude, atrocity, and horror, would have stood alone in the history of the world. And these eight or nine millions, against whom this frightful war was levied, are our fellow-citizens, entitled with us to the protection of that compact of government which recognizes their relation to the colored race, — a compact which every sworn officer of the Union or of the States is bound by his oath to support! Among them, sir, is a fair proportion of men and women of education and culture, — of moral and religious lives and characters, — virtuous fathers, mothers, sons and daughters, persons who would adorn any station of society, in any country, — men who read the same Bible that we do, and in the name of the same Master, kneel at the throne of the same God, — forming a class of men from which have gone forth some of the greatest and purest characters which adorn our history, — Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Marshall, in the single State of Virginia, against which the first blow has been struck. These are the men, the women, for whose bosoms pikes and rifles are manufactured in New England, to be placed in the hands of an ignorant subject race, supposed, most wrongfully, as recent events have shown, to be waiting only for an opportunity to use them!

Sir, I have on three or four different occasions in early life, and more recently, visited all the Southern and Southwestern States, with the exception of Arkansas and Alabama. I have enjoyed the hospitality of the city and the country; and I have had the privilege, before crowded and favoring audiences, to hold up the character of the Father of his Country, and to inculcate the blessings of the Union, in the same

precise terms in which I have done it here at home, and in the other portions of the land. I have been admitted to the confidence of the domestic circle, and I have seen there touching manifestations of the kindest feelings, by which that circle, in all its members, high and low, master and servant, can be bound together; and when I contemplate the horrors that would have ensued had the tragedy on which the curtain rose at Harper's Ferry been acted out, through all its scenes of fire and sword, of lust and murder, of rapine and desolation, to the final catastrophe, I am filled with emotions to which no words can do justice. There could, of course, be but one result, and that well deserving the thoughtful meditation of those, if any such there be, who think that the welfare of the colored race could by any possibility be promoted by the success of such a movement, and who are willing to purchase that result by so costly a sacrifice. The colored population of St. Domingo amounted to but little short of half a million, while the whites amounted to only thirty thousand. The white population of the Southern States alone, in the aggregate, outnumbered the colored race in the ratio of two to one; in the Union at large, in the ratio of seven to one; and if (which Heaven avert) they should be brought into conflict, it could end only in the extermination of the latter, after scenes of woe for which language is too faint, and for which the liveliest fancy has no adequate images of horror.

Such being the case, some one may ask, Why does not the South fortify herself against the possible occurrence of such a catastrophe, by doing away with the one great source from which alone it can spring? This is a question easily asked, and I am not aware that it is our duty at the North to answer it; but it may be observed that great and radical changes in the framework of society, involving the relations of twelve millions of men, will not wait on the bidding of an impatient philanthropy. They can only be brought about in the lapse of time, by the steady operation of physical, economical, and

moral causes. Have those who rebuke the South for the continuance of Slavery considered that neither the present generation nor the preceding one is responsible for its existence? The African slave trade was prohibited by Act of Congress fifty-one years ago, and many years earlier by the separate Southern States. The entire colored population, with the exception, perhaps, of a few hundred surreptitiously introduced, is native to the soil. Their ancestors were conveyed from Africa in the ships of Old England and New England. They now number between three and four millions. Has any person, of any party or opinion, proposed, in sober earnest, a practical method of wholesale emancipation? I believe most persons, in all parts of the country, are of opinion that free labor is steadily gaining ground. It would, in my judgment, have already prevailed in the two northern tiers of the Slaveholding States, had its advances not been unhappily retarded by the irritating agitations of the day. But has any person, whose opinion is entitled to the slightest respect, ever undertaken to sketch out the details of a plan for effecting the change at once, by any legislative measure that could be adopted? Consider only, I pray you, that it would be to ask the South to give up one thousand millions of property, which she holds by a title satisfactory to herself, as the first step. Then estimate the cost of an adequate outfit for the self-support of the emancipated millions; then reflect on the derangement of the entire industrial system of the South, and all the branches of commerce and manufactures that depend on its great staples; then the necessity of conferring equal political privileges on the emancipated race, who, being free, would be content with nothing less, if any thing less were consistent with our political system; then the consequent organization of two great political parties on the basis of color, and the eternal feud which would rage between them; and finally, the overflow into the Free States of a vast multitude of needy and helpless emigrants, who, being exclud-

ed from many of them, would prove doubly burdensome where they are admitted. Should *we*, sir, with all our sympathy for the colored race, (and I do sincerely sympathize with them, and to all whom chance throws in my way I have through life extended all the relief and assistance in my power,) give a very cordial reception to two or three hundred thousand destitute emancipated slaves? Does not every candid man see that every one of these steps presents difficulties of the most formidable character, — difficulties for which, as far as I know, no man and no party has proposed a solution?

And is it, sir, for the attainment of objects so manifestly impracticable, pursued, too, by the bloody pathways of treason and murder, that we will allow the stupendous evil which now threatens us to come upon the country? Shall we permit this curiously compacted body politic, the nicest adjustment of human wisdom, to go to pieces? Will we blast this beautiful symmetric form, paralyze this powerful arm of public strength, smite with imbecility this great National Intellect? Where, sir, O where will be the flag of the United States? Where our rapidly increasing influence in the family of nations? Already they are rejoicing in our divisions. The last foreign journal which I have read, in commenting upon the event at Harper's Ferry, dwells upon it as something that "will compel us to keep the peace with the powers of Europe;" and that means, to take the law from them in our international relations.

I meant to have spoken of the wreck of that magnificent and mutually beneficial commercial intercourse which now exists between the producing and manufacturing States; — of the hostile tariffs in time of peace, and the habitually recurring border wars, by which it will be annihilated. I meant to have said a word of the Navy of the United States, and the rich inheritance of its common glories. Shall we give up this? The memory of our Fathers — of those happy days when the men of the North and South stood together

for the country on hard-fought fields; when the South sent her Washington to Massachusetts, and New England sent her Greene to Carolina — is all this forgotten? “Is all the counsel that we two have shared;” all the joint labors to found this great Republic; — is this “all forgot?” and will we permit this last great experiment of Confederate Republicanism to become a proverb and a by-word to the Nations? No, fellow-citizens, no, a thousand times no! This glorious Union shall not perish! Precious legacy of our Fathers, it shall go down, honored and cherished, to our children! Generations unborn shall enjoy its privileges as we have done; and if we leave them poor in all besides, we will transmit to them the boundless wealth of its blessings!

Edward Everett.

THE IMPALED WHITE INFANT.

It is singular that a writer so familiar with the horrors of servile Revolutionary wars, as Mr. Everett unquestionably is, should not see that the more terrible the picture he may draw of insurrectionary atrocities, the more powerful becomes the argument why the *primal cause* of servile uprisings — that is, the existence of SLAVERY — should be every where without compromise, and immediately abolished. Leaving his argument, however, to commit suicide unmolested, it is due to the character of the negro race that his historical statements should be criticised. An editorial writer in the Boston *Daily Traveller* thus commented on the story of the Impaled White Infant:

“Mr. Everett, in his eloquent speech at the Faneuil Hall Union-saving meeting, drew a most powerful picture of the consequences of a slave insurrection, illustrating his point by citing the fact that, on a certain occasion, in St. Domingo, the Negroes had for their standard a white infant on a spear, they having previously impaled the child! The incident was an awful one, and serves to show how great an evil is Slavery, seeing that it could debase human beings to a condition in which it was possible to perpetrate so horrible a piece of utterly useless cruelty. It reminds us of an incident of the St. Bartholomew

massacre. A child of one of the murdered Protestants was taken up by one of the Catholic soldiers, and smiled on the soldier, and put one of its little hands out and stroked his long beard, which flowed far down over his breast, whereupon the soldier drove his dagger through the child's body, and carried it about on the weapon ! This was done, not by a suddenly liberated slave in Hayti, but by one of the followers of the Valois or the Guises in chivalrous France. There wasn't a 'nigger' in the whole lot, slayers or slain, that 'did' the St. Bartholomew. Had the Reformation never occurred, and had the French Protestants remained quiet, this incident never could have happened. Perhaps the reader may have heard of the massacre of the infants of Bethlehem, by order of Herod the Great, which order that monarch issued in the hope of involving the infant Saviour in the general massacre ; and if the Saviour had not been born at that time, the order would not have been issued. There wasn't a 'nigger' in that lot either, Herod being descended from Esau, while his victims were descended from Jacob, and the active murderers were mercenaries of European or Asiatic origin. It may be that the reader recollects the massacre of the Protestants in Savoy, when the Catholics, as Milton says in his 18th Sonnet, 'rolled mother with infant down the rocks.' There, too, we grieve to say, the 'nigger' kept himself most reprehensibly absent. Then there was the French Terror time, when infants were torn from their mothers' breasts, and thrown from pike to pike, in the hands, not of 'niggers' in Hayti, but of white men in the *plaisant pays de France*. The treatment of the Dauphin, a little boy, was inexpressibly shocking ; and it was the work of white men, who acted under the orders of persons of education and good social rank. The infant who was torn from its mother's breast, at which it was in the act of nursing at the moment, in order that that mother might be hanged up on Tyburn tree, was not torn away by black hands, the hellish deed being done when Mansfield was at the head of English law, and George the Third was king. When little children were killed at Delhi, and Cawnpore, and elsewhere, in 1857, there was not a 'nigger' concerned in the butcheries. The men who sold 'the tawny little prince' into tropical slavery, — King Philip's son, and grandson of that Massasoit who welcomed the Pilgrims to New England, and the last of that aboriginal royal race, — were our ancestors ; and Mr. Everett has depicted their conduct in words that will endure and be admired as long as humanity shall exist on earth. If we cast no stones until an innocent race shall be found, there will be as little of lapidation now as there was in Palestine, on a certain occasion, in the days of long ago."

A correspondent of the Boston *Daily Transcript* thus disposes of M. Gallifet's happy Negroes :

"Mr. Everett, in his speech at Faneuil Hall, Dec. 8th, requested leave to read a few sentences from the historian of the Revolution of St. Domingo. He read the following paragraph :

"The largest sugar plantation on the plain was M. Gallifet's, situated eight miles from the town, the Negroes belonging to which had always been treated with such kindness and liberality, and possessed so many advantages, that it became a proverbial

expression among the lower white people in speaking of any man's good fortune, to say, "*Il est heureux comme un negre de Gallifet*," (he is as happy as one of Gallifet's Negroes.)

"Mr. Everett then tells the story of the white infant on the stake. It appears to me that the orator could not have been more unhappy in his selection, and that he has wholly mistaken the true meaning of the phrase, '*Il est heureux comme un negre de Gallifet*.' The actual truth is, that the slaves of Gallifet were subjected to the most dreadful tortures. In order to force the largest amount of work from them, every species of cruelty was used, — whips, thumb-screws, racks, &c. I was told, in conversation last evening, by a lady who resided some time in St. Domingo, that she had visited the plantation of Gallifet. Her description of what she saw, was this :

"From the house a thick wall of stone ran for some distance. At intervals in this wall, dungeons of only sufficient size to admit the body of one human being, were constructed. They were partly underground, and in wet weather were partly filled with mud and water. In these dungeons, refractory or other slaves were placed, the front was then bricked up, and the wretched prisoners left to die of starvation. It was in summer when I was there, and of course the ground was dry. By stooping down and brushing away the grass, I was able to look into these dungeons. I reached my hand in, and took out parts of chains. The bodies of those who had been confined there had perished away, and nothing but the irons remained."

"It was in view of these terrible cruelties that the ironical saying arose. When any one wished to express the lowest condition that any one could attain, he said, '*Il est heureux comme un negre de Gallifet*,' *heureux* not being used in the sense of *happy*, but '*lucky*.' Mr. Everett's impaled infant does not look so horrible in this light.

"Again, Mr. Everett should have mentioned that on the very day when the insurrection broke out, the principal white inhabitants were assembled at Cap, in open rebellion against the government of France, and decided to offer the island to England. It was this which gave the Negroes the opportunity to rise. The whites were clearly responsible for the impaled infant. What caused the rebellion of the whites against the French government? When the French Revolution broke out, the free mulattoes supposed that they were to have equal representation with the whites. This the whites denied, and murdered with horrid cruelties Vincent Oge and his brother. The impaled infant again! This time the impaling was done by the whites to grown men. The cruelties inflicted on Vincent Oge interested many influential persons in Paris in the cause of the mulattoes. The Abbe Gregoire pleaded for them in the National Assembly, and on the 15th of March was passed the celebrated decree which gave the mulattoes the rights of French citizens, — of suffrage, and to seats in the parochial and colonial assemblies. Robespierre said, 'Perish the colonies, rather than sacrifice one iota of our principles.' The meeting of the whites to resist this just decree, gave the Negroes the opportunity to impale white infants as the whites had impaled grown mulattoes."

Mr. Charles K. Whipple, in a letter to the *Boston Atlas and Daily Bee*, after quoting the historical extract read by Mr. Everett, explains

the origin of the proverbial expression among the lower white people, in speaking of any man's good fortune :

"I wish, first, to inquire into some detail of the 'happy' condition of M. Gallifet's Negroes, and into the probable reasons why M. Odeluc, the agent of that worthy man, and the personal administrator of such 'happiness' as his Negroes enjoyed, '*desuied the assistance of a few soldiers from the town guard*' before he approached them. Fortunately, the means are at hand.

"I have before me a pamphlet of ninety-six pages, printed at Cape Henry, St. Domingo, in October, 1814, dedicated to King Henri I., (who is known to us only by his surname, Christophe,) and written by Baron De Vastey, entitled '*Le Systeme Colonial Devoile*,' (The Colonial System Unveiled.) It gives an account of the destruction of the original Haytiens, of the origin and horrors of the African Slave Trade, and of those frightful cruelties, systematically perpetrated under Slavery, which led to the massacre of the slaveholders. The writer understands the importance of giving details, and he specifies the names and the individual acts of some of those planters and agents who were most distinguished, at the time of the insurrection, for hideous and atrocious cruelty to their slaves. Strange to say, these dreadful narrations are made in sorrow, not in anger. Strange also, (to those who have depended on the honor and veracity of Mr. Everett,) the names of his chosen representatives of the humanity — let me be accurate, the '*kindness and liberality*' of slaveholders — Gallifet, the proprietor, and Odeluc, his agent, appear in this list, as follows :

"'Gallifet and Montalibor destroyed their unfortunate blacks by the most horrible sufferings, under the scourge, and in miry dungeons, where the victims perished, their bodies lying continually in water. Gallifet was accustomed to cut the lam stings of his slaves.

"'After the terrible *quatre piquet*, (the punishment called *the four stakes*, to be described hereafter) Odeluc, agent of Gallifet, caused brine to be poured upon the bleeding bodies of his victims, with Cayenne pepper, and other acrimonious substances.' — p. 44.

"After describing (p. 64) a variety of kinds of dungeons horribly adapted to inflict suffering, the writer continues :

"'Other dungeons were made in muddy places. (such were those of Gallifet, Montalibor, Milot, Latour Duroc, and almost upon all the residences of the great planters,) where the victims perished lying in water, by a cold and dampness which suppressed the circulation of the blood; besides these frightful dungeons, there were a thousand varied instruments of torture invented by the ferocity of the colonists, bars, enormous iron collars with projecting branches, thumb-screws, hand-cuffs, mufflers, iron masks, chains, &c. Ah, why, great God! was all this apparatus of death and agony reserved for innocent victims, who fell on their knees at the least sign? Finally, the terrible *quatre piquet*, which was always ready in the plantations, the towns and villages; the victim was fastened to it by the four limbs, the middle of the body being kept firm by a band which prevented him from moving; others extended the sufferer upon a ladder well supported by ropes, while two executioners, (relieved by two others when they were weary,) by lashes a hundred times repeated, lacerated and mangled the body of the wretched one.' — pp. 64, 65.

"The ruins of these frightful dungeons (which have been demolished by order of the government) still exist on these plantations; those who doubt can come and see them." — p. 64, note.

"We see now what must have been the meaning of the fearfully sarcastic proverbial expression, '*As happy as a slave of Gallifet!*'"

"Did Mr. Everett know the terrible significant facts which I have quoted, and the real meaning of the proverb in question? Who can tell? We know the extent of his knowledge, and the persevering industry with which he searches out facts, *when the facts are on his side*. But so much as this it is safe to say; even if Mr. Everett had read the pamphlet in question, and had uttered his praise of Gallifet and Odeluc with a full knowledge of the directly and frightfully antagonistic facts, — even then he would not have told a more deliberate and absolute lie than when he said, at the commencement of the above extract from his speech, that John Brown's enterprise '*was an attempt to do on a vast scale what was done in St. Domingo in 1791.*'"

II.

SERMON BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.*

THIS is a terrible message. It was God's word of old by the mouth of his prophet Jeremiah. The occasion of it was a sudden irruption upon Judah of victorious enemies. God sent the prophet to reveal the cause of this disaster. The prophet declared that God was punishing them because they were selfish, and unjust, and covetous, and because the whole Church was whelmed, with its ministry, in the same sins. These mischiefs had been glossed over, and excused, and palliated, and hidden, and not healed. There had been a spirit that demanded union and quiet, rather than purity and safety. God, therefore, threatens further afflictions, because of the hardness of their hearts; and then, — for such always is the Divine lenity, — as it were, giving them another opportunity and alternative, he commands them to seek after God; to

* Preached at Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, on Sunday evening, October 30, 1859, from Jeremiah vi. 12-14:

"For I will stretch out my hand upon the inhabitants of the land, saith the Lord; for from the least of them even unto the greatest of them, every one is given to covetousness; and from the prophet even unto the priest, every one dealeth falsely. They have healed also the hurt of the daughter of my people slightly, saying, Peace, peace, when there is no peace. Were they ashamed when they had committed iniquity? nay, they were not at all ashamed, neither could they blush; therefore shall I visit them, at the time that I visit them, they shall be cast down, saith the Lord. Thus saith the Lord, Stand ye in the ways, and see, and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls. But they said, We will not walk therein. Also I set watchmen over you, saying, Hearken to the sound of the trumpet. But they said, We will not hearken. Therefore hear ye nations, and know, O congregation, what is among them. Hear, O earth; behold, I will bring evil upon this people, even the fruit of their thoughts, because they have not hearkened unto my words, nor to my law, but rejected it."

look for A BETTER WAY; to stand and search for the old way, the right way, and to walk in it!

I need not stop to point out the remarkable pertinence which these things have, in many respects, to our nation in the past, and to our times in the present. I avail myself, this evening, after a long silence upon this subject, in your midst, of the state of the public mind, to utter some words of instruction on the present state of our land.

The surprise of the whole nation, at a recent event, is itself the best evidence of the isolation of that event. A burning fragment struck the earth near Harper's Ferry. If the fragment of an exploding aerolite had fallen down out of the air, while the meteor swept on, it would not have been more sudden, or less apparently connected either with a cause or an effect!

Seventeen men, white men, without a military base, without supplies, without artillery, without organization more than a squad of militia, attacked a State, and undertook to release and lead away an enslaved race! They do not appear to have been called by the sufferers, nor to have been welcomed by them. They volunteered a grace, and sought to enforce its acceptance. Seventeen white men surrounded two thousand, and held them in duress. They barricaded themselves, and waited until the troops of two States, the employees of a great railway, and a portion of the forces of the Federal Government could, travelling briskly night and day, reach them. Then, at one dash, they were snuffed out!

I do not wonder that Virginians feel a great deal of mortification! Every body is sympathetically ashamed for them! It is quite natural that every effort should be made to enlarge the proportions of this escapade, that they may hide their weakness and incompetency behind a smartly upblown horror! No one doubts the bravery of Virginians. It needs no praising. But even brave men have panics. Courage is sometimes caught at unawares. Certainly, it strikes us, at a

distance, as a remarkable thing, that prisoners three to one more than their captors, and two thousand citizens, should have remained days and nights under the fear and control of seventeen white men. Northern courage has been at a discount in the South hitherto. It ought hereafter to rise in value — at least in Virginia.

The diligence which is now shown, on the part of many public presses, to inflame the public mind, and infect it with fear, is quite foolish. The inoculation will not take. The North may not be courageous, but it certainly is not silly. There is an element of the ludicrous in this transaction which I think will effectually stop all panic.

Seventeen men terrified two thousand brave Virginians into two days' submission — *that* cannot be got over! The common sense of common people will not fail to see through all attempts to hide a natural shame by a bungling make-believe that the danger was really greater than it was! The danger was nothing, and the fear very great, and the courage none at all. And nothing can now change the facts! All the newspapers on earth will not make this case appear any better. Do what you please; muster a crowd of supposed confederates, call the roll of conspirators, and include the noblest men in these States, and exhibit this imaginary army before the people, and in the end it will appear that seventeen white men overawed a town of two thousand brave Virginians, and held them captives until the sun had gone, laughing, twice round the globe!

And the attempt to hide the fear of these surrounded men by awaking a larger fear, will never do. It is too literal a fulfilment, not exactly of Prophecy, but of Fable — not of Isaiah, but *Æsop*.

A fox, having been caught in a trap, escaped with the loss of his tail. He immediately went to his brother foxes to persuade them that they would all look better if they, too, would cut off their caudal appendages. They declined. And our

two thousand friends, who lost their courage in the presence of seventeen men, are now making an appeal to this nation to lose its courage too, that the cowardice of the few may be hidden in the cowardice of the whole community! It is impossible. We choose to wear our courage for some time longer.

As I shall not recur to this epic in Virginia history again to-night, I must say a word in respect to the head and heart of it. For it all stood in the courage of one man.

An old man, kind at heart, industrious, peaceful, went forth, with a large family of children, to seek a new home in Kansas. That infant colony held thousands of souls as noble as liberty ever inspired or religion enriched. A great scowling Slave State, its nearest neighbor, sought to tread down this liberty-loving colony, and to dragoon Slavery into it by force of arms. The armed citizens of another State crossed the State lines, destroyed the freedom of the ballot-box, prevented a fair expression of public sentiment, corruptly usurped law-making power, and ordained by fraud laws as infamous as the sun ever saw, assaulted its infant settlement with armed hordes, ravaged the fields, destroyed harvests and herds, and carried death to a multitude of cabins. The United States Government had no marines for this occasion! No Federal troops were posted by cars, night and day, for the poor, the weak, the grossly-wronged men in Kansas. There was an army there that unfurled the banner of the Union, but it was on the side of the wrong doers, not on the side of the injured.

It was in this field that Brown received his impulse. A tender father, whose life was in his sons' life, he saw his first-born seized like a felon, chained, driven across the country, crazed by suffering and heat, beaten by the officer in charge, like a dog, and long lying at death's door. Another noble boy, without warning, without offence, unarmed, in open day, in the midst of the city, was shot dead! No justice sought out the murderers. No United States Attorney was de-

spatched in hot haste. No marines or soldiers aided the wronged and weak!

The shot that struck the child's heart, crazed the father's brain. Revolving his wrongs, and nursing his hatred of that deadly system that breeds such contempt of justice and humanity, at length his phantoms assume a slender form, and organize such an enterprise as one might expect from a man whom grief had bereft of good judgment. He goes to the heart of a Slave State. One man — and sixteen followers! he seizes two thousand brave Virginians and holds them in duress.

When a great State attacked a handful of weak colonists the government and nation were torpid, but when seventeen men attacked a sovereign State, then Maryland arms, and Virginia arms, and the United States Government arms, and they three rush against seventeen men!

Travellers tell us that the Geysers of Iceland — those singular boiling springs of the North — may be transported with fury by plucking up a handful of grass or turf and throwing them into the springs. The hot springs of Virginia are of the same kind! A handful of men was thrown into them, and what a boiling there has been!

But, meanwhile, no one can fail to see that this poor, child-bereft old man is the manliest of them all. Bold, unflinching, honest, without deceit or dodge, refusing to take technical advantages of any sort, but openly avowing his principles and motives, glorying in them in danger and death, as much as when in security — that wounded old father is the most remarkable figure in this whole drama. The governor, the officers of the State, and all the attorneys are pygmies compared to him.

I deplore his misfortunes. I sympathize with his sorrows. I mourn the hiding or obscuration of his reason. I disapprove of his mad and feeble schemes. I shrink from the folly of the bloody foray, and I shrink, likewise, from all anticipations

of that judicial bloodshed which, doubtless, ere long, will follow, — for when was cowardice ever magnanimous. If they kill the man it will not be so much for treason as for the disclosure of their cowardice.

Let no man pray that Brown be spared. Let Virginia make him a martyr. Now, he has only blundered. His soul was noble; his work miserable. But a cord and a gibbet would redeem all that, and round up Brown's failure with a heroic success.

One word more, and that is as to the insecurity of those States that carry powder as their chief cargo. Do you suppose that if tidings had come to New York that the United States Armory in Springfield had been seized by seventeen men, New Haven, and Hartford, and Stamford, and Worcester, and New York, and Boston, and Albany, would have been thrown into a fever and panic in consequence of the event? We scarcely should have read the papers to see what became of it! We should have thought that it was a matter which the Springfield people could manage. The thought of danger would not have entered into our heads. There would not have been any danger. But in a State where there is such inflammable stuff as Slavery, there *is* danger, and the people of the South know it; and they cannot help it. I do not blame them so much for being afraid; there is cause for fear where they have such a population as they have down at the bottom of society. But what must be the nature of State and domestic institutions which keep brave men at the point of fear all their life long?

I do not propose, at this time, to express my opinion upon the general subject of Slavery. I have elsewhere, and often, deliberately uttered my testimony. Reflection and experience only confirm my judgment of its immeasurable evils. It is double-edged evil, that cuts both ways, wounding master and slave; a pest to good morals; a consumption of the industrial virtues; a burden upon society, in its commercial and whole

economic arrangements ; a political anomaly, a nuisance, and a cause of inevitable degradation in religious ideas, feelings, and institutions. All other causes of friction, put together, derived from the weakness or the wickedness of men, are not half so mischievous to our land as is this gigantic evil.

But it exists in our land, with a broad spread, and a long-continued hold. The extent of our duties towards the slave and towards the master, is another and separate question. Our views upon the nature of Slavery may be right, and our views of our duty towards it may be wrong. At this time it is peculiarly necessary that all good men should be divinely led to act with prudence and efficient wisdom.

Because it is a great sin, because it is a national curse, it does not follow that we have a right to say any thing or do any thing that we may happen to please. We certainly have no right to attack it in any manner that will gratify men's fancies or passions. It is computed that there are four million colored slaves in our nation. These dwell in fifteen different Southern States, with a population of ten million whites. These sovereign States are united to us, not by any federal ligaments, but by vital interests, by a common national life. And the question of duty is not simply what is duty towards the blacks, not what is duty towards the whites, but what is duty to each, and to both united. I am bound by the great law of love to consider my duties towards the slave, and I am bound by the great law of love also to consider my duties towards the white man who is his master ! Both are to be treated with Christian wisdom and forbearance. We must seek to benefit the slave as much as the white man, and the white man as really as the slave. We must keep in mind the interest of every part — of the slaves themselves, of the white population, and of the whole brotherhood of States, federated into national life. And while the principles of liberty and justice are one and the same, always and every where, the wisest method of conferring upon man the benefit of lib-

erty and justice, demands great consideration, according to circumstances.

How to *apply* an acknowledged principle in practical life, is a task more difficult than the defence of the principle. It is harder to define what would be just in certain emergencies, than to establish the duty, claims, and authority of justice.

Can any light be thrown upon this difficult path? Some light may be shed; but the difficulties of duty can never be removed except by the performance of duty. But, some things may be known beforehand, and guide to practical solutions.

I shall proceed to show The Wrong Way and The Right Way.

1. First, we have no right to treat the citizens of the South with *acrimony* and *bitterness*, because they are involved in a system of wrong-doing. Wrong is to be exposed. But the *spirit* of rebuke may be as wicked before God, as the spirit of the evil rebuked. Simplicity and firmness in truth are more powerful than any vehement bitterness. Speaking the truth in love, is the Apostle's prescription. Some men so love that they will not speak painful truth, and some men utter truths so bitterly as to destroy love; and both are evil-doers. A malignant speech of Slavery will not do any good; and, most of all, it will not do those any good who most excite our sympathy — the children of bondage. If we hope to ameliorate the condition of the slave, the first step must not be taken by setting the master against him. We may be sure that God will not employ mere wrath for wisdom; and that he will raise up and send forth, when his day comes, fearless men, who shall speak the truth for justice, in the spirit of love. Therefore, it is a matter, not merely of political and secular wisdom, but of Christian conscience, that those that have at heart the welfare of the enslaved should maintain a Christian spirit. This can be done without giving up one word of truth, or one principle of righteousness. A man may

be fearless and plain spoken, and yet give evidence of being sympathetic, and kind-hearted, and loving.

2. The breeding of discontent among the bondmen of our land, is not the way to help them. Whatever gloomy thoughts the slave's own mind may brood, *we* are not to carry disquiet to him from without.

If I could have my way, every man on the globe should be a free man, and at once. But as they cannot be, will not be, for ages, is it best that bitter discontent should be inspired in them, or Christian quietness and patient waiting? If restlessness would bring freedom, they should never rest. But I firmly believe that moral goodness in the slave is the harbinger of liberty. The influence of national freedom will gradually reach the enslaved. It will hereby inspire that restlessness which precedes development. Germination is the most silent, but most disturbing of all natural processes. Slaves are bound to feel the universal summer of civilization. In this way they must come to restless yearnings. We cannot help that, and would not if we could. It is God's sign that spring has come to them. The soul is coming up. There must be room for it to grow. But this is a very different thing from surly discontent, stirred up from without, and left to rankle in their unenlightened natures.

The time is rapidly coming when the Southern Christian will feel a new inspiration. We are not far removed from a revival of the doctrines of Christian manhood, and the divine right of men. When this pentecost comes, the slaves will be stirred by their own masters. We must work upon the master. Make him discontented with slavery, and he will speedily take care of the rest. Before this time comes, any attempt to excite discontent among the slaves will work mischief to *them*, and not good. And my experience — and I have had some experience in this matter — is, that men who tamper with slaves and incite them, are not themselves to be trusted. They are not honest men, unless they

are fanatical. If they have their reason, they usually have lost their conscience. I never will trust such men with money, nor place any confidence in them whatsoever. I do not know why it is so, but my experience has taught me that men who do such things are crafty, and come forth from such tampering unreliable men. Conspirators, the world over, are bad men. And if I were in the South — and I think I have the reputation there of being a tolerably stout abolitionist — I should, not from fear of the master, but from the most deliberate sense of the injurious effects of it to the slave, never by word, nor sign, nor act, do any thing to excite discontent among those that are in Slavery. The condition of the slave must be changed, but the change cannot go on in one part of the community alone. There must be change in the law, change in the church, change in the upper classes, change in the middle classes, and in all classes. Emancipation when it comes, will come either by revolution, or by a change of public opinion in the *whole community*. No influences, then, are adequate to the relief of the slave, which are not of a proportion and power sufficient to modify the thought and the feeling of the whole community. The evil is not partial. It cannot be cured by partial remedies. Our plans must include a universal change in policy, feeling, purpose, theory, and practice, in the nation. The application of simple remedies to single spots, in this great body of diseases, will serve to produce a useless irritation; it will merely fester the hand, but not cure the whole body.

3. No relief will be carried to the slaves of the South, as a body, by any individual or organized plans to carry them off, or to incite them to abscond.

The more enlightened and liberty-loving among the Southern slaves, bear too much of their masters' blood not to avail themselves of any opening to escape. It is their right — it will be their practice. Free locomotion is an incident to slave property which the master must put up with, Nimble

legs are much used in providence to temper the severity of Slavery. If, therefore, an enslaved man, acting from the yearnings of his own heart, desires to run away, who shall forbid him? In all the earth, wherever a human being is held in bondage, he has a right to slough his burden and break his yoke if he can. If he wishes liberty, and is willing to dare and suffer for it, let him! If by his manly courage he achieves it, he ought to have it. And I honor such a man!

Nay, if he has escaped and comes to me, I owe him shelter, succor, defence, and God-speed to a final safety. If there were as many laws as there are lines in the Fugitive Slave Law, and as many officers as there were lions in Daniel's lions' den, I would disregard every law, but God's, and help the fugitive! The officers might catch me, but not *him*, if I could help it. A man whose own heart has inspired liberty and courage sufficient to enable him to achieve what he desired, shall never come to my door and not be made as welcome as my own child. I will adopt him for God's sake, and for the sake of Christ, who broods over the weak and perishing. Nor am I singular in such feelings and purposes. Ten thousand men, even in the South, would feel and do the same. A man who would not help a fellow creature flying for his liberty, must be either a villain or a politician.

But all this is very different from stirring up discontent, and setting on men to escape by outside influence.

I stand on the outside of this great cordon of darkness, and every man that escapes from it, running for his life, shall have some help from me, if he comes forth of his own free accord; yet I am not the man to go in and incite slaves to run away, to send any other man to do it, to approve it, or to countenance it. I do not believe we have a right to carry into the system of slavery exterior discontent; and for this reason: *that it is not good for the slaves themselves*. It is short-sighted humanity, at best, and poor policy for both the

blacks and the whites. And I say again, I would not trust a man that would do it. It would injure the blacks chiefly and especially. How it would injure them will appear when I come to speak positively of what is the right way to promote the liberty of the enslaved. I may say here, however, that the higher a man is raised in the scale of being, the harder it will be to hold him in bondage and to sell him; while the more he is like an animal, the easier it will be to hold him in thrall and harness. The more you make slaveholders feel that when they oppress and sell a man, they are oppressing and selling God's image, the harder it will be for them to continue to enslave and traffic in human beings. Therefore, whatever you do to inspire in the slave high, and noble, and godlike feelings, tends to loosen his chains; and whatever shall inspire in him base, low, and cruel feelings, tightens them.

Running away is all fair for single cases. It is God's remedy for all cases of special hardship. It is the natural right of any slave who is of a manhood enough to resent even tolerant bondage. But we are not speaking of the remedy for individuals, but the remedy for the whole system. Four million men cannot run away until God sends ten Egyptian plagues to help them. And those who go among the slaves to stir up such a disposition, will help the hundreds at the expense of the millions. Those left behind will be demoralized, and becoming less trustworthy, will grow sullen under increased severity and vigilance.

4. Still less would we tolerate any thing like insurrection and servile war. It would be the most cruel, hopeless, and desperate of all conceivable follies, to seek emancipation by the sword and by blood. And though I love liberty as my own life; though I long for it in every human being; though, if God by unequivocal providences, should ordain that it should come again as of old, through terrible plagues on the first born, and by other terrors of ill, I should submit to the

Divine behest ; yet, so far as human instrumentation is concerned, with all the conscience of a man, with all the faith of a Christian, and with all the zeal and warmth of a philanthropist, I protest against any counsels that lead to insurrection, servile war, and bloodshed. It is bad for the master — bad for the slave — bad for all that are neighbors to them — bad for the whole land — bad from beginning to end ! An evil so unminded and malignant, that its origin can scarcely be doubted.

I believe, however, in the right of a people to assert and achieve their liberty. The right of a race or nation to seize their freedom is not to be disputed. It belongs to all men on the face of the globe, without regard to complexion. A people have the right to change their rulers, their government, their whole political condition. This right is not either granted or limited in the New Testament. It is left, as is air, water, and existence itself, as things not requiring command or legislation. But according to God's word, so long as a man remains a servant, he must obey his master. The right of the slave to throw off the control of his master is not abrogated. The right of the subject to do this is neither defined nor limited.

But the *use* of this right must conform to reason and to benefit. The *leaders* of a people have no right to whelm their helpless followers into terrible disaster by inciting them to rebel, under circumstances that afford not the slightest hope that their rebellion will rise to the dignity of a successful revolution.

The nations of Italy are showing great wisdom and fitness in their leaders for their work, in this very thing, that they are quelling fretful and irregular outbreaks, and holding the people steadfast till success shall surely crown uprising revolution. This has been the eminent wisdom of that Hungarian exile — Kossuth.

In spite of all that is written and said against this noble

man, I stand to my first full faith in him. The uncrowned hero is the noblest man, after all, in Europe! And his statesmanship has been shown in this: that his burning sense of the right of his people to be free, has not led him to incite them to premature, partial, and easily over-matched revolt. A man may give his own life rather than abide in servitude, but he has no right to lead a whole people to slaughter, without the strongest probabilities of success.

If nations were all armed men, it would be different. Soldiers can die. But a nation is made up of other materials besides armed men;—it is made up of women, and children, and youth. These are to be considered—not merely men of muscle, and knuckle, and bone. And a man that leads a people, has no right to incite that people to rise, unless there is a reasonable prospect that they will conquer.

Now, if the Africans in our land were intelligent; if they understood themselves; if they had self-governing power; if they were able first to throw off the yoke of laws and constitutions, and afterwards to defend and build themselves up in a civil state; then they would have just the same right to assume their independence that any nation has.

But does any man believe that this is the case? Does any man believe that this vast horde of undisciplined Africans, if set free, would have cohesive power enough to organize themselves into a government, and maintain their independence? If there be men who believe this, I am not among them. I certainly think that even slaves would be made immeasurably better by liberty; but I do not believe they would be made better by liberty gained by insurrection or rebellion. A regulated liberty—a liberty possessed with the consent of their masters; a liberty under the laws and institutions of the country; a liberty which should make them common beneficiaries of those institutions and principles which make us wise and happy—such a liberty would be a great blessing to them. Freedom with law and government is a good, but without

them it is a mischief. And any thing that tends to incite among men a vague insurrectionary spirit, is a great and cruel wrong to them.

It, in view of the wrongs of Slavery, you say that you do not care for the master, but only the slave, I reply that you *should* care for both master and slave! If *you* do not care for the fate of the wrong-doing white man, *I* do care for the fate of the wrong-doing white man? But even though your sympathy were only for the slave, then for his sake you ought to set your face against, and discountenance, any thing like an insurrectionary spirit. Let us turn, then, from these specifications of THE WRONG WAY to some consideration relating to THE RIGHT WAY.

1. If we would benefit the African at the South, we must *begin at home*. This is, to some men, the most disagreeable part of the doctrine of emancipation. It is very easy to labor for the emancipation of beings a thousand miles off; but when it comes to the practical application of justice and humanity to those about us, it is not so easy. The truths of God respecting the rights and dignities of men, are just as important to free colored men as to enslaved colored men. It may seem strange for me to say that the lever with which to lift the load of Georgia is in New York; but it is so. I do not believe the whole free North can tolerate grinding injustice towards the poor, and inhumanity towards the laboring classes, without exerting an influence unfavorable to justice and humanity in the South.

No one can fail to see the inconsistency between our treatment of those amongst us who are in the lower walks of life, and our professions of sympathy for the Southern slaves. How are the free colored people treated at the North? They are almost without education, with but little sympathy for ignorance. They are refused the common rights of citizenship which the whites enjoy. They cannot even ride in the cars of our city railroads. They are snuffed at in the

house of God, or tolerated with ill-disguised disgust. Can the black man be a mason in New York? Let him be employed as a journeyman, and every Irish lover of liberty that carries the hod or trowel would leave at once, or compel him to leave! Can the black man be a carpenter? There is scarcely a carpenter's shop in New York in which a journeyman would continue to work, if a black man was employed in it. Can the black man engage in the common industries of life? There is scarcely one in which he can engage. He is crowded down, down, down, through the most menial callings, to the bottom of society.

We tax them, and then refuse to allow their children to go to our public schools. We tax them, and then refuse to sit by them in God's house. We heap upon them moral obloquy more atrocious than that which the master heaps upon the slave. And notwithstanding all this, we lift ourselves up to talk to the Southern people about the rights and liberties of the human soul, and especially the African soul! It is true that Slavery is cruel. But it is not at all certain that there is not more love to the race in the South than in the North. They love their property. We do not own them, so we do not love them at all. The prejudice of the whites against color is so strong that they cannot endure to ride or sit with a black man, so long as they do not *own* him. As a neighbor, they are not to be tolerated; but as property, they are most tolerable in the house, the church, the carriage, the couch! The African *owned*, may dwell in America; but *unowned*, he must be expatriated; emancipation must be jackal to colonization. The choice given to the African is *plantation* or *colonization*. Our Christian public sentiment is a pendulum swinging between *owning* or *exporting* the poor in our midst.

Whenever we are prepared to show towards the lowest, the poorest, and the most despised, an unaffected kindness, such as led Christ, though the Lord of glory, to lay aside his dignities, and take on himself the form of a servant, and to an

ignominious death, that he might rescue men from ignorance and bondage — whenever we are prepared to do such things as these, we may be sure that the example of the North will not be unfelt at the South. Every effort that is made in Brooklyn to establish schools and churches for the free colored people, and to encourage them to educate themselves and become independent, is a step towards emancipation in the South. The degradation of free colored men in the North will fortify Slavery in the South!

2. We must quicken all the springs of feeling in the Free States in behalf of human liberty, and create a public sentiment, based upon truth and true manhood. For if we act to any good purpose on the minds of the South, we must do it through a salutary and pure public sentiment in the North. When we have corrected our own practice, and set an example of the right spirit, then we shall have a position from which to exert a beneficial public influence on the minds of Southern slaveholders. For this there must be full and free discussion. Under our institutions, public opinion is the monarch, and free speech and debate form public opinion.

The air must be vital with the love of liberty. Liberty with us must be raised by religion from the selfishness of an instinct to the sanctity of a moral principle! We must love it for ourselves and demand it for others. Since Christ took man's nature human life has a Divine sanctity. We must inspire in the public mind a profound sense of the rights of men founded upon their relations to God. The glory of intelligence, refinement, genius, has nothing to do with men's rights. The rice slave, the Hottentot, are as much God's children as Humboldt or Chalmers. That they are in degradation only makes it more imperative upon us to secure to them the birthright which they in ignorance might sell for a mess of pottage.

These things must become familiar again to our pulpits. Our children must be taught to glow again in our schools

over the heroic ideals of liberty. Mothers must twine the first threads of their children's life with the golden threads of these divine truths, and the whole of life must be woven to the heavenly pattern of liberty !

What can the North do for the South, unless her own heart is purified and ennobled? When the love of Liberty is at so low an ebb that churches dread the sound, ministers shrink from the topic; when book publishers dare not publish or republish a word on the subject of Slavery, cut out every living word from school books, expurgate life-passages from Humboldt, Spurgeon, and all foreign authors or teachers; and when great religious publication societies, endowed for the very purpose of speaking fearlessly the truths which interest would let perish, pervert their trust, and are dumb, first and chiefly, and articulate only in things that thousands of others could publish as well as they,—what chance is there that *public sentiment*, in such a community, will have any power with the South?

But the end of these things is at hand. A nobler spirit is arising. New men, new hearts, new zeal, are coming forward, led on by all those signs and auspices that God fore-sends when he prepares the people to advance. This work, well begun, must not go back. It must grow, like spring, into summer. God will then give it an autumn — without a winter. And when such a public sentiment fills the North, founded upon religion, and filled with fearless love to both the bond and the free, it will work all over the continent, and nothing can be hid from the shining thereof.

3. By all the ways consistent with the fearless assertion of truth, we must maintain sympathy and kindness towards the South. We are brethren; and I pray that no fratricidal influences may be permitted to sunder this Union. There was a time when I thought the body of death would be too much for life, and that the North was in danger of taking disease from the South, rather than they our health. That time has

gone past. I do not believe that we shall be separated by their act or ours. We have an element of healing, which, if we are true to ourselves and our principles, and God is kind to us, shall drive itself farther and farther into the nation, until it penetrates and regenerates every part. When the whole lump shall have been leavened thereby, old prejudices will be done away, and new sympathies will be created.

I am for holding the heart of the North right up to the heart of the South. Every heart-beat will be, ere long, not a blow riveting oppression, but a throb carrying new health. Freedom in the North is stronger than Slavery in the South. We are yet to work for them, as the silent spring works for us. They are a lawful prey to love. I do not hesitate to tell the South what I mean by loving a Union with them. I mean Liberty. I mean the decay of Slavery, and its extinction. If I might speak for the North, I would say to the South, "We love you, and hate your Slavery. We shall leave no fraternal effort untried to deliver you, and ourselves with you, from the degradation, danger, and wickedness of this system." And for this we cling to the *Union*. There is health in it.

4. We are to leave no pains untaken, through the Christian conscience of the South, to give to the slave himself a higher moral status. I lay it down as an axiom, that whatever gives more manhood to the slave slackens the bonds that bind him, and that whatever lowers him in the scale of manhood, tightens those bonds. If you wish to work for the enfranchisement of the African, seek to make him a better man. Teach him to be an obedient servant, and an honest, true, Christian man. These virtues are God's step-stones to liberty. That man whom Christ first makes free, has a better chance to be civilly free than any other. To make a slave morose, fractious, disobedient, and unwilling to work, is the way to defer his emancipation. We do not ask the slave to be satisfied with Slavery. But, feeling its grievous burden, we ask him to endure it while he must, "as unto God and not unto man ;"

not because he does not love liberty, but because he does love Christ enough to show forth his spirit under grievous wrong. Poor slaves will never breed respect, sympathy, and emancipation. Truth, honor, fidelity, manhood, — these things in the slave will prepare him for freedom. It is the low animal condition of the African that enslaves him. It is moral enfranchisement that will break his bonds.

The Pauline treatment is the most direct road to liberty. No part of the wisdom of the New Testament seems to me more divinely wise than Paul's directions to those in Slavery. They are the food that servants need, now, at the South, every where, the world over! If I lived in the South, I should preach these things to slaves, while preaching on masters' duties to those who hold them. I should do it with a firm conviction that so I should advance the day of their liberty!

In order to labor the most effectually for the emancipation of the slaves, I would not need to say one word, except to preach Christ, and purity, and manhood, and to enjoin upon them faithfulness in every duty belonging to their state. I should be conscious that in doing this I was lifting them up higher and higher. I should feel that I was carrying them farther and farther toward their emancipation. There is no disagreement between the true spirit of emancipation and the enforcement of every single one of the precepts of the New Testament respecting servants.

5. The things which shall lead to emancipation are not so complicated or many as many people blindly think. A few virtues established, a few usages maintained, a few rights guaranteed to the slave, and the system is vitally wounded. The right of chastity in the woman, the unblemished household love, the right of parents in their children, — on these three elements stands the whole weight of society. Corrupt or enfeeble these, and there cannot be superincumbent strength. Withhold these rights from savage people, and

they can never be carried up. They are the integral elements of associated human life. We demand, and have a right to demand, of the Christian men of the South, that they shall revolutionize the moral condition of the slave in this regard.

I stand up in behalf of two million women who are without a voice, to declare that there ought to be found in Christianity, somewhere, an influence that shall protect their right to their own persons; and that their purity shall stand on some other ground than the caprice of their masters. I demand that the Christian Church, both North and South, shall bear a testimony in behalf of marriage among the slaves, which shall make it as inviolable as marriage among the whites. It is not to be denied that another code of morals prevails upon the plantation than that which prevails in the plantation house. So long as husband and wife are marriageable commodities, and to be sold apart, to form new connections, there can be no such thing as sanctity in wedlock.

Let it be known in New York that a man has two wives, and there is no church so feeble of conscience that they will not instantly eject him; and the civil law will instantly visit him with penalty. But the communicants of slave churches not only live with a second, while their first companion is yet alive, but with a third, and fourth; nor is it any disqualification for church membership. The Church and the State wink at it. It is a part of the commercial necessity of the system. If you *will* sell men, you must not be too nice about their moral virtues.

A *wedding*, among this unhappy people, is but a name — a mere form, to content their conscience, or their love of imitating their superiors. And every auctioneer in their community has the power to put asunder whom God has joined. And marriage is as movable as misfortune itself. The bankruptcy of their owner is the bankruptcy of the marriage relation, in half the slaves on his plantation.

Neither is there any Gospel that has been permitted to rebuke these things. There is no church that I have ever known in the South, that bears testimony against them. Neither will the churches in the North, as a body, take upon themselves the responsibility of bearing witness against them.

I go further: I declare that there must be a Christian public sentiment, which shall make the family inviolate. Men sometimes say, "It is rarely the case that families are separated." It is false! It is false! There is not a slave mart that does not bear testimony, ten thousand times over, against such an assertion. Children are bred like colts and calves, and are dispersed like them.

It is in vain to preach a Gospel to slaves that leaves out personal chastity in man and woman, or that leaves this purity subject to another's control! that leaves out the sanctity of the marriage state, and the unity and inviolability of the family. And yet no Gospel has borne such a testimony in favor of them, as to arouse the conscience of the South! If ministers will not preach liberty to the captive, they ought at least to preach the indispensable necessity of household virtue! If they will not call upon the masters to set their slaves free, they should at least proclaim a Christianity that protects woman, childhood, and household!

The moment a woman stands self-poised in her own purity; the moment man and woman are united together by bonds which cannot be sundered during their earthly life; the moment the right of parents to their children is recognized — that moment there will be a certain sanctity and protection of the Eternal and Divine government resting upon father, and mother, and children; and Slavery will have had its death-blow struck! You cannot make Slavery profitable after these three conditions are secured; the moment you make slaves serfs they become a difficult legal tender, and are uncurrent in the market; and families are so cumbrous, so difficult to support, so

expensive that owners are compelled, from reasons of pecuniary interest, to drop the system.

Therefore, if you will only disseminate the truths of the Gospel; if, getting timid priests out of the way, and lying societies, whose cowardice slanders the Gospel which they pretend to diffuse, you bring a whole solar flood of revelation to bear upon the virtues and practical morals of the slave, you will begin to administer a remedy which will inevitably heal the evil, if God designs to cure it by moral means.

6. Among the means to be employed for promoting the liberty of the Slave, we must not fail to include the power of true Christian prayer. When Slavery shall cease, it will be by such instruments and influences as shall exhibit God's hand and heart in the work. Its downfall will have been achieved so largely through natural causes, so largely through reasons as broad as nations, that it will be apparent to all men that God led on the emancipation; man being only one element among the many. Therefore, we have every encouragement to direct our prayers without ceasing to God that he will restrain the wrath of man, inspire men with wisdom, overrule all laws, and control the commerce of the globe, so that the poor may become rich, that the bond may become free, that the ignorant may become wise, that the master and slave may respect each other, and that, at length, we may be an evangelized and Christian people. May God, in his own way and time, speed the day!

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "H. W. Beecher". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned at the bottom of the page, below the main body of text. It features a prominent, sweeping flourish at the end.

"THAT John Brown was wrong, in his attempt to break up Slavery by violence, few will deny. But it was a wrong committed by a good man — by one who dreaded the vengeance of the Almighty and forgot His long-suffering. His errors were the result of want of patience and want of imagination, and he paid the penalty for them. He had faith in the divine ordering of the affairs of this world; but he forgot that the processes by which evils like that of Slavery are done away, are thousand-year old, — that, to be effectual, they must be slow, — that wrong is no remedy for wrong. He was an anachronism, and met the fate of all anachronisms that strive to stem and divert the present current, by modes which the world has outgrown."

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

III.

SPEECH OF CHARLES O'CONOR.*

MR. CHARLES O'CONOR was received with loud applause. He said:

Fellow-Citizens, I cannot express to you the delight which I experience in beholding in this great city so vast an assembly of my fellow-citizens, convened for the purpose stated in your resolutions. (Voices — "Louder! louder!")

It may be proper to say, gentlemen, that I cannot speak any louder than I do at this instant; and if it be not equal to your desires, I can only cease to employ my feeble voice. (Cries of "Go on! go on!") I am delighted, gentlemen, beyond measure, to behold at this time so vast an assembly of my fellow-citizens, responding to the call of a body so respectable as the twenty-thousand New Yorkers who have convened this meeting. If any thing can give assurance to those who doubt, and confidence to those who may have had misgivings as to the permanency of our institutions, and the solidity of the support which the people of the North are prepared to give them, it is that in the Queen City of the New World — the capital of North America — there is assembled a meeting so large, so respectable, and so unanimous as this meeting has shown itself to be in receiving sentiments, which, if observed, must protect our Union from destruction, and even from danger. (Applause.)

* Delivered at the Union Meeting held at the Academy of Music, New York, December, 19, 1859.

Gentlemen, is it not a subject of astonishment that the idea of danger, and the still more dreadful idea of dissolution, should be heard from the lips of an American citizen at this day, in reference to, or in connection with, the sacred name of this most sacred Union? (Applause.) Why, gentlemen, what is our Union? What are its antecedents? What is its present condition? If we ward off the evils which threaten it, what is its future hope to us and to the great family of mankind? Why, gentlemen, it may well be said of this Union, as a Government, that as it is Time's last offspring, so is it Time's most glorious and beneficent production. (Loud applause.)

Gentlemen, we were created by an Omniscient Being; we were created by a Being not only all-seeing and all-powerful, but all-wise; and yet in the benignity and the far-seeing wisdom of His power, He permitted the great family of mankind to live on, to advance, to improve step by step, five thousand years and upwards, before He laid the foundation of a truly free, a truly happy, a truly independent empire. It was not, gentlemen, until that great length of time had elapsed, that the earth was deemed mature for laying the foundation of this mighty and prosperous State. It was then that the inspired, the noble-minded, and chivalrous Genoese set forth upon the trackless ocean, and discovered the region we now enjoy. But a few years, comparatively, elapsed, when there was raised up in this blessed land a set of men whose like had never existed upon the face of this earth — men unequalled in their perception of the true principles of justice, in their comprehensive benevolence, in their capacity to lay, safely, justly, soundly, and with all the qualities which should insure permanency, the foundations of an empire. (Loud cheers.) It was in this country, in 1776, that was seen the first assembly of rational men, who ever proclaimed, in clear and undeniable form, the immutable principles of justice, and consecrated, I trust, to all time, in the face of tyrants, and in opposition to their power, the rights of nations, and the rights of men. (Applause.) Those patriots, as soon as the storm of war had passed away,

sat down and framed that instrument on which our Union rests — the Constitution of the United States of America. (Loud applause.) The question, gentlemen, now before us, is neither more nor less than simply this: whether that Constitution, consecrated by the blood shed in our glorious Revolution, consecrated by the signature of the most illustrious man who ever lived — George Washington — (applause) — whether that instrument, accepted by the wisest and best of that day, and accepted in Convention, one by one, in each and every State of this Union — that instrument from which so many blessings have flowed — whether that instrument was conceived in crime — is a chapter of abominations — (cries of "No, no!") — is a violation of justice — is a league between strong-handed but wicked-hearted white men, to oppress, impoverish, and plunder their fellow-creatures, contrary to rectitude, honor, and justice. (Loud applause.) That is the question, neither more nor less. We are told from pulpits; we are told upon the political rostrum; we are told in the legislative assemblies of our Northern States — not merely by single speakers, but by distinct resolutions of the whole body; we are told by gentlemen occupying seats in the Congress of the Union through the votes of Northern people, that the Constitution seeks to enshrine, to protect, to defend a monstrous crime against justice and humanity, and that it is our duty to defeat its provisions, to outwit them if we cannot otherwise get rid of their effect, and thereby to trample upon the privileges which it has declared shall be protected and insured to our brethren of the South. (Applause.) That is the doctrine now advocated, gentlemen; and I ask whether that doctrine, necessarily involving the destruction of our Union, shall be permitted to prevail as it has hitherto prevailed. (Applause.)

Gentlemen, I trust you will excuse me for deliberately coming up to and meeting this question; not seeking to captivate your fancies by a trick of words — not seeking to exalt your imaginations by declamation or any effort at eloquence — but

meeting this question gravely, sedately, and soberly, and asking you what is to be our course in relation to it.

Gentlemen, the Constitution guarantees to the people of the Southern States the protection of their slave property. In that respect it is a solemn compact between the North and South. As a solemn compact are we at liberty to violate it? (Cries of "No, no!") Are we at liberty to seek or take any mean and petty advantage of it? (Cries of "No, no, we're not!") Are we at liberty to con over its particular words, and to restrict and limit its operation, so as to acquire, under such narrow construction, a pretence of right, by hostile and adverse legislation, to interfere with the interests, wound the feelings, and trample on the political rights of our Southern fellow-citizens? ("No, no, no!" from a thousand voices.) No, gentlemen. If it be a compact, and has any thing sacred in it, we are bound to observe it in good faith — honestly, honorably — not merely to the letter, but fully to the spirit, and not in any mincing, half-way, unfair, or illiberal construction, seeking to satisfy the letter, and to give as little as we can, and to defeat the spirit. (Applause.) That may be the way some men keep contracts about the sale of a house or a chattel, but it is not the way that honest men observe contracts, even in relation to the most trivial things. (Cries of "No," and applause.)

A most pernicious course has been pursued at the North, tending fatally to disturb the harmony which should exist between the North and the South, and to break down and destroy the union existing between these States.

At an early period the subject of Slavery, as a merely philosophical question, was discussed by many, and its justice or injustice made the subject of argument leading to a variety of opinions. It mattered little how long this discussion should last, while confined within such limits. If it had only led to the formation of societies like the Shakers, who do not believe in matrimony; or like the people of Utah, destined to a short career, who believe in too much of it, (laughter;) or like the

strong-minded women of our country, who believe that women are much better qualified than men to perform the functions and offices usually performed by men, (cheers and laughter,) and who, probably, if they had their way, would simply change the order of proceedings, and transfer the husbands to the kitchen and themselves to the labors of the field, (continued laughter;) so long, I say, gentlemen, as this sentimentality touching Slavery confined itself to the formation of little parties or societies of this description, it certainly could do no harm, and we might satisfy ourselves with the maxim, that "error can do little harm as long as reason is left free to combat it." (Applause.) But, gentlemen, this sentimentality has found its way out of the meeting houses, out of the assemblies of speculative philosophers, or societies formed to benefit the inhabitants of Borioboola-gha. (Laughter and cheers.) It has found its way into the heart of the selfish politician; it has been made the war-cry of party; it has been made an instrument whereby to elevate, not merely to personal distinction and social rank, but to political power. Throughout the Non-slaveholding States of this Union men have been thus elevated who advocate a course of conduct necessarily exasperating to the South, and the natural effect of whose teachings renders the Southern people insecure in their lives and their property, making it a matter of doubt each night whether they can safely retire to their slumbers without sentries and guards to protect them against incursions from the North. I say the effect has been to elevate, on the strength of this sentiment, such men to power. And what is the result — the condition of things at this day? Why, gentlemen, the occasion that calls us together is the occurrence of an assault upon the State of Virginia by a set of misguided followers of these doctrines, with arms in their hands, bent upon rapine and murder. I call them followers; they should be deemed leaders, for they are the best, the bravest, the most virtuous of the whole Abolition party. (Cheers, and cries of "That's so!") Arrayed on the Lord's day, at the hour of still repose, with pikes brought

from the North, they armed the bondman to slay his master, his master's wife, and his master's little children. (Groans.) That is the occasion that calls us together. And immediately succeeding it — at this very instant — what do we find to be the pending political question in Congress? A book, encouraging the same general course of persecution against the South that has been long pursued, has been openly recommended to circulation by sixty-eight members of your Congress. (Cries of "Shame! shame!") Recommended to circulation by sixty-eight members of your Congress, elected from the Northern States. (Renewed cries of "Shame!" and "We'll put them out!") Every one, I say, elected from Non-slaveholding States. And with the assistance of certain associates, some of whom hold their offices by your votes, (cries of "They shan't be there long!") there is great danger that they will elect to the chair, where he will stand as a representative of the whole North, a man who united in causing that work to be distributed through the South, carrying poison and death in its polluted leaves. (Groans, applause, and cries of "Kick him out of Congress!")

Is it not fair to say that this great and glorious Union is menaced when such a thing is attempted? Is it reasonable to expect that our brothers of the South will calmly sit down — (cries of "No!") — will calmly sit down and submit quietly to such an outrage? Gentlemen, we greatly exceed the people of the South in numbers. The Non-slaveholding States are by far the most populous. They are increasing daily in numbers and in population, and we may soon overwhelm the Southern vote. If we continue to fill the halls of legislation with abolitionists, and permit to occupy the executive chair public men who declare themselves to be enlisted in a crusade against Slavery, and against the provisions of the Constitution which secure slave property — what can we reasonably expect from the people of the South but that they will pronounce the Constitution, with all its glorious associations — with all its sacred memories — this Union, with its manifold present and

promised blessings, an unendurable evil, threatening to crush and destroy their most vital interests — to make their country a wilderness? Why should we expect them to submit to such a line of conduct, and still recognize us as brothers, or agree to the perpetuation of this Union? (Applause.)

I do not see, for my part, any thing unjust, any thing unreasonable, in the declaration of Southern members. They tell us, "If you will thus assail us with incendiary pamphlets — if you will thus create a spirit in your country which leads to violence and bloodshed among us — if you will assail the institution upon which the prosperity of our country depends — if you will elevate to office over us men who are pledged to aid in such transactions, and to oppress us by hostile legislation, much as we revere the Constitution, greatly as we estimate the blessings which would flow from its faithful enforcement we can not longer depend on your compliance with its injunctions, or adhere to the Union." (Applause.)

For my part, gentlemen, if the North continues to conduct itself in the selection of representatives in the Congress of the United States, as, perhaps, from a certain degree of negligence and inattention, it has heretofore conducted itself, the South, I think, is not to be censured if it withdraws from the association. (Cries of "That is so," applause, and "Three cheers for the Fugitive Slave Law.")

We are not, gentlemen, to hold a meeting, and say that "we love this Union; we delight in it; we are proud of it; it blesses us, and we enjoy it; we shall fill all its offices with men of our own choosing, and, our brethren of the South, you shall enjoy its glorious past; you shall enjoy its mighty recollections, but it shall trample your institutions in the dust." We have no right to say it. We have no right to exact so much; and an opposite and entirely different course, fellow-citizens, must be ours — must be the course of the great North, if we would preserve this Union. (Applause, and cries of "Good!")

What must we sacrifice if we exasperate our brethren of

the South, and compel them, by injustice and breach of compact, to separate from us and dissolve the Union? The greatness and the glory of the American name will then be a thing of yesterday. The glorious Revolution of the Thirteen States will be a revolution, not achieved by us, but by a nation that has ceased to exist. The name of Washington will, at least to us of the North, (cheers) be but as the name of Julius Cæsar, or some other great hero who has lived in times gone by, whose nation has perished and exists no more. The Declaration of Independence — what will that be? The act of a state that no longer has a place among the nations. All the bright and glorious recollections of the past must cease to be our property, and become mere memorials of a departed race and people. Nor will these be the only consequences. Will this mighty city, growing, as it now is, with wealth flowing into it from every portion of this great empire, continue to flourish as it has done? ("No!") Will your marble palaces, lining Broadway, and rearing their proud fronts towards the sky, continue to increase, until, as is now promised under the Union, it shall present the most glorious picture of wealth and prosperity that the world has ever seen. (Cheers.) No, gentlemen, no; such things cannot be. I do not say that we will starve — that we will perish as a people if we separate from the South. If the line be drawn, I admit they will have their measure of prosperity and we will have ours — but meagre, small in the extreme, compared with what is existing and promised will be the prosperity of each, if that dire event should occur. Truly has it been said here to-night, we were made for each other. Let us separate, and though it may not destroy either, it will reduce each to so low an ebb that all good men would deplore the evil courses that brought about such a result. True, we would have left to boast of our share of the glory won by revolutionary sires. The Northern states sent forth their bands of heroes, and shed their blood as freely as those of the South. But the dividing line would take from us the grave of Washington. (Cheers.) It is in his own

beloved Virginia. It is in the State and near the spot where this treason that has been growing up in the North, so lately culminated in violence and bloodshed. We would lose the grave and lose all connection with the name of Washington; but our philanthropic and pious friends who fain would lead us to this result, would of course comfort us with the consoling reflection that we had the glorious memory of John Brown in its place. (Great laughter and cheering.) Are you, gentlemen, prepared to make the exchange? (Renewed cheering, intermingled with cries of "No, no!") Shall the tomb of Washington, that rises on the banks of the Potomac, receiving its tribute from every nation of the earth — shall that become the property of a foreign state, (cries of "No, no") — a state hostile to us in its feelings, and we to it in ours? Shall we erect a monument among the arid hills at North Elba, and deem the privilege of making pilgrimages thither a recompense for the loss of every glorious recollection connected with our Revolution, and for our severance from the name of Washington? (Loud cheering.) No, gentlemen, we are not prepared, I trust, for this sad exchange, this fatal severance. We are not prepared, I trust, either to part with the memories of our glorious past, or to give up the advantages of our present happy condition. We are not prepared to involve our section in the losses, the deprivation of blessings and advantages which would necessarily result to each section from the sentiment of disunion, were it unhappily carried into effect. (Cheers.) We never would have attained to the wealth and prosperity as a nation which is now ours, but for our connection with these very much reviled and injured Slaveholders. If a dissolution of the Union is to take place, we must part with the trade of the South, and thereby surrender our participation in the wealth of the South. Nay, more; we are told upon good authority that in the event of disunion, we will part not only with the Slaveholding States, but that our young sister with the golden crown, rich, teeming California — she who added the last final requisite to our greatness as a nation, will not

come with us, but will remain with the South. (Cheers.) Gentlemen, if we allow this course of injustice towards the South to be continued, these are most assuredly to be the consequences — evil to us, evil also to them. Much of all that we are most proud of — much of all that contributes to our greatness and prosperity as a nation, must pass away from us. Is there any reason why we should allow it? There is a reason preached to us for permitting it. We are told that Slavery is unjust. We are told that it is a matter of conscience to put it down; and that whatever treaties, compacts, laws, or constitutions may have been made to sanction and uphold it, it is still unholy, and that we are bound to trample on these treaties, compacts, laws, and constitutions, and to stand by what these men arrogantly tell us is the law of God, and a fundamental principle of natural justice.

Indeed, these two things — the law of God and the principles of natural justice — are not distinguishable. The law of God and natural justice, as between man and man, are one and the same thing. The wisest heathens gave the rule of conduct between man and man in these few words: Live honestly, injure no man, and render to every man his due. In words far more direct and emphatic, in words of perfect comprehensiveness, the Saviour gave us the same rule in one brief sentence: "Love thy neighbor as thyself." (Cheers.) Now, speaking as between us, people of the North, and the people of the South, I ask you to act on this rule — the maxim of the heathen, the command of God: Render to every man his due; love thy neighbor as thyself. Thus should we act and feel towards the South. Upon that maxim, which came from Him of Nazareth, we are to act towards the South, and without putting upon it any new-fangled, modern interpretation. But, gentlemen, the question is, do these maxims justify the assertion of those who seek to invade the rights of the South by proclaiming that negro slavery is unjust. That is the point to which this great argument, involving the fate of our Union, must now come. Is negro slavery unjust? If it

violates that great rule of human conduct, Render to every man his due, it is unjust. If it violates the law of God, which says, "Love thy neighbor as thyself," it is unjust. And, gentlemen, if it could be maintained that negro slavery is thus in conflict with the law of nature and the law of God, I might be prepared — perhaps we should all be prepared — to go with a distinguished man, to whom allusion is frequently made, and say, there is a higher law which compels us to disregard the Constitution and trample it beneath our feet as a wicked and unholy compact. And this is the question which we must now meet, and which we must finally determine for ourselves, and on which we must come to a conclusion that must govern us hereafter in the selection of representatives in the Congress of the United States. I insist that negro slavery is not unjust. (Cries of "Bravo!") It is not only not unjust, but it is just, wise, and beneficent.* (Applause and loud hisses; cries of "Bravo!" and disorder. There being a strong disposition on the part of the audience to eject the offending parties, Mayor Tiemann demanded order, and called on the audience to allow the individuals to remain. Mr. O'Connor did likewise.)

MAYOR TIEMANN. Gentlemen: If any body hisses here, you must remember that every one has a peculiar mode of expressing himself, and as the gentleman seems to understand hissing, let him hiss. (Loud cheers.)

MR. O'CONNOR. Gentlemen: There is an animal upon this earth that has no faculty for making his sentiments known in any other way than by hissing. (Cheers.) I am for equal rights. (A voice: "Three cheers for Henry A. Wise." Loud cheers,

* When Mr. O'Connor first announced that he believed negro "slavery" just and right, hisses arose from nearly all quarters of the house, and for a moment we trembled lest the mighty truths he was uttering were falling upon a generation not prepared to receive them; but this doubt existed only for a moment, for cheer after cheer — three times three, in fact — reverberated through the noble and spacious building, until all opposition was drowned. Nothing was left but a spontaneous burst of enthusiasm for the bold speaker who thus dared to face, what it has been presumed was public opinion, but which, as we have often contended, is not the case. It only needed a bold man, a true man, a patriotic man, to stem this tide of Abolition delusion. Charles O'Connor has done it. Without his speech, the meeting would have been a failure, — *New York Day Book, December 21.*

followed by groans and hisses.) I beg of you, gentlemen, all of you, at least, who are of my opinion, to preserve silence, and to leave the hissing animal the full enjoyment of his natural privilege. (Cries of "Good!") The first of our race that offended was taught to do so by that hissing animal; the first human society that ever was broken up through sin and discord had its happy union dissolved by the entrance of that animal. (Great cheering and laughter.) Therefore, I say, it is his privilege to hiss. Let him hiss on. (Cheers.) But, gentlemen, I will not detain you much longer. (Cries of "Go on!") I maintain that negro slavery is not unjust. (Cheers.) That it is benign in its influences, both on the white man and on the black. (A voice — "That is so.") I maintain that it is ordained by Nature — that it is a necessity of both races — that in the climates where the black race can live and prosper, Nature herself enjoins correlative duties on the black man and the white — which cannot be performed except by the preservation, and, if the hissing gentlemen please, by the perpetuation, of negro slavery. (Voices, "That is right." Cries of "Good," and cheers.) I am justified in this opinion by the highest tribunal in our country — that venerable exponent of our institutions and of our principles of justice — the Supreme Court of the United States. That court has held on this subject what wise men will ever pronounce to be sound and just doctrine. There are some principles well known and well understood, universally recognized and universally acknowledged among men, which are not to be found written in constitutions or in laws. The people of the United States, at the formation of our government, were, as they still are, in some sense, peculiar, and radically distinguishable from other nations. We were white men, of what is called, by way of distinction, the Caucasian race. We were a monogamous people; that is to say, we were not Mohammedans, or followers of Joe Smith, with half a dozen wives apiece. It was a fundamental principle of our civilization, that no State could be tolerated or exist in this Union which would not, in that

respect, resemble all the other States of the Union. Some other distinctive features might be stated which serve to mark us as a people distinct from others, and incapable of associating on terms of perfect political equality, or social equality, as friends and fellow-citizens, with certain classes of men that are to be found on the earth's surface. As a white nation, we made our Constitution and our laws, vesting all political rights in that race; they constituted in every political sense the American people. (Cheers.) As to the negro, we allowed him to live under the shadow and protection of our laws. We gave him, as we were bound to give him, protection; but we denied to him political rights or the power to govern. We left him for as long a period as the community in which he dwelt should order in the condition of bondman. (Applause.) To that condition the negro is assigned by nature. (Cries of "Bravo!" and cheers.) Experience has shown that his class cannot prosper save in warm climates. In a cold or even a moderately cold climate he soon perishes; in the extremely warm regions his race is perpetuated, and with proper guardianship, may prosper. He has ample strength, and is competent to labor, but nature denies to him either the intellect to govern or the willingness to work. Both are denied him. But that same power which deprived him of the will to labor, gave him, in our country, as a recompense, a master to coerce that duty and convert him into a valuable and useful servant. (Cheers.) I contend that it is not injustice to leave the negro in the condition in which nature placed him, and for which condition he is adapted. Fitted only for a state of pupilage, our slave system gives him a master to govern him and supply his deficiencies; and in this there is no injustice. Neither is it injustice in the master to compel him to labor and thereby afford to that master a just compensation in return for the care and talent employed in governing him. In this way alone is the negro able to render himself useful to himself and to the society in which he is placed.

These are the principles, gentlemen, which the extreme

measures of Abolitionism and its abettors compel us to enforce. This is the ground that we must take, or abandon our cherished Union. We must no longer favor political leaders who talk about Slavery being an evil; nor must we advance the indefensible doctrine that negro slavery is a thing which, although pernicious, is to be tolerated merely because we have made a bargain to tolerate it. We must turn away from the teachings of fanaticism. We must look at negro slavery as it is, remembering that the voice of inspiration as found in the sacred volume, nowhere condemns the bondage of those who are fit only for bondage. Yielding to the decree of nature and the voice of sound philosophy, we must pronounce that institution just, beneficent, lawful, and proper. The Constitution established by the fathers of our republic, which recognized it, must be preserved and maintained; and that both may stand together, we must maintain that neither the institution itself, or the Constitution which upholds it, is wicked or unjust, but that each is sound and wise, and entitled to our fullest support. We must visit with our execration every man claiming our suffrages who objects to enforce, with entire good faith, the provisions of the Constitution in favor of Slavery, or who seeks, by any indirection, to withhold its protection from the South, or to avoid its obligations upon the North. Let us support no man for public office whose speech or action tends to induce assaults upon the territory of our Southern neighbors, or to generate insurrection within their borders. (Loud cheers, and cries of "Good!")

These are the principles upon which we must act. This is what we must say to our brethren of the South. If we have sent men to Congress who are false to these views, and are seeking to violate the compact which binds us together, we must ask to be forgiven until we have another chance to manifest our will at the ballot boxes. We must tell the South that these men shall be consigned to privacy, (applause) — and that true men, men faithful to the Constitution, men loving all portions of the country alike, shall be elected in their stead.

And, gentlemen, we must do more than promise this; we must perform it. (Loud applause, followed by three cheers for Mr. O'Connor, and a tiger.) But a word more, gentlemen, and I have done. (Cries of "Go on.") I have no doubt at all that what I have said to you this evening will be greatly misrepresented. It is very certain that I have not had time enough properly to enlarge upon, and fully to explain the interesting topics on which I have ventured to express myself thus boldly and distinctly, taking upon myself the consequences, be they what they may. (Applause.) But I will say a few words by way of explanation. I have maintained the justice of Slavery; I have maintained it because I hold that the negro is decreed by nature to a state of pupilage under the dominion of the wiser white man in every clime where God and nature meant that the negro should live at all. (Applause.) I say a state of pupilage; and that I may be rightly understood, I say that it is the duty of the white man to treat him kindly — that it is the interest of the white man to treat him kindly. (Applause.) And, further, it is my belief that if the white man, in States where slavery exists, be not interfered with by the fanatics who are now creating these disturbances, whatever laws, whatever improvements, whatever variations in the conduct of society are necessary for the purpose of enforcing in every instance the dictates of interest and humanity, as between the white man and the black, will be faithfully and fairly carried out in the progress of that improvement in all these things in which we are all progressing. It is not pretended that the master has a right to slay his slave; it is not pretended that he has a right to be guilty of harshness and inhumanity to his slave. The laws of all the Southern States forbid that. We have not the right here at the North to be guilty of cruelty to a horse. It is an indictable offence to commit such cruelty. The same laws exist in the South, and if there is any failure in enforcing them to the fullest extent, it is due to this external force which is pressing upon the Southern States, and compels them to abstain, perhaps, from

many acts beneficent towards the negro, which otherwise would be performed. (Applause.) In truth, in fact, in deed — in truth, in fact, in deed, the white man in the Slaveholding States has no more authority by the law of the land over his slave than our laws allow to a father over his minor children. He can no more violate humanity with respect to them than a father in any of the Free States of this Union can exercise acts violative of humanity over his own son under the age of twenty-one. So far as the law is concerned, you own your boys, and have a right to their services until they are twenty-one. You can make them work for you; you can hire out their services and take their earnings; you have the right to chastise them with judgment and reason if they violate your commands; and they are entirely without political rights. Not one of them at the age of twenty years and eleven months even can go to the polls and give a vote. Therefore, gentlemen, before the law, there is but one difference between the free white man of twenty years of age in the Northern States, and the negro bondman in the Southern States. The white man is to be emancipated at twenty-one, because his God-given intellect entitles him to emancipation and fits him for the duties to devolve upon him. The negro, to be sure, is a bondman for life. He may be sold from one master to another, but where is the ill in that? — one may be as good as another. If there be laws with respect to the mode of sale, which, by separating man and wife, do occasionally lead to that which shocks humanity, and may be said to violate all propriety and all conscience — if such things are done, let the South alone, and they will correct the evil. Let our brethren of the South take care of their own domestic institutions, and they will do it. (Applause.) They will so govern themselves as to suppress acts of this description, if they are occasionally committed, as perhaps they are, and we must all admit that they are contrary to all just conceptions of right and humanity. I have never yet heard of a nation conquered from evil practices, brought to the light of civilization, or brought to the light of

religion and the knowledge of the Gospel by the bayonet, by penal laws, or by external persecutions of any kind. It is not by declamation and outcry against a people from those abroad and outside of their territory that you can improve their manners or their morals in any respect. No; if, standing outside of their territory, you attack the errors of a people, you make them cling to their faults. From a sentiment somewhat excusable — akin to self-respect and patriotism — they will resist their nation's enemy.

Let our brethren of the South alone, gentlemen; and if there be any errors of this kind, they will correct them. There is but one way in which you can thus leave them to the guidance of their own judgment, by which you can retain them in this Union as our brethren, and perpetuate this glorious Union; and that is, by resolving — without reference to the political party or faction to which any one of you may belong; without reference to the name, political or otherwise, which you may please to bear — resolving that the man, be he who he may, who advocates the doctrine that negro slavery is unjust, and ought to be assailed or legislated against, or who agitates the subject of extinguishing negro slavery in any of its forms as a political hobby, that that man shall be denied your suffrages, and not only denied your suffrages, but that you will select from the ranks of the opposite party, or your own, if necessary, the man you like least, who entertains opposite sentiments, but through whose instrumentality you may be enabled to defeat his election, and to secure in the councils of the nation men who are true to the Constitution, who are lovers of the Union — men who cannot be induced by considerations of imaginary benevolence for people who really do not desire their aid, to sacrifice or to jeopard in any degree the blessings we enjoy under this Union. May it be perpetual. (Great and continued cheering.)

Three cheers were given for the State of Virginia.

Mr. O'Connor, in response to a Letter from a Committee of Merchants asking for a corrected copy of his Speech, made the following reply :

NEW YORK, Dec. 20, 1859.

GENTLEMEN : The measure you propose meets my entire approval.

I have long thought that our disputes concerning Negro Slavery would soon terminate if the public mind could be drawn to the true issue, and steadily fixed upon it. To effect this object was the sole aim of my address.

Though its ministers can never permit the law of the land to be questioned by private judgment, there is, nevertheless, such a thing as natural justice. Natural justice has the Divine sanction ; and it is impossible that any human law which conflicts with it should long endure.

Where mental enlightenment abounds, where morality is professed by all, where the mind is free, speech is free, and the press is free, is it possible, in the nature of things, that a law which is *admitted* to conflict with natural justice, and with God's own mandate, should long endure ?

Yet all will admit that, within certain limits, at least, our Constitution does contain positive guarantees for the preservation of Negro Slavery in the old States through all time, unless the local legislatures shall think fit to abolish it. And, consequently, if Negro Slavery, however humanely administered or judiciously regulated, be an institution which conflicts with natural justice and with God's law, surely the most vehement and extreme admirers of John Brown's sentiments are right ; and their denunciations against the Constitution, and against the most hallowed names connected with it, are perfectly justifiable.

The friends of truth — the patriotic Americans who would sustain their country's honor against foreign rivalry, and defend their country's interests against all assailants, err greatly when they contend with these men on any point but one. Their general principles cannot be refuted ; their logic is irresistible ; the error, if any there be, is in their premises. They assert that Negro Slavery is unjust. This, and this alone, of all they say, is capable of being fairly argued against.

If this proposition cannot be refuted, our Union cannot endure, and it ought not to endure.

Our negro bondmen can neither be exterminated nor transported to Africa. They are too numerous for either process, and either, if practicable, would involve a violation of humanity. If they were emancipated, they would relapse into barbarism, or a set of negro States would arise in our midst possessing political equality, and entitled to social equality. The division of parties would soon make the negro

members a powerful body in Congress — would place some of them in high political stations, and occasionally let one into the Executive chair.

It is vain to say that this could be endured ; it is simply impossible.

What, then, remains to be discussed ?

The negro race is upon us. With a Constitution which holds them in bondage, our Federal Union might be preserved ; but if so holding them in bondage be a thing forbidden by God and Nature, we cannot lawfully so hold them, and the Union must perish.

This is the inevitable result of that conflict which has now reached its climax.

Amongst us at the North, the sole question for reflection, study, and friendly interchange of thought, should be — is Negro Slavery unjust ? The rational and dispassionate inquirer will find no difficulty in arriving at my conclusion. It is fit and proper ; it is, in its own nature, as an institution, beneficial to both races ; and the effect of this assertion is not diminished by our admitting that many faults are practised under it. Is not such the fact in respect to all human laws and institutions ?

I am, gentlemen, with great respect, yours truly,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "C. O'Connor". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned below the typed signature line.

HOW TO SAVE THE UNION.

"CHARLESTOWN, VA., Nov. 23.

"Last night at nine o'clock, an alarm was given by one of the sentinels firing his rifle. Military orders were sounded from one end of the town to the other, and caused very great panic among women and children, and some men whose nervous systems have become much disordered by late events. Shutters were closed, and lights extinguished, in quick time. The excitement continued until ten o'clock, when it was ascertained that the sentinel had mistaken a cow for a man; that he challenged her; that she would not halt, and he fired." — *Telegraphic Despatches of the Associated Press.*

WITH blatant mouth, when next the South
With dire Disunion threats the North,
The tie to save shall from the grave
The mighty dead be summoned forth?
No, let them lie, we need not try
A plan so grim and ghostly now,
Since well we know an ox's low
Appals a State that dreads a cow;
Since we've been told that warriors bold
Their weeping wives at Richmond left,
To boldly go and face a foe
Who savage shrubs of leaves bereft,
No wizard's wand to raise a band
Of patriots long since dead need we,
To keep one flag or take the brag
Out of the Southern Chivalry.
Ah, no! to save that fragile form, —
The Union, — or to lull the storm
Of Civil Wars when they impend,
A simple course I recommend:
Crush the Slave States? With blood imbrue them?
No: drive a herd of oxen through them.

JAMES REDPATH.

Book Fourth.

NON-RESISTANTS.

"It was much—a very notable interposition of Providence in John Brown's behalf—that he was led out from the influence of the church as far as the upholding of Slavery was concerned; that he was plucked, as a brand from the burning, out of this department of her snares. But her mischievous doctrine that the true God is the 'God of battles'—that the universal Father is the 'Lord of hosts,' authorizing some of his children to hang, behead, stab, and shoot others—this detestable doctrine the church had instilled into him so effectually that he never escaped from it. And he probably never took pains even to look at the question of non-resistance as an open question; a doctrine that might, perhaps, be true; a principle which might, as its advocates declared, lie at the very root of Christianity. Nothing, then, could be more unjust than to judge him by the same standard as if he had recognized this principle. We cannot have grapes from thorns, nor figs from thistles. But we can, we must say, that, so far as his light extended, John Brown nobly, gloriously, did his duty to the slave."

Charles K. Whipple

I.

JOHN G. WHITTIER AND WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

WHENEVER an heroic act is done in Freedom's cause or name, every one naturally turns to John G. Whittier for a song fit to celebrate and consecrate it. Many eyes were directed to him when John Brown fell; and many eyes were filled with tears when the poet spoke. For the noble veteran singer sadly disappointed them; and murmurs of injustice filled the homes of the old warrior's friends. I have been spared the labor and pains of criticising Whittier in this instance, by one whose devotion to Freedom and opposition to war no man doubts — William Lloyd Garrison; whose comments, (as they appeared in the "Liberator,") I append to the verses of the anti-slavery poet:

BROWN OF OSAWATOMIE.

JOHN BROWN of Osawatomie
Spake on his dying day:
"I will not have, to shrive my soul,
A priest in Slavery's pay;
But, let some poor slave-mother,
Whom I have striven to free,
With her children, from the gallows-stair,
Put up a prayer for me!"

John Brown of Osawatomie,
They led him out to die;
And, lo! — a poor slave mother
With her little child pressed nigh.

Then the bold, blue eye grew tender,
And the old, harsh face grew mild,
As he stooped between the jeering ranks
And kissed the negro's child!

The shadows of his stormy life
That moment fell apart:
Without, the rash and bloody hand,
Within, the loving heart.
That kiss, from all its guilty means,
Redeemed the good intent,
And round the grisly fighter's hair
The Martyr's aureole bent!

Perish with him the folly
That seeks through evil, good;
Long live the generous purpose
Unstained with human blood!
Not the raid of midnight terror,
But the thought which underlies;
Not the outlaw's pride of daring,
But the Christian's sacrifice.

O! never may yon blue-ridged hills
The Northern rifle hear,
Nor see the light of blazing homes
Flash on the negro's spear.
But let the free-winged angel Truth
Their guarded passes scale,
To teach that Right is more than Might
And Justice more than Mail!

So vainly shall Virginia set
Her battle in array;
In vain her trampling squadrons knead
The winter snow with clay.
She may strike the pouncing eagle,
But she dare not harm the dove;
And every gate she bars to Hate
Shall open wide to Love!

J. G. Whittier

THE CRITICISM OF GARRISON.

We have copied into our poetical department, from the New York "*Independent*," some lines on John Brown of Osawatomie, from the pen of our gifted friend, John G. Whittier; but, though the sentiment is gracefully expressed, we think there is not the same magnanimous recognition of the liberty-loving heroism of John Brown, which is found in many of the poet's effusions relating to the war-like struggle of 1776, and "our revolutionary fathers." For example—he speaks of "the rash and bloody hand"—the "guilty means" with "the good intent"—"the grisly fighter's hair"—"the folly that seeks through evil good"—"the raid of midnight terror"—"the outlaw's pride of daring," &c. There is an apparent invidiousness or severity of imputation in these epithets, which does not seem to be called for, though softened by some approving allusions in close juxtaposition. Let such of us as are believers in the doctrines of peace be careful to award to John Brown at least as much credit as we do to a Joshua or Gideon, a Washington or Warren, and especially not to do him the slightest injustice. Though he was far from being a non-resistant, yet he was not a man of violence and blood, in a lawless sense, any more than those Jewish and American heroes; and if no reproachful epithets ought to be cast upon their memories, none ought to be cast upon his. In all that constitutes moral grandeur of character, and entire disinterestedness of action, he was their superior. He perilled all that was dear to him, not to achieve liberty for himself, or those of his own complexion, but to break the fetters of a race "not colored like his own," most wickedly abhorred, universally proscribed, and subjected to a bondage full of unutterable woe and horror. But, even in their behalf, he sought no retaliation nor revenge, but only (if possible) a peaceful exodus from Virginia. He explicitly declared to the Court, "I never had any design against the liberty of any person, nor any disposition to commit treason or destroy property, or to excite or to incite slaves to rebellion, or to make insurrection." And what fair-

minded man doubts the word of John Brown? His weapons were purely for self-defence on the part of the flying bondmen — an extremity, which, eighteen centuries after Christ, justifies their use in the belief of Catholic and Protestant Christendom, and in accordance with the common law of the world. He was of such stuff as the Waldenses and Albigenses, the Scotch Covenanters, the Smithfield Martyrs, the Mayflower Pilgrims, were composed; apparently as true to his convictions of duty towards God, as any man who ever walked the earth before him. This does not prove that he did well to rely on some other than spiritual weapons for the success of his plan; but it does demand that the fullest justice should be done to his character, and that every reference to him should be as respectful and as appreciative as to any of the patriots and martyrs to whom all the civilized nations of the earth bow down in homage. Every man who votes to uphold (as does the Quaker poet himself) the Constitution of Massachusetts and the American Constitution, *votes to uphold the war system* — army, navy, militia, with all their accompaniments; and no such person, therefore, can consistently speak of “the rash and bloody hand” of John Brown, nor of “the folly that seeks through evil good,” — that is, that seeks to emancipate the enslaved, peaceably if it can, forcibly if it must.

Possibly, before entering Harper’s Ferry, John Brown had been reading the following soul-stirring lines of Whittier, — giving them a more literal interpretation than the poet intended:

“Speak out in *acts*! — the time for words
 Has passed, and deeds alone suffice;
 In the loud clang of meeting swords
 The softer music dies!
 Act — act, in God’s name, while ye may!
 Smite from the Church her leprous limb!
 Throw open to the light of day
 The bondman’s cell, and break away
 The chains the State has bound on him!

* * * *

"One last great battle for the Right, —
 One short, sharp struggle to be free! —
 To do is to succeed — our fight
 Is waged in Heaven's approving sight —
 The smile of God is Victory!"

It is certain that when John Brown was at the New England Anti-Slavery Convention in Boston last May, he was heard to say, at its conclusion, "These men are all talk: what is needed is action — action!" He did unconscious injustice to the men alluded to, but it shows what was then uppermost in his mind.

In the following lines by Whittier, the martial references are very different from those in his effusion in the "Independent":

"Our fellow-countrymen in chains!
 Slaves — in a land of light and law!
 Slaves — crouching on the very plains
Where rolled the storm of Freedom's war!
 A groan from Eutaw's haunted wood —
 A wail where Camden's martyrs fell —
By every shrine of patriot blood,
 From Moultrie's wall and Jasper's well!
 By storied hill and hallowed grot,
 By mossy wood and marshy glen,
Whence rang of old the rifle-shot
And hurrying shout of Marion's men!"

* * * *

"No — by each spot of haunted ground,
 Where Freedom weeps her children's fall —
 By Plymouth's Rock, and Bunker's mound —
By Griswold's stained and shattered wall —
By Warren's ghost — by Langdon's shade —
By all the memories of our dead!

* * * *

"By their enlarging souls, *which burst*
The bands and fetters round them set!
 By the free Pilgrim spirit nursed
 Within our inmost bosoms yet —
 By all above — around — below —
 Be ours th' indignant answer — NO!"

So, too, in the following verse, there is the same appreciation of heroism, without any damaging imputation:—

“When Freedom, on her natal day,
Within her war-rocked cradle lay,
 An iron race around her stood,
Baptized her infant brow in blood,
 And, through the storm which round her swept,
 Their constant ward and watching kept.”

Again:

“God bless New Hampshire!—from her granite peaks,
Once more the voice of Stark and Langdon speaks!”

But John Brown was nobler in his aim, and less bloody in his spirit, than either Stark or Langdon.

Again, says the poet:—

“The voice of free, broad Middlesex—of thousand as of one—
The shaft of Bunker calling to that of Lexington!”

Is Harper's Ferry a whit behind Bunker Hill or Lexington in all that constitutes true devotion of soul, or a quenchless love of liberty?

Again, alluding to the invasive march of the Slave Power through the North:

“It is coming, it is nigh!
 Stand your homes and altars by;
On your own free thresholds die!

“Perish party—perish clan;
 Strike together while ye can,
Like the arm of one strong man!”

Finally, Yorktown is celebrated in the following strain:

“From Yorktown's ruins, ranked and still,
 Two lines stretch far o'er vale and hill:
 Who curbs his steed at head of one?
 Hark! the low murmur: Washington!
 Who bends his keen, approving glance,
 Where down the gorgeous line of France

Shine nightly star and plume of snow?
Thou too art victor, Rochambeau!

* * * *

"O! veil your faces, young and brave!
Sleep, Scammel, in thy soldier grave!
Sons of the North-land, ye who set
Stout hearts against the bayonet,
And pressed with steady footfall near
The moated battery's blazing tier,
Turn your scarred faces from the sight—
Let shame do homage to the right!"

Neither Washington, nor Rochambeau, nor Scammel presented such exalted traits of character as John Brown: why, then, should he be the subject of special moral criticism and rebuke by the poet? Why was his effort "a midnight raid with bloody hand," while theirs was made brilliant and imposing by "knightly star and plume of snow," and by successfully meeting bayonet with bayonet?

If there is danger, on the one hand, lest there may be a repudiation of the doctrine of non-resistance, through the sympathy and admiration felt for John Brown, there is more danger, on the other hand, that the brutal outcry raised against him as an outlaw, traitor, and murderer by those who are either too cowardly to avow their real convictions, or too pro-slavery to feel one throb of pity for those in bondage, will lead to unmerited censure of his course. Difficult as it may be to hold an equal balance in such a case, it is still the duty of every one to do so.

Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

A CORRECTION.*

BOSTON, Jan. 13, 1860.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

Dear Sir : In your criticism of Mr. Whittier's poem on John Brown, you have made one error, which, I notice, is shared by many of the old warrior's friends. You say, —

"He perilled all that was dear to him, not to achieve liberty for himself, or those of his own complexion, but to break the fetters of a race 'not colored like his own,' most wickedly abhorred, universally proscribed, and subjected to a bondage full of unutterable woe and horror. But, even in their behalf, he sought no revenge, but only (if possible) a peaceful exodus from Virginia."

John Brown did *not* intend to make any exodus from Virginia, peaceful or otherwise, but to liberate the slaves in their native State, and to support them there. The idea that he intended to make an exodus, comes from his reference to his exploit in Missouri, which was given as an explanation of the fact that slaves might be liberated without bloodshed ; not as an indication of the mode by which he intended to operate in Virginia.

Have you not seen his letter of explanation to Mr. Hunter ? By reading it, you will see that there was no real contradiction in his statements.

Now comes the question, How did he intend to support himself in Virginia without insurrection ?

Mr. Emerson never said a truer word than when he described John Brown as a pure Idealist. It would have been as easy to drive a shadow into the centre of a block of granite as to force a pro-slavery falsehood into his brain or heart. Truly regarded, is it not a concession to the Southern creed, to call a rising of the slaves an insurrection ? The whites of the South are now in insurrection. Southern society for two centuries has been an insurrection. John Brown, therefore, went down to Virginia not to incite, but to extinguish, insurrection. He went down to Virginia as an Abolitionist and Compensationist — to free the slaves, and pay them for their past unrequited services. If any man had presumed to oppose this righteous action, John Brown would have summarily resisted him to the death. That was the reason why he bought pikes, and Sharpe's rifles, and revolvers. He did not design to go northward, but toward South Carolina and Alabama. He intended to put the Declaration of Independence through from Harper's Ferry to the Gulf of Mexico.

* From the Liberator, Jan. 13, 1860.

There was no intentional deception in John Brown's language to the Court or elsewhere. He neither intended, it is true, to incite or excite insurrection, even in the Virginia sense of the word; but as he would have been resisted by the tyrants whose wicked work he was undoing, he would unquestionably have stirred up a terrible revolution. Yet, to say that he would have been the cause of it, is to cover the crime of Slavery with the mantle of legitimacy.

Yours truly,

JAMES REDFATH.

REPLY OF WHITTIER.

AMESBURY, 15th, 1st mo., 1860.

My Dear Friend Garrison: In thy notice of my article on "Brown of Osawatomic," published recently in the *New York Independent*, thou hast, unintentionally, I am sure, done me injustice. Apart from what thee so well knew of my life-long professions and principles, I need only call thy attention to the fact, that in almost every instance, the articles from which thou hast quoted passages containing warlike allusions and figures, contain distinct and emphatic declarations of the entirely peaceful character of the Anti-slavery enterprise; and equally emphatic denunciations of war and violence in its behalf. In thy first quotation, the qualifying lines which, in the original, connect the two parts of the extract, are omitted:

"To Freedom's perilled altar bear
The freeman's and the Christian's *whole* —
Tongue, pen, and vote, and prayer!"

In the article from which thy second quotation is made, the following significant stanza is the key-note of the whole:

"Up now for freedom! — *not in strife*
Like that your sterner fathers saw,
The awful waste of human life,
The glory and the guilt of war.
But break the chain, the yoke remove,
And smite to earth Oppression's rod
With those mild arms of Truth and Love,
Made mighty through the living God."

In the poem entitled "Moral Warfare," (the very title shows its character,) the lines quoted by thee are contrasted with such as these :

" A moral warfare with the crime
And folly of an evil time."

" And strong in Him whose cause is ours,
In conflict with unholy powers,
We grasp the weapons He has given,
The Light, and Truth, and Love of Heaven."

The poem "Yorktown" is simply a dramatic representation of the capture of Yorktown, and the reënslavement of the fugitive slaves in the abused name of Liberty. No enology of war was intended or given,—none can be so understood.

But, enough of this merely personal explanation. No one who knows me, or who has read my writings, can be doubtful for a moment as to my position — utter abhorrence of war, and of slavery as in itself a state of war, where the violence is all on one side.

The pledge which we gave to the world at Philadelphia, twenty-six years ago, when we signed the Declaration of Sentiments, fresh from thy pen, that we would reject, ourselves, and entreat the oppressed to reject the use of all carnal weapons for deliverance from bondage ; that we admitted the sovereignty of the States over the subject of Slavery within their limits ; and that we were under high moral obligations to use, for the promotion of our cause, moral and political action as prescribed in the Constitution of the United States,—we have since reiterated in a thousand forms, and on as many occasions. I have seen no reason to doubt the wisdom of that pledge. Slavery was just what it is now, neither better nor worse, when we made it. If it is right and proper now to use forcible means in behalf of the slave, it was right and proper then. If it be said that Old Testament Christians are not bound by our pledges, and that we are at liberty to applaud them in

appeals to the sword, I can only say that I dare not encourage others who have not my scruples to do what I regard as morally wrong. On the contrary, I would use, even to the slaves, the language of thy own lines :

“ Not by the sword shall your deliverance be,
 Not by the shedding of your masters' blood,
 Not by rebellion, nor foul treachery
 Upspringing suddenly like swelling flood ;
 Revenge and rapine ne'er did bring forth good.
 God's time is best, nor will it long delay ; —
 Even now your barren cause begins to bud,
 And glorious shall the fruit be. Watch and pray !
 For, lo ! the kindling dawn that ushers in the day.”

I am painfully sensible of many errors of feeling and judgment, but my conscience bears me witness that I have, at least, honestly striven to be faithful alike to Freedom and Peace. That this is thy own earnest desire, I have as little doubt.

Very truly, thy friend,

J. G. WHITTIER.

REJOINDER OF GARRISON.

Our friend, John G. Whittier, wholly misapprehends the point of our criticism, respecting his poetical effusion upon “Brown of Osawatomie,” as published in the *New York Independent*. We did not mean to imply that he had departed from his peace principles, in the various extracts we made from his soul-stirring productions ; but only that, in his references to Bunker Hill, and Lexington, and Yorktown, &c., &c., he recognized whatever was noble in the spirit and conduct of our revolutionary fathers, without passing any condemnation upon them in juxtaposition with his commendations, as in the case of *John Brown*. We find no such phrases as “the rash and bloody hand,” “the guilty means,” “the folly that seeks through evil good,” “the raid of midnight terror,” “the outlaw's pride of daring,” &c., but thrilling appeals in the loftiest strains of heroic appreciation, —

" By every shrine of patriot blood,
 From Moultrie's wall and Jasper's well ;
 By storied hill and hallowed grot,
 By mossy wood and marshy glen,
 Whence rang of old the rifle-shot
 And hurrying shout of Marion's men ;
 And by each spot of haunted ground,
 Where Freedom weeps her children's fall, —
 By Plymouth's Rock, and Bunker's mound,
 By Griswold's stained and shattered wall,
 By Warren's ghost, by Langdon's shade, —
 By all the memories of our dead ! "

What we desired to suggest to our friend Whittier, — to whom the cause of impartial liberty is so immensely indebted for his efforts in its behalf, — was, that in every point of view, Harper's Ferry deserves as honorable a reference in song as "Moultrie's wall," and Jasper's well," or as "Eutaw's haunted wood," and "Bunker's mound," —

"Where rolled the storm of Freedom's war !"

and that John Brown, in perilling, ay, and in losing his life to deliver the slaves of Virginia from their thralldom, ought (to say the least) to take rank with "Warren's ghost and Langdon's shade." That's all !

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

THE TRUE POEM.

A correspondent of the *Liberator* suggests that "the following thrilling lines of Whittier, written many years ago, (as a tribute to a lamented friend of the Anti-slavery cause, President C. B. Storrs,) seem more appropriate to Freedom's martyr, John Brown, than the lines upon him in the *New York Independent*."

Thou hast fallen in thine armor,
 Thou martyr of the Lord !
 With thy last breath crying, "Onward !" —
 And thy hand upon the sword.

The haughty heart derideth,
And the sinful lip reviles,
But the blessing of the perishing
Around thy pillow smiles.

Oppression's hand may scatter
Its nettles on thy tomb,
And even Christian bosoms
Deny thy memory room ;
For lying lips shall torture
Thy mercy into crime,
And the slanderer shall flourish
As the bay-tree for a time.

But where the south wind lingers
On Carolina's pines,
Or falls the careless sunbeam
Down Georgia's golden mines ;
Where now beneath his burden
The toiling slave is driven,
Where now a tyrant's mockery
Is offered unto Heaven ; —

Where Mammon hath its altars
Wet o'er with human blood,
And pride and lust debases
The workmanship of God ; —
There shall thy praise be spoken,
Redeemed from falsehood's ban,
When the fetters shall be broken,
And the SLAVE shall be a MAN !

In the evil days before us,
And the trials yet to come ;
In the shadow of the prison,
Or the cruel martyrdom ;
We will think of thee, O brother !
And thy sainted name shall be
In the blessing of the captive,
And the anthem of the free.

OLD BROWN.

I.

SUCCESS goes royal-crowned through time,
Down all the loud applauding days,
Purpled in History's silkenest phrase,
And brave with many a poet's rhyme.

While Unsuccess, his peer and mate,
Sprung from the same heroic race,
Begotten of the same embrace,
Dies at his brother's palace gate.

The insolent laugh, the blighting sneer,
The pointing hand of vulgar scorn,
The thorny path, and wreath of thorn,
The many-headed's stupid jeer,

Show where he fell. And by-and-by,
Comes History, in the waning light,
Her pen-nib worn with lies, to write
The failure into infamy.

Ah, God! but here and there, there stands
Along the years, a man to see
Beneath the victor's bravery
The spots upon the lily hands:

To read the secret will of good,
(Dead hope, and trodden into earth,)

That beat the breast of strife for birth,
And died birth-choked, in parent blood.

II.

Old Lion! tangled in the net,
Baffled and spent, and wounded sore,
Bound, thou who ne'er knew bonds before:
A captive, but a lion yet.

Death kills not. In a later time,
(O, slow, but all-accomplishing!)
Thy shouted name abroad shall ring,
Wherever right makes war sublime:

When in the perfect scheme of God,
It shall not be a crime for deeds
To quicken liberating creeds,
And men shall rise where slaves have trod;

Then he, the fearless future Man,
Shall wash the blot and stain away,
We fix upon thy name to-day —
Thou hero of the noblest plan.

O, patience! Felon of the hour!
Over thy ghastly gallows-tree
Shall climb the vine of Liberty,
With ripened fruit and fragrant flower.

WM. D. HOWELLS.

II.

SERMON BY JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.*

TH**ERE** is but one subject upon which we can think this morning. Last Wednesday, a man was sentenced to death on a charge of exciting Slaves to Insurrection, of Treason against the State of Virginia, and of Murder. Probably many technical objections might fairly be raised against the verdict, and against the conduct of the Court. But his conviction was a foregone conclusion — it could not be avoided. Men who do such things as he did, set their life on a cast, and must be ready to stand the hazard of the die. He was thus ready — he is ready. From first to last he has shown no wavering, no desire to save his life. His whole course has been so convincingly conscientious, manly, truthful, and heroic, that his enemies have been compelled to honor him. For the first time within our memory, the whole North and South seem to be united in one opinion and one sentiment — the opinion that this attempt of Brown was unwise and unwarranted — the sentiment of respect for the man himself, as a Hero.

You have heard little from this pulpit upon the subject of Slavery for several years. In that time I have scarcely al-

* Entitled, "Causes and Consequences of the Affair at Harper's Ferry;" preached in the Indiana Place Chapel, Boston, on Sunday morning, Nov. 6, 1859, from Mark vi. 26: —

"And Herod feared John, knowing that he was a just man."

luded to it; never spoken of it at length. The reason of my abstinence was simply this, that I saw no necessity for speaking. The subject is being so thoroughly discussed in Congress, in the Legislatures, in the newspapers, in public meetings, and in private discussion, that it does not now seem so necessary to speak of it in the pulpit. But such an event as this calls up too many thoughts to allow me to be silent; and I therefore choose for my subject, "THE CAUSES AND CONSEQUENCES OF THE LATE AFFAIR AT HARPER'S FERRY." And I take for my text the twentieth verse of the sixth chapter of Mark: "*And Herod feared John, knowing that he was a just man.*"

An attempt has been made to ascribe this event to the teachings of the Anti-Slavery party in this country. Well, they *are* the cause of it, in one sense, just as Samuel Adams and Josiah Quincy, James Otis and Patrick Henry, were the cause of the bloodshed at Lexington and Bunker's Hill; and just as the preaching of Christianity was the cause of the religious wars which followed. Whoever opposes tyranny and wrong in any shape, with words, will often cause a conflict of deeds to follow. Jesus said, "*I came not to send peace, but a sword.*" He knew that his teachings would not be peaceably accepted — would be resisted — and that bloodshed would follow. But where rests the responsibility? Not on Jesus, though his Gospel has been the occasion of war; not on James Otis and Patrick Henry, though their words were the occasion of war; not on those who oppose evil, but on those who maintain and defend it. Therefore, not on Anti-Slavery teaching, but on Pro-Slavery teaching, North and South, on the men and newspapers in Washington and Boston, who unite with the oppressors to put down Freedom and quench its light in the blood of its advocates; on these and such as these rests the responsibility of this tragedy.

I. The first cause of this sad affair is SLAVERY itself.

There is an "irrepressible conflict" between Freedom and Slavery. The opposition is radical and entire; there can be no peace nor permanent truce between them, till one has conquered the other. Either Slavery is right or it is wrong. The radical question is this: Can one man belong to another, as his property, or not? To this question there can be but two answers — *Yes*, or *No*. There is no intermediate answer.

To this question the whole country formerly said *No*. North and South, every one used to say that Slavery was wrong. The great minds at the South — Washington, Jefferson, Patrick Henry, Madison, Monroe, Christopher Gadsden of South Carolina — all believed that Slavery was wrong in principle and bad in its influence, and must gradually come to an end. The evidence of this is ample. One fact I will mention. The territory north and west of the Ohio was consecrated to Freedom, and secured against Slavery by a proviso, passed by the votes of Southern as well as Northern statesmen. When, afterwards, the people of the Territory of Indiana petitioned Congress to be allowed to hold Slaves for a time, on account of the difficulty in procuring free labor, their petition was reported adversely upon, by a committee, the chairman of which was Randolph of Virginia, who said, "They will thank us hereafter for rejecting their petition."

At that time all admitted that Slavery, in its principle and in the abstract, was wrong; and all said, "We expect, by degrees, and gradually, to put an end to it."

There was no war then between Slavery and Freedom; no "irrepressible conflict;" for all were on the side of Freedom.

But time passed by and Slavery did not come to an end. The immense expansion in the consumption of cotton, and its increasing price — the demand always overlapping the supply — made its culture the most profitable work done in

America; and this work was most easily and cheaply done by Slaves. At the end of a generation from the death of Washington, Slavery had become vastly more profitable in the Southern States than it was in his days. Now, the South *did not wish* Slavery to come to an end. It wished it to continue. I do not say that the Slaveholders were worse in this than other people. Their misfortune was to be exposed to a tremendous temptation, and they yielded to it. The people of New England might have yielded too, if they had been exposed to that temptation.

This was the first great change; this the essential change; this change of desire and wish—all the rest has followed that. For, though single men are illogical and inconsistent, mankind is logical and consistent. In the long run, people will either act as they believe, or else believe as they act. The Slaveholders were believing one way, but determined to act another. The situation was painful, and they broke away from it. Never was such a revolution in opinion as that which has taken place at the South within the last twenty years, on the subject of Slavery. Twenty years ago, nine Slaveholders out of ten would tell you they thought Slavery wrong; to-day, nine out of ten will tell you they think it right. So logical is man. As they made up their wills to extend, and not abolish Slavery, they presently made up their minds to believe it right, and not wrong—a Christian Institution; a missionary enterprise; based on the Bible, and in accordance with the highest principle of duty.

I know very well that there was a transition period. While this great change of public opinion was going on, it was covered up and concealed with fine phrases. This was the period of what Bentham calls "*Fallacious Designations*." Bentham says "the object and effect of a *Fallacious Designation* is to avoid any unpleasant idea that happens to be associated with a person or class, and to present to the mind instead an abstraction or creation of fancy." Thus, says he,

Instead of 'Kings or the King,' you say 'The Crown or Throne.'

" " 'Churchmen,' " " 'The Church or Altar.'

" " 'Lawyers,' " " 'The Law.'

" " 'A Judge,' " " 'The Court.'

" " 'Rich Men,' " " 'Property.'

" " 'Killing a Man,' " " 'Capital Punishment.'

So in this country we said,

Instead of 'Slavery,' " 'Southern Institutions.'

" " 'Slaveholders,' " 'The South.'

A good deal was accomplished in this way by the Slaveholders. Thus, in 1850, when it was proposed to exclude Slavery, by law, from the new Territories, it was said, in reply, "The South has a right to take its property into the territory purchased by its own treasure and blood." Translated into plain Saxon English, this meant, "Three hundred thousand Slaveholders, in the Slave States, rich enough to own, on an average, ten negroes each, insist, against the interest of thirteen million in the Free States, of six million of Non-Slaveholders in the Slave States, and of three million of Slaves, to carry Slaves into territories where there are none now, and to have the laws changed to let them do it." Mr. Calhoun first established this "Fallacious Designation" of 'The South' instead of 'The Slaveholders.' And, in his last great speech in the United States Senate, he carried it so far as to complain that in the annexation of new territory to the Union, "the North had obtained more than the South,"—not meaning that more territory situated at the North had been annexed, but that more had been secured to Freedom than to Slavery.

In the same way, in the Free States, we always have had a party who wish to cover up and conceal the radical opposition of Slavery to Freedom, and Freedom to Slavery; to daub the wall with untempered mortar—to cry peace when there is no peace. They also make great use of these "Fallacious Designations." They say 'Our Southern Brethren;'

meaning, not the four million Slaves, nor the six million Non-Slaveholders at the South, but the three hundred thousand Slaveholders only.

But logic is too strong for phrases. Those who wish to postpone the deluge till their time is past, and to leave it as a legacy to their children and grandchildren, find themselves more and more helpless in the increasing earnestness of the hour. The two parties, consisting of those who believe Slavery right and those who believe it wrong, are like the upper and the nether millstone; small, compared with the great bags and heaps of corn lying near them, but destined to go round and round till they have ground it all to powder.

Those who believe Slavery right, labor to fortify, extend, and strengthen it. They have passed the Fugitive Slave Law, defeated the Wilmot Proviso, repealed the Missouri Compromise, obtained the Dred Scott decision, and have determined next to re-open the African Slave Trade, and annex Cuba. No phraseology about "Our Southern Brethren," or "Safety of the Union," can conceal these facts.

On the other hand, there is a party which hold Slavery to be wrong. They hold it to be a wild and guilty fantasy that man can claim property in man. With John Wesley, they consider Slavery to be the sum of all villany. Holding this, they believe that the Slave has a right to assert his freedom whenever he can do so; he has a right to take possession of himself with the strong hand if he can. That which he has a right to do we may lawfully help him do, if we violate no other right in doing it; and we cannot lawfully oppose his doing it in any case. For the Slave either belongs to his master or to himself. If he belongs to his master, he is a thief if he tries to escape. If he belongs to himself, his master is a thief if he tries to keep him, and we are kidnapping if we assist his master in taking him. When Anthony Burns was taken down State Street, and the people on

each side hoarsely roared "Kidnappers! kidnappers!" at the soldiers who guarded him — their faces showed that they felt the truth of the charge. We may wear on our hat the cockade of the United States Marshal, or we may be called out as a military company, covered with feathers and gold lace, but that does not vacate the principle. We are kidnappers and man-stealers still.

Here is the irrepressible conflict — which may be concealed under heaps of words, smothered by fine phrases, hidden by the exigencies of trade, of party politics, of sectarian ecclesiasticism — but which, like fire which you try to put out with mountainous heaps of straw, burns on and on till it breaks forth at last in a wide, destroying flame.

Here is the fundamental and primary cause of the Harper's Ferry affair — the antagonism between Slavery and Freedom. Any one who believes that Slavery is right must logically regard John Brown as a robber and brigand. But those who believe Slavery wrong; who justify the American Revolution; who admire Washington for contending with sword and fire against the government of Britain to free an oppressed people; who eulogize Lafayette for coming to aid us in that struggle; must believe John Brown to be a hero, and the martyr to a principle. The only ground on which they can find fault with him is for attempting prematurely what he had not power to accomplish; that is, for an error of judgment as regards means. It is true that no man has a right to encourage in any way a Revolution unless there is good reason for believing that it will succeed. The best cause will not authorize life to be needlessly thrown away. If a man thinks he sees enough good in prospect to justify him in throwing away his own life, he may do so on his own responsibility — but he ought not to waste the blood of others. But Brown did not mean to act recklessly — his character forbids that supposition. He was mistaken then — he erred in judgment as to what he could effect. He did not intend

an insurrection, he says, but only an escape of fugitives. He is a man of truth, and I believe him.

II. The second cause of this affair is False Conservatism at the North.

It is not with the purpose of retaliating charges made against Anti-Slavery men, but to express a conviction I have held for years, that I say,—if the dark problem of Slavery finds a bloody solution, that blood will cry from the ground against those who, for years, have been steadily laboring at the North to let down the sentiment of Freedom—the Traitors at home, who have given moral aid and comfort to the Slave power. Had it not been for these, we should have resisted successfully the Annexation of Texas, or passed the Wilmot Proviso, or defeated the Fugitive Slave Law, or the Repeal of the Missouri Compromise. The Slave power, defeated on these points, would have ceased from its aggressions; the lovers of Freedom at the South would have been encouraged; the border States would have been led to take measures for emancipation. Gradually, peacefully, and joyfully the cause of Freedom would have grown strong, that of Slavery weak—until, at last, surrounded by the hosts of Free labor, by emigrants from the North, by invading light and advancing religion; hemmed in by all this illumination and warmth, like the scorpion girt with fire, it would have turned its sting against itself:—

The sting it nurtured for its foes
Whose venom never yet was vain,
Gives but one pang and ends all pain.

But as if on a steamer, running at high pressure, men should be frightened at the noise made by escaping steam, and so shut down the safety-valve and call the silence safety—so with us. These quietists think all danger to arise from noisy Anti-Slavery people at the North, and try to stop that noise. They think the danger not from Slavery, but from

talking about it ; and so are themselves the cause of the evil they try to shun.

III. The third cause of this Harper's Ferry tragedy is to be found in the low condition of the Religion of the country.

In such a conflict as that between Slavery and Freedom, Christianity, organized in churches, embodied in Christian men and women, should have come forward, to speak the Truth in Love. Holding fast to the Eternal Law of God, rising high above all considerations of mere expediency, it should have declared God's word supreme — above all politics, all legal enactments, all State necessity. Man, made in the image of God, cannot be the slave of his brother man. Proclaiming this, it should also have uttered it in love ; with sympathy for the Slaveholder as well as the Slave ; with perception of his difficult and dangerous position, of his strong temptations, and with an earnest desire to aid him by common sacrifices.

Unfortunately, little of this has been done. On the one side the supremacy of God's law has not been maintained, but we have been taught from a thousand pulpits that man's lower law must be obeyed and not the law of conscience ; on the other hand, when the truth has been uttered, it has not been always uttered in love to the Slaveholder, but often in bitterness, sarcasm, and contempt. In saying this I do not refer to professed Abolitionists alone. I think that we are always in danger of being unjust to those whom we do not personally know. It is not easy, at this distance, to be just to Slaveholders. But certainly there has often been a hard, cold tone of invective used against the South ; — which is unjust, because it does not recognize their difficulty and their efforts ; unchristian, because it does not feel towards them as to brethren.

The opposers of Slavery have sometimes opposed it more in the spirit of Elijah than in that of Christ — with fierce

rebuke, with wild invective; and at last, as in the present instance, with the sword and rifle.

John Brown has been taught Christianity by a church, which, binding up in one volume the Old and New Testaments, calls them both the Christian Bible, and gives equal authority to the one as to the other. He is an Old Testament Christian; a Christian who believes in the sword of the Lord and of Gideon. Bred a Calvinist of the strictest sect in Connecticut, and holding firmly to his faith, he shares all the great and noble qualities that faith has so often produced, together with its frequent alloy. He is such a man as Calvinism produced in the Scotch Covenanters, in the men of Cromwell's Ironside Regiment, who did not do the work of the Lord negligently at Naseby and at Worcester. To this is added a touch of chivalric devotion and inspired enthusiasm, such as nerved the arm of the Maid of Orleans and of Charlotte Corday.

Let me give you an authentic anecdote of his strict and impartial sense of justice. Some years ago, when living in Western Pennsylvania, or on the Ohio Reserve, he found a man whom he believed to be a horse thief. He arrested him and took him to jail. The man was convicted and sent to prison. But while he was in prison, John Brown furnished the man's family with provisions and clothing. The man had committed a crime, and Brown's sense of justice required that he should be punished. His wife and children had not committed any crime, and Brown's sense of justice would not allow them to be punished for another's fault. The man who told this story is now sheriff, I think, in Crawford County, Pennsylvania, and was at that time a boy in Brown's family, and was himself sent to town to buy flour and carry it to the house of the convict.

These are the three causes of this tragedy: *First*, the radical hostility growing ever stronger between Slavery and

Freedom. *Secondly*, the false Conservatism at the North, which, dividing our strength, has prevented Freedom from crushing the propagandism of Slavery in the bud. And, *thirdly*, a Christianity which could not speak the truth with power, and at the same time with love. These three causes will produce the like effects again, only more terrible, unless some help comes from God's providence and man's fidelity.

Let us see if such help is likely to come. What will be the consequences of this affair?

I have heard it said that there will be no marked result from this event; that the waves will close over the head of this misguided but honored champion of the forlorn, and that in six months the world will scarcely remember him or his actions.

I cannot think so. To me this event seems freighted with consequences. It is like the clock, striking the fatal hour—the hour of the beginning of a new era in this conflict. There is something solemn, something ominous in this transaction. While we are talking, arguing, making speeches, having Anti-Slavery fairs and Anti-Slavery picnics, here is this old man, with his sons, taking his life and their lives, and going calmly forward to strike a blow at the heart of this system. You may call it madness, insanity—what you will—but it is the madness of Curtius leaping into the gulf which yawned in the forum; the insanity of the Roman Consul, who, dedicating himself to the infernal gods, plunged alone and in full armor into the ranks of the enemy, as a sacrifice for his nation.

It is the madness of Arnold of Winkelried, gathering into his bosom the deadly sheaf of spears—the madness of the three hundred that went to die at Thermopylæ—of the six hundred who rode into the Jaws of Hell, to perish in vain, because it was their duty to do and die. It is a kind of insanity of which a few specimens are scattered along the course of the human race—and wherever they are found,

they make the glory of human nature, and give us more faith in God and man. Such men die, but their act lives forever —

Their memory wraps the dusky mountain,
 Their spirit sparkles in the fountain ;
 The meanest rill, the mightiest river,
 Rolls, mingling with their fame forever.

You cannot get away from it. Call it fanaticism, folly, madness, wickedness — it rises before you still with its calm, marble features, more terrible in defeat and death than in life and victory — the awful lineaments of Conscience. It is one of those acts of madness which History cherishes, and which Poetry loves forever to adorn with her choicest wreaths of laurel.

One consequence of the event will be, I cannot but think, the arousing of the Nation's Conscience. A thoroughly conscientious act awakens conscience in others. I have already mentioned its effect at the South. It has commanded respect where we might have expected violence. The quality of courage and nobleness in the man, in all his words and his whole manner, have evidently produced a most extraordinary impression. No bravado, no timidity — no concealment, no ostentation — perfect manliness, truth, and honesty, have been so conspicuous, that these qualities have touched the higher natures of Southern men, and awakened genuine feelings of respect and admiration. The Slaveholders have at last seen, face to face, a specimen of their *bête noir* — an Abolitionist. They find themselves compelled to respect him. Governor Wise now knows what an Abolitionist is ; and finds him no a man wishing to murder women and children, but tender to non-combatants, careful of his prisoners' lives, doing no needless harm, but knowing no such thing as fear. Our text says, that "*Herod feared John, knowing him to be a just man.*" This is one of those wonderful touches which mark the insight of the Scripture. The tyrant on his throne, sur-

rounded by his soldiers, backed by the mighty power of Rome, was afraid of the prophet in his prison — afraid of him in his tomb — “knowing him to be a just man.” The awful majesty of Justice penetrated through guards and courtiers, ante-rooms and festival chambers, and caused a thrill of terror to pass through the monarch’s soul. So the Herod of Slavery fears John Brown, in his prison; will continue to fear him, in his tomb — “knowing him to be a just man.”

Ten thousand Southern pulpits have been proving that because Abraham held Slaves, and Paul sent back Onesimus, therefore it is no violation of the golden rule to work negroes to death on the rice plantations of South Carolina and the sugar coast of the Mississippi. Ten thousand able editors, popular orators, and philosophic professors have been proving the same thing from statistics, ethnology, and anatomy. But here comes Old John Brown, believing Slavery a sin, and believing it so much as to fling his life away; and in their hearts and souls, the reverend and learned arguers feel that they are sophists, with no truth in them.

When such a deed is done, it is not the actual deed, but that which it announces, that is terrific. How many more John Browns may there not be behind? — so say in their souls to-day the whole population south of Mason’s and Dixon’s line. This may be only the first drop of the coming shower. True, the whole writing and speaking public at the North disavows and condemns the deed, but what do those think of it, who, like John Brown himself, do not talk, but act? I cannot tell — neither can you. I know that great crimes and great virtues are contagious. Suicide is contagious. Murder is contagious. It may be that many a man, sitting comfortably in his easy chair, when he read the account, “wished himself accursed he was not there” too. We may be to-day on the brink of a civil war. A crusade is attractive to thousands, whether it be in the form of filli-

bustering against Cuba, invading Kansas from Missouri, invading Missouri from Kansas, following Peter the Hermit to Palestine, or following other John Browns into Virginia. I do not believe in these crusades, any of them. I think them all bad and wrong. But woe to the man by whom the offence cometh.

A better result than this will be the swift depletion of the border States of their Slaves, and the turning of them into the ranks of the Free. The Governor of Virginia already announces that no slaves can be kept near the border who wish to escape. And one reason why no Slaves joined in this insurrection is, no doubt, that most of those who wished Freedom had already gone away. If the blow had been struck further south, it might have had a different effect on the Slave population.

There is a sad day before us. We shall be obliged to wait in silence, knowing that the soul of this hero is departing from the scaffold to the invisible world. But as the motive sanctifies the action, so it also glorifies the doom. The man will go to his death in the same great spirit in which he has thus far spoken and lived. Could his life be spared, I should be grateful; if not, I must remember

That whether on the scaffold high,
Or in the battle's van,
The fittest place for man to die
Is where he dies for man.

One lesson let us not fail to gather. The only thing of much worth in life is the spirit in which a man acts. Not what we do, but the *motive* of the action, is the great thing. Since this affray, and the deaths at Harper's Ferry, there has been a violent and extensive conflict at the polls at Baltimore, and perhaps as many men killed. But who thinks of that? Who cares for it? Who knows any thing about it? The motive was ignoble, a mere political squabble; and they who were killed died like dogs. But here the motive was noble,

and they who were shot down, fighting for it, fell like martyrs, and lie soiled with no unbecoming dust.

The times are dark, and may become darker. I do not expect much from political parties, or from popular elections. But I have faith in the Divine Providence — faith in the coming Kingdom of Jesus Christ — faith that He, the Master, shall yet come to reign in hearts grateful for his love, and in minds submissive to his will. And, returning from the contemplation of these events, marching by us in the steady progress of history, to our own private life and duty, let us imitate the conscience and the devotion to right of all these heroic souls, and seek also for the faith in a Divine Love which shall sweeten the harsh rebuke with charity, and warm our souls with a hope full of everlasting peace and joy. Condemning all violence, bloodshed, and war, let us overcome evil with good, and, whenever we speak the Truth, speak it also in Love.

James Freeman Clarke

JOHN BROWN'S FINAL VICTORY.

Let them beat their drums in triumph,
While the martyr, Brown,
Living bravely, dying nobly,
Wears the victor's crown.

Summoned to his home celestial,
From their brief control,
All the hench of ruthless tyrants
Could not hang his soul.

Now triumphant, kindred angels
Speed him to the land
Where the Prince of holy martyrs,
Smiling, waits his hand.

God be thanked, the spell is broken !
Clouds, affrighted, fly,
While the sun of Truth is breaking
Through the angry sky.

God be thanked, the dead are waking,
Roused by Freedom's call !
Tyrants, trembling, read the fearful
Writing on the wall.

Let them beat their drums in triumph,
While the martyr, Brown,
Living bravely, dying nobly,
Wears the Hero's crown.

G. W. LIGHT.

III.

LETTER FROM MRS. MASON, OF VIRGINIA,* TO MRS. CHILD, OF MASSACHUSETTS.

ALTO, KING GEORGE'S CO., VA., Nov. 11, 1859.

DO YOU read your Bible, Mrs. Child? If you do, read there "Woe unto you, hypocrites," and take to yourself with two-fold damnation, that terrible sentence; for, rest assured, in the day of judgment it shall be more tolerable for those thus scathed by the awful denunciation of the Son of God, than for you. *You* would sooth with sisterly and motherly care the hoary-headed murderer of Harper's Ferry! A man whose aim and intention was to incite the horrors of a servile war — to condemn women of your own race, ere death closed their eyes on their sufferings from violence and outrage, to see their husbands and fathers murdered, their children butchered, the ground strewn with the brains of their babes. The antecedents of Brown's band prove them to have been the offscourings of the earth; and what would have been our fate had they found as many sympathizers in Virginia as they seem to have in Massachusetts?

Now, compare yourself with those your "sympathy" would devote to such ruthless ruin, and say, on that "word of honor, which never has been broken," would you stand by the bedside of an old negro, dying of a hopeless disease, to alleviate his sufferings as far as human aid could? Have *you* ever watched the last lingering illness of a consumptive, to soothe,

* Wife of Senator Mason, author of the Fugitive Slave Law.

as far as in you lay, the inevitable fate? Do you soften the pangs of maternity in those around you by all the care and comfort you can give? Do you grieve with those *near* you, even though their sorrows resulted from their own misconduct? Did *you* ever sit up until the "wee hours" to complete a dress for a motherless child, that she might appear on Christmas day in a new one, along with her more fortunate companions? *We* do these and more for our servants; and why? Because we endeavor *to do our duty in that state of life it has pleased God to place us*. In His revealed word we read our duties to them — theirs to us are there also — "Not only to the good and gentle, but to the froward." (Peter ii: 18.) Go thou and do likewise, and keep away from Charlestown. If the stories read in the public prints be true, of the sufferings of the poor of the North, you need not go far for objects of charity. "Thou hypocrite! take first the beam out of thine own eye, then shalt thou see clearly to pull the mote out of thy neighbor's." But if, indeed, you do lack objects of sympathy near you, go to Jefferson County, to the family of George Turner, a noble, true-hearted man, whose devotion to his friend (Colonel Washington) causing him to risk his life, was shot down like a dog. Or to that of old Beckham, whose grief at the murder of his negro subordinate made him needlessly expose himself to the aim of the assassin Brown. And when you can equal in deeds of love and charity to those *around* you what is shown by nine-tenths of the Virginia plantations, then by your "sympathy" whet the knives for our throats and kindle the torch that fires our homes. *You* reverence Brown for his clemency to his prisoners! Prisoners! and how taken? Unsuspecting workmen, going to their daily duties; unarmed gentlemen, taken from their beds at the dead hour of the night, by six men doubly and trebly armed. Suppose he had hurt a hair of their heads; do you think one of the band of desperadoes would have left the engine-house alive? And did not he know that his treat-

ment of them was his only hope of life then, or of clemency afterwards? Of course he did. The United States troops could not have prevented him from being torn limb from limb.

I will add, in conclusion, no Southerner ought, after your letter to Governor Wise and to Brown, to read a line of your composition, or to touch a magazine which bears your name in its list of contributors; and in this we hope for the "sympathy" at least of those at the North who deserve the name of woman.

M. J. C. Mason

TO MRS. L. MARIA CHILD.

REPLY OF MRS. CHILD

WAYLAND, MASS., Dec. 17, 1859.

PROLONGED absence from home has prevented my answering your letter so soon as I intended. I have no disposition to retort upon you the "two-fold damnation," to which you consign me. On the contrary, I sincerely wish you well, both in this world and the next. If the anathema proved a safety-valve to your own boiling spirit, it did some good to you, while it fell harmless upon me. Fortunately for all of us, the Heavenly Father rules his universe by laws which the passions or the prejudices of mortals have no power to change.

As for John Brown, his reputation may be safely trusted to the impartial pen of History; and his motives will be righteously judged by Him who knoweth the secrets of all hearts. Men, however great they may be, are of small consequence in comparison with principles; and the principle for which John Brown died is the question at issue between us.

You refer me to the Bible, from which you quote the favorite text of slaveholders :

"Servants, be subject to your masters with all fear ; not only to the good and gentle, but also to the froward." — 1 Peter ii. 18.

Abolitionists also have favorite texts, to some of which I would call your attention :

"Remember those that are in bonds, as bound with them." — Heb. xiii. 3.

"Hide the outcasts. Betray not him that wandereth. Let mine outcasts dwell with thee. Be thou a covert to them from the face of the spoiler." — Isa. xvi. 3, 4.

"Thou shalt not deliver unto his master the servant which is escaped from his master unto thee. He shall dwell with thee, where it liketh him best. Thou shalt not oppress him." — Deut. xxiii. 15, 16.

"Open thy mouth for the dumb, in the cause of all such as are appointed to destruction. Open thy mouth, judge righteously, and plead the cause of the poor and needy." — Prov. xxxi. 8, 9.

"Cry aloud, spare not, lift up thy voice like a trumpet, and show my people their transgression, and the house of Israel their sins." — Isa. lviii. 1.

I would especially commend to slaveholders the following portions of that volume, wherein you say God has revealed the duty of masters :

"Masters, give unto your servants that which is just and equal ; knowing that ye also have a Master in heaven." — Col. iv. 1.

"Neither be ye called masters ; for one is your master, even Christ ; and all ye are brethren." — Matt. xxiii. 8, 10.

"Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them." — Matt. vii. 12.

"Is not this the fast that I have chosen, to loose the bonds of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke ?" — Isa. lviii. 6.

"They have given a boy for a harlot, and sold a girl for wine, that they might drink." — Joel iii. 3.

"He that oppresseth the poor reproacheth his Maker." — Prov. xiv. 31.

"Rob not the poor, because he is poor ; neither oppress the afflicted. For the Lord will plead their cause, and spoil the soul of those that spoil them." — Prov. xxi. 22, 23.

"Woe unto him that useth his neighbor's service without wages, and giveth him not for his work." — Jer. xxii. 13.

"Let him that stole, steal no more, but rather let him labor, working with his hands." — Eph. iv. 28.

"Woe unto them that decree unrighteous decrees, and that write grievousness, which they have prescribed ; to turn aside the needy from judgment, and to take away the right from the poor, that

widows may be their prey, and that they may rob the fatherless." — Isa. x. 1, 2.

"If I did despise the cause of my man-servant, or my maid-servant, when they contended with me, what then shall I do when God riseth up? and when he visiteth, what shall I answer him?" — Job xxxi. 13, 14.

"Thou hast sent widows away empty, and the arms of the fatherless have been broken. Therefore snares are round about thee, and sudden fear troubleth thee; and darkness, that thou canst not see." Job xxii. 9, 10, 11.

"Behold the hire of your laborers, who have reaped down your fields, which is of you kept back by fraud, crieth; and the cries of them which have reaped are entered into the ears of the Lord. Ye have lived in pleasure on the earth, and been wanton; ye have nourished your hearts as in a day of slaughter; ye have condemned and killed the just." — James v. 4.

If the appropriateness of these texts is not apparent, I will try to make it so, by evidence drawn entirely from *Southern* sources. The Abolitionists are not such an ignorant set of fanatics as you suppose. They *know* whereof they affirm. They are familiar with the laws of the Slave States, which are alone sufficient to inspire abhorrence in any humane heart or reflecting mind not perverted by the prejudices of education and custom. I might fill many letters with significant extracts from your statute books; but I have space only to glance at a few, which indicate the *leading* features of the system you cherish so tenaciously.

The universal rule of the Slave States is, that "the child follows the condition of its *mother*." This is an index to many things. Marriages between white and colored people are forbidden by law; yet a very large number of the slaves are brown or yellow. When Lafayette visited this country in his old age, he said he was very much struck by the great change in the colored population of Virginia; that in the time of the Revolution nearly all the household slaves were black; but when he returned to America he found very few of them black. The advertisements in Southern newspapers often describe runaway slaves that "pass themselves for white men." Sometimes they are described as having straight, light hair,

blue eyes, and clear complexion." This could not be, unless their fathers, grandfathers, and great-grandfathers had been white men. But as their *mothers* were slaves, the law pronounces *them* slaves, subject to be sold on the auction-block whenever the necessities or convenience of their masters or mistresses require it. The sale of one's own children, brothers, or sisters, has an ugly aspect to those who are unaccustomed to it; and, obviously, it cannot have a good moral influence that law and custom should render licentiousness a *profitable* vice.

Throughout the Slave States, the testimony of no colored person, bond or free, can be received against a white man. You have some laws which, on the face of them, would seem to restrain inhuman men from murdering or mutilating slaves; but they are rendered nearly null by the law I have cited. Any drunken master, overseer, or patrol, may go into the negro cabins and commit what outrages he pleases, with perfect impunity, if no white person is present who chooses to witness against him. North Carolina and Georgia leave a large loophole for escape, even if white persons are present, when murder is committed. A law to punish persons for "maliciously killing a slave" has this remarkable qualification: "Always provided that this act shall not extend to any slave dying of moderate correction." We, at the North, find it difficult to understand how *moderate* punishment can cause *death*. I have read several of your law books attentively, and I find no cases of punishment for the murder of a slave, except by fines paid to the *owner*, to indemnify him for the loss of his *property*: the same as if his horse or cow had been killed. In the South Carolina Reports is a case where the State indicted Guy Raines for the murder of a slave named Isaac. It was proved that William Gray, the owner of Isaac, had given him a *thousand lashes*. The poor creature made his escape, but was caught, and delivered to the custody of Raines, to be carried to the county jail. Because he refused to go, Raines gave

him five hundred lashes, and he died soon after. The counsel for Raines proposed that he should be allowed to acquit himself by his *own oath*. The court decided against it, because *white witnesses* had testified; but the Court of Appeals afterwards decided that he *ought* to have been exculpated by his own oath, and he was *acquitted*. Small indeed is the chance for justice to a slave, when his own color are not allowed to testify, if they see him maimed or his children murdered; when he has slaveholders for Judges and Jurors; when the murderer can exculpate himself by his own oath; and when the law provides that it is no murder to kill a slave by "moderate correction"!

Your laws uniformly declare that "a slave shall be deemed a chattel personal in the hands of his owner, to all intents, constructions, and purposes whatsoever." This, of course, involves the right to sell his children, as if they were pigs; also, to take his wife from him "for any intent or purpose whatsoever." Your laws also make it death for him to resist a white man, however brutally he may be treated, or however much his family may be outraged before his eyes. If he attempts to run away, your laws allow any man to shoot him.

By your laws, all a slave's earnings belong to his master. He can neither receive donations nor transmit property. If his master allows him some hours to work for himself, and by great energy and perseverance he earns enough to buy his own bones and sinews, his master may make him pay two or three times over, and he has no redress. Three such cases have come within my own knowledge. Even a written promise from his master has no legal value, because a slave can make no contracts.

Your laws also systematically aim at keeping the minds of the colored people in the most abject state of ignorance. If white people attempt to teach them to read or write, they are punished by imprisonment, or fines; if they attempt to teach each other, they are punished with from twenty to thirty-nine

lashes each. It cannot be said that the Anti-Slavery agitation produced such laws, for they date much farther back; many of them when we were Provinces. They are the *necessities* of the system, which, being itself an outrage upon human nature, can be sustained only by perpetual outrages.

The next reliable source of information is the advertisements in Southern newspapers. In *The North Carolina* (Raleigh) *Standard*, Mr. Micajah Ricks advertises, "Run-away, a negro woman and two children. A few days before she went off, I burned her with a hot iron on the left side of her face. I tried to make the letter M." In *The Natchez Courier*, Mr. J. P. Ashford advertises a runaway negro girl, with "a good many teeth missing, and the letter A branded on her cheek and forehead." In *The Lexington Observer*, (Ky.,) Mr. William Overstreet advertises a runaway negro, with "his left eye out, scars from a dirk on his left arm, and much scarred with the whip." I might quote from hundreds of such advertisements, offering rewards for runaways, "dead or alive," and describing them with "ears cut off," "jaws broken," "scarred by rifle balls," &c.

Another source of information is afforded by your "Fugitives from Injustice," with many of whom I have conversed freely. I have seen scars of the whip and marks of the branding-iron, and I have listened to their heart-breaking sobs, while they told of "picaninnies" torn from their arms and sold.

Another source of information is furnished by emancipated slaveholders. Sarah M. Grimké, daughter of the late Judge Grimké, of the Supreme Court of South Carolina, testifies as follows: "As I left my native State on account of Slavery, and deserted the home of my fathers to escape the sound of the lash and the shrieks of tortured victims, I would gladly bury in oblivion the recollection of those scenes with which I have been familiar. But this cannot be. They come over my memory like gory spectres, and implore me, with resistless

power, in the name of a God of mercy, in the name of a crucified Saviour, in the name of humanity, for the sake of the slaveholder, as well as the slave, to bear witness to the horrors of the Southern prison-house." She proceeds to describe dreadful tragedies, the actors in which, she says, were "men and women of the first families in South Carolina;" and that their cruelties did not, in the slightest degree, affect their standing in society. Her sister, Angelina Grimké, declared: "While I live, and Slavery lives, I *must* testify against it, not merely for the sake of my poor brothers and sisters in bonds; for even were Slavery no curse to its victims, the exercise of arbitrary power works such fearful ruin upon the hearts of slaveholders, that I should feel impelled to labor and pray for its overthrow with my latest breath." Among the horrible barbarities she enumerates is the case of a girl, thirteen years old, who was flogged to death by her master. She says: "I asked a prominent lawyer, who belonged to one of the first families in the State, whether the murderer of this helpless child could not be indicted; and he coolly replied, that the slave was Mr. ——'s property, and if he chose to suffer the loss, no one else had any thing to do with it." She proceeds to say: "I felt there could be for me no rest in the midst of such outrages and pollutions. Yet I saw nothing of Slavery in its most vulgar and repulsive forms. I saw it in the city, among the fashionable and the honorable, where it was garnished by refinement and decked out for show. It is my deep, solemn, deliberate conviction, that this is a cause worth dying for. I say so from what I have seen, and heard, and known in a land of Slavery, whereon rest the darkness of Egypt and the sin of Sodom." I once asked Miss Angelina if she thought Abolitionists exaggerated the horrors of Slavery. She replied, with earnest emphasis: "They *cannot* be exaggerated. It is impossible for imagination to go beyond the facts." To a lady, who observed that the time had not yet come for agitating the subject, she answered: "I apprehend

if thou wert a *slave*, toiling in the fields of Carolina, thou wouldst think the time had *fully* come."

Mr. Thome, of Kentucky, in the course of his eloquent lectures on this subject, said: "I breathed my first breath in an atmosphere of Slavery. But though I am heir to a slave inheritance, I am bold to denounce the whole system as an outrage, a complication of crimes, and wrongs, and cruelties, that make angels weep."

Mr. Allen, of Alabama, in a discussion with the students at Lane Seminary, in 1834, told of "a slave who was tied up and beaten all day, with a paddle full of holes. At night, his flesh was literally pounded to a jelly. The punishment was inflicted within hearing of the Academy and the Public Green. But no one took any notice of it. No one thought any wrong was done. At our house, it is so common to hear screams from a neighboring plantation, that we think nothing of it. Lest any one should think that the slaves are *generally* well treated, and that the cases I have mentioned are exceptions, let me be distinctly understood that cruelty is the *rule*, and kindness is the exception."

In the same discussion, a student from Virginia, after relating cases of great cruelty, said: "Such things are common all over Virginia; at least, so far as I am acquainted. But the planters generally avoid punishing their slaves before *strangers*."

Miss Mattie Griffith, of Kentucky, whose entire property consisted in slaves, emancipated them all. The noble-hearted girl wrote to me: "I shall go forth into the world penniless; but I shall work with a light heart, and, best of all, I shall live with an easy conscience." Previous to this generous resolution, she had never read any Abolition documents, and entertained the common Southern prejudice against them. But her own observation so deeply impressed her with the enormities of Slavery, that she was impelled to publish a book, called "The Autobiography of a Female Slave." I

read it with thrilling interest; but some of the scenes made my nerves quiver so painfully, that I told her I hoped they were too highly colored. She shook her head sadly, and replied: "I am sorry to say that every incident in the book has come within my own knowledge."

St. George Tucker, Judge and Professor of Law in Virginia, speaking of the legalized murder of runaways, said: "Such are the cruelties to which a state of Slavery gives birth—such the horrors to which the human mind is capable of being reconciled by its adoption." Alluding to our struggle in '76, he said: "While we proclaimed our resolution to live free or die, we imposed on our fellow-men, of different complexion, a Slavery ten thousand times worse than the utmost extremity of the oppressions of which we complained."

Governor Giles, in a Message to the Legislature of Virginia, referring to the custom of selling free colored people into Slavery, as a punishment for offences not capital, said: "Slavery must be admitted to be a *punishment of the highest order*; and, according to the just rule for the apportionment of punishment to crimes, it ought to be applied only to *crimes of the highest order*. The most distressing reflection in the application of this punishment to female offenders, is that it extends to their offspring; and the innocent are thus punished with the guilty." Yet one hundred and twenty thousand innocent babes in this country are annually subjected to a punishment which your Governor declared ought to be applied only to crimes of the highest order.

Jefferson said: "One *day* of American Slavery is worse than a *thousand years* of that which we rose in arms to oppose." Alluding to insurrections, he said: "The Almighty has no attribute that can take side with us in such a contest."

John Randolph declared: "Every planter is a sentinel at his own door. Every Southern mother, when she hears an alarm of fire in the night, instinctively presses her infant closer to her bosom."

Looking at the system of Slavery in the light of all this evidence, do you candidly think we deserve "two-fold damnation" for detesting it? Can you not believe that we may hate the system, and yet be truly your friends? I make allowance for the excited state of your mind, and for the prejudices induced by education. I do not care to change your opinion of me; but I do wish you could be persuaded to examine this subject dispassionately, for the sake of the prosperity of Virginia, and the welfare of unborn generations, both white and colored. For thirty years, Abolitionists have been trying to reason with slaveholders, through the press, and in the halls of Congress. Their efforts, though directed to the *masters only*, have been met with violence and abuse almost equal to that poured on the head of John Brown. Yet surely we, as a portion of the Union, involved in the expense, the degeneracy, the danger, and the disgrace, of this iniquitous and fatal system, have a *right* to speak about it, and a right to be *heard* also. At the North, we willingly publish Pro-Slavery arguments, and ask only a fair field and no favor for the other side. But you will not even allow your own citizens a chance to examine this important subject. Your letter to me is published in Northern papers, as well as Southern; but my reply will not be allowed to appear in any Southern paper. The despotic measures you take to silence investigation, and shut out the light from your own white population, proves how little reliance you have on the strength of your cause. In this enlightened age, all despotisms *ought* to come to an end by the agency of moral and rational means. But if they resist such agencies, it is in the order of Providence that they *must* come to an end by violence. History is full of such lessons.

Would that the veil of prejudice could be removed from your eyes. If you would candidly examine the statements of Governor Hincks of the British West Indies, and of the Rev. Mr. Bleeby, long time a Missionary in those Islands, both before and after emancipation, you could not fail to be

convinced that Cash is a more powerful incentive to labor than the Lash, and far safer also. One fact in relation to those Islands is very significant. While the working-people were slaves, it was always necessary to order out the military during the Christmas holidays; but, since emancipation, not a soldier is to be seen. A hundred John Browns might land there, without exciting the slightest alarm.

To the personal questions you ask me, I will reply in the name of all the women of New-England. It would be extremely difficult to find any woman in our villages who does *not* sew for the poor, and watch with the sick, whenever occasion requires. We pay our domestics generous wages, with which they can purchase as many Christmas gowns as they please; a process far better for their characters, as well as our own, than to receive their clothing as a charity, after being deprived of just payment for their labor. I have never known an instance where the "pangs of maternity" did not meet with requisite assistance; and here at the North, after we have helped the mothers, we do not sell the babies.

I readily believe what you state concerning the kindness of many Virginia matrons. It is creditable to their hearts; but after all, the best that can be done in that way is a poor equivalent for the perpetual wrong done to the slaves, and the terrible liabilities to which they are always subject. Kind masters and mistresses among you are merely lucky accidents. If any one *chooses* to be a brutal despot, your laws and customs give him complete power to do so. And the lot of those slaves who have the kindest masters is exceedingly precarious. In case of death, or pecuniary difficulties, or marriages in the family, they may at any time be suddenly transferred from protection and indulgence to personal degradation, or extreme severity; and if they should try to escape from such sufferings, any body is authorized to shoot them down like dogs.

With regard to your declaration that "no Southerner ought

henceforth to read a line of my composition," I reply, that I have great satisfaction in the consciousness of having nothing to lose in that quarter. Twenty-seven years ago, I published a book, called "An Appeal in behalf of that Class of Americans called Africans." It influenced the minds of several young men, afterwards conspicuous in public life, through whose agency the cause was better served than it could have been by me. From that time to this, I have labored too earnestly for the slave to be agreeable to slaveholders. Literary popularity was never a paramount object with me, even in my youth; and, now that I am old, I am utterly indifferent to it. But, if I cared for the exclusion you threaten, I should at least have the consolation of being exiled with honorable company. Dr. Channing's writings, mild and candid as they are, breathe what you would call arrant treason. William C. Bryant, in his capacity of editor, is openly on our side. The inspired muse of Whittier has incessantly sounded the trumpet for moral warfare with your iniquitous institution; and his stirring tones have been answered, more or less loudly, by Pierpont, Lowell, and Longfellow. Emerson, the Plato of America, leaves the scholastic seclusion he loves so well, and, disliking noise, with all his poetic soul, bravely takes his stand among the trumpeters. George W. Curtis, the brilliant writer, the eloquent lecturer, the elegant man of the world, lays the wealth of his talent on the altar of Freedom, and makes common cause with rough-shod reformers.

The genius of Mrs. Stowe carried the outworks of your institution at one dash, and left the citadel open to besiegers, who are pouring in amain. In the church, on the ultra-liberal side, it is assisted by the powerful battering-ram of Theodore Parker's eloquence. On the extreme orthodox side is set a huge fire, kindled by the burning words of Dr. Cheever. Between them, is Henry Ward Beecher, sending a shower of keen arrows into your entrenchments; and with him ride a troop of sharp-shooters from all sects. If you turn to the

literature of England or France, you will find your institution treated with as little favor. The fact is, the whole civilized world proclaims Slavery an outlaw, and the best intellect of the age is active in hunting it down.

L. Maria Child.

TO MRS. M. J. C. MASON.

THE HERO'S HEART.

A WINTER sunshine, still and bright,
The Blue Hills bathed with golden light,
And earth seemed smiling to the sky,
When calmly he went forth to die.

Infernal passions festered there,
Where peaceful nature looked so fair;
And fiercely, in the morning sun,
Flashed glittering bayonet and gun.

The old man met no friendly eye,
When last he looked on earth and sky;
But one small child, with timid air,
Was gazing on his silver hair.

As that dark brow to his upturned,
The tender heart within him yearned;
And, fondly stooping o'er her face,
He kissed her, for her injured race.

The little one, she knew not why
That kind old man went forth to die;
Nor why, mid all that pomp and stir,
He stooped to give a kiss to *her*.

But Jesus smiled that sight to see,
And said, "He did it unto *me*"!
The golden harps then sweetly rung,
And this the song the Angels sung:

"Who loves the poor doth love the Lord!
Earth cannot dim thy bright reward;
We hover o'er yon gallows high,
And wait to bear thee to the sky."

L. MARIA CHILD.

IV.

SERMON BY REV. M. D. CONWAY.*

I OFTEN ask myself the question, How far shall I trust my own heart in speaking to you, my fellow-beings, from this pulpit to which you have called me, and which should ever stand for that which is most sacred within you? Shall I come a little way out of my self-hood, and speak of what I may be expected to be interested in as a preacher, whilst as a man I am really indifferent about it? Shall I speak here — where of all other places the burden of God most rests upon my shoulders — of one thing, whilst every drop of blood in my heart is stirred by another?

This questioning urged itself very gravely upon me lately, when I was informed that my discourse upon the Insurrection in Virginia had been a hard thing for my people to bear, and had cost me some influential friends. Never did a church need friends more than ours, and every additional alienation must be felt heavy enough. But the only fatal loss to us will be when Truth, Justice, and Freedom cease to be our friends, and we theirs. Therefore, I must still abide by the motto of my ministry, long ago taken, and often urged here, — *Deep calleth unto deep*. Life is too short and too solemn to be dallying with surfaces. I can only know how far my word

* Preached in the First Congregational Church, Cincinnati, December 4, 1859, from 1 Corinthians x. 1, 2:

“Moreover, brethren, I would not that ye should be ignorant that all our fathers were under a cloud, and all passed through the sea; and were all baptized unto Moses, in the cloud and in the sea.”

reaches by knowing how far it has come; I can only be sure that it can touch any depth in you, when it has come up from the depth of my own heart. The equation is of mathematical certainty. Therefore let truth be between us, and no misunderstanding. I have once and for always pledged myself to follow the leading of my soul, knowing that if that be not sacred, no other guide can be.

I feel, my brethren, a deep conviction that our mission as a Free Church is not so much to rationalize popular Christianity as to humanize it. This last includes the other, since the humane must be reasonable also. Once let the broad, impartial eye of Humanity catch and hold in its spell the eye of the Church, and the lines of sect and party fade. Theology must pass in giving birth to Humanity, taking its place with Alchemy and Astrology, the embryonic and superstitious forms of Chemistry and Astronomy. We would, therefore, not add another sect to the world, but a new Christianity, which is also the most ancient. The common theology is a Christianity with Christ left out; since he himself has told us that wherever man was left out, unministered to in his distresses, there he himself was left out. But is my charge against the common theology unwarranted and ill-natured? Let us look to the religious signs of the times for our answer. Who has not heard of Ary Scheffer, the artist who has hung up in the homes of two continents, the scenes of the life of Christ, so full of fresh and living beauty? This artist drew, with his apostolic pencil, one picture, surpassing, in conception at least, all the rest. It was called *Christus Consolator*. It represents the Son of Man standing, with face full of human tenderness, with hands stretched forth in mercy to the sick, the halt, the oppressed, the destitute, who have gathered around their benefactor and consoler. To represent the idea that in him all the kindreds of the earth shall be blest, the artist has grouped the offspring of various climes, who together bend to receive the benediction of the Friend of Man.

Amongst these, in his simplicity, he placed a Negro. Now, this painting was engraved, and soon became very popular with the American public. I presume most of you have seen it, as there are many copies in this city. But in Pennsylvania, another engraving of the picture met with an accident. It so happened that a new prayer-book was needed by the Episcopal Church of that State; and it was accordingly prepared under the supervision of the Right Rev. Alonzo Potter, Bishop of that Diocese. It having been found a good thing for devotion, that the prayer-book should have velvet and gold outside and pictures inside, the Bishop cast about for a good frontispiece for the new work, and he showed his taste by fixing upon the *Christus Consolator* of Ary Scheffer. But that was not all he showed; for, as I tell you, the engraver's plate met with an accident, *the picture appearing in the prayer-book with the figure of the Negro left out!* By this theological accident it is made manifest to us that Christ is to the American Church the "consolator" of all who need consolation, the Negro excepted; of Fcjeees, Hottentots, and Hindoos, for whose conversion fortunes are bequeathed, but not of the Slave, who until he be righted should be the "Christ and him crucified" of every Christian. Jesus said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it to one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me;" and to an enlightened eye the Bishop's frontispiece had left out another figure also. The Christ had gone to find out the missing black man!

Now, you may say, that this is the sentiment of one Church or division of a Church, and that it would be a hasty conclusion to decide that the American Church has left out the Slave in its views of Christ's reign on earth. But we have no need to conclude hastily; we may do it at our leisure. Let us seek our Christ in bonds among the churches. If we need any thing further to convince us that the Episcopal Churches "know not the man," we can find it in the clerical and epis-

copal hisses which, in the last convention of that Church in New York, greeted a resolution unfavorable to the reopening of the slave trade; they would not even consider it, especially as they were just putting on their purple and fine linen to go to Richmond. And then what time or heart had they to think of negroes, when there was the poor sainted Onderdonk to be wept over and delivered from bonds!

Shall we find him with the Baptists? Lately the great publishers of that denomination in New York, Sheldon & Co., published Mr. Spurgeon's volume of discourses; and somehow, another of those theological accidents happened. The London edition, when it reappeared in America, had lost frequent and earnest allusions to the slave! All the churches, however, commonly known as Orthodox, are interested in the Tract Society, — Presbyterians, old and new school; Methodists, Dutch Reformed, Baptists, Episcopalians, &c. The tracts published by this society are from various sources, and often reproductions of some of the finest works of Wilberforce, Wesley, Hannah More, and others. Now, a year or two ago it was discovered that in very many of the old standard tracts, strong appeals for the black man had been expurgated. He who pronounced Slavery the sum of all villainies had grown dumb on the subject; and Wilberforce was made quite at ease with the system against which he waged a life-long battle. Now, when to the assembled American Church, each denomination, represented by its leading men, this discovery was announced; when the publishing committee acknowledged that the negro had slipped, as he has an irresistible tendency to do, out of their plan of labor and their tracts, do you think there was a thrill of horror running through their hearts? Did the Church rise up in its strength and affirm that Christ had come to save the Negro as well as the white man from the evils which affect and degrade him? Not so; a smile of approval overspread the face of the Church, and the same committee was reelected.

Now, brethren, I say that it is our mission to engrave the *complete* "Christus Consolator" on the heart of America; to restore the figure of the fettered Negro back to the place from which the unchristian Church has erased him. We must paint that picture on the land, though, if need be, our heart's blood go for pigment. I am glad that literature and art have expurgated the Negro. It is the outspeaking of a fact; he is erased there because he is erased from the heart and conscience of the popular church. If he had been left in the Pennsylvania prayer-book, it would have been a falsehood. Now that church, Trinitarian, or Unitarian, or No-tarian, is the true and only true church in this country, which feels it to be its mission to restore the effaced figure; to print the complete frontispiece on every heart within its pale of influence; to do away with a spurious and expurgated Christianity.

And I am confident that the mass of men know this well enough, whether they are ready to openly stand for it or not. I am satisfied that you, my congregation, should I withhold my tongue from that event which claims it this day, would still be listening to that event; for it is the nature of wrong to press heavily, and of heroism to be eloquent and irrepressible; the right and true man, being dead, yet speaketh. In short, all the powers of earth and hell could not prevent that old dead hero of Virginia from being heard in our pulpits to-day. Should we hold our peace, the very stones would cry out.

Is John Brown a hero? It will one day be told, to prove the stupidity of this age, that such a question was asked by sane men; that there were eyes so dull that they could not see, in a man dying for a religious principle, any thing more than "fanatic," "madman," "traitor."

See him standing there on that great prophetic Monday, in the armory of the United States, bearing, according to Col. Lewis Washington's testimony, during the whole day, that heirloom of the family, the sword which Frederick the Great

sent to General Washington. Perhaps you remember the history of that sword; how Frederick the Great, after a series of the most stupendous wars which the world ever saw, from the battle of Mollwitz, in 1741, to the peace conceded to suppliant Austria, in 1779, having fulfilled his mission of punishing the most criminal nation which ever existed, and placing all the nationalities of Europe on a freer basis, then looked over the ocean and saw an earnest and deeply wronged people contending with an oppressor; how nearly his last public act was to extend to our nation in that conflict a helping hand, by employing Hessian troops across the Atlantic, and levying the same toll on the English recruits crossing his dominions as on "bought and sold cattle;" and how, when we conquered our freedom, he forwarded from Potsdam to Mount Vernon a Prussian sword of honor, marked with these words: "From the oldest general in the world to the greatest." If the spirit of Washington could still rule in our land, I believe it would have presented that sword to John Brown as its rightful inheritor, with the words: "From the greatest general in the world to the purest."

Think not that these are the words of enthusiasm; they are the words of truth and soberness. If in any degree a Cause elevates the deed, if the altar sanctifieth the gift laid thereon, then that sword made an ascent and no descent when held in the hands of John Brown. Frederick was an instrument in the hands of the overruling power to advance the rights of man, but he was not a hero. He thought not of humanity: when he entered the long series of wars which brought about so much good, he said, privately, "Ambition, interest, the desire to make people talk about me, carried the day, and I decided to make war." He was a nobler man at last; but his great deeds were, all summed up, not equal in elevation to that which was expiated on the gallows last Friday. Now let us turn to the next heir of the sword of honor, the Father of our Country. Nowhere with more reverence than here shall

be spoken the name of Washington! Yet what was the cause for which he so bravely fought? Why, King George had touched the *pocket* of New England; that was it — a few shillings tax more than was right, brought about the American Revolution. Also, Washington had the sympathy of the two leading powers of the world, Prussia and France, and the self-interest of every soldier was concerned. The cause was a just cause, but it was not a purely human one. But this man, arming his heart with the Book which says, "Remember those who are in bonds as bound with them," and the Declaration of Independence, of which he seems to be one of the very few genuine believers in our times, marches on to a certain death; marches over the dead bodies of his sons to the scaffold — laying his all upon the altar of the just God. Do we admire Hampden, who, rather than pay an unjust tax of twenty shillings, risked his head that he might bring a throned tyrant to the block? — how much more should we admire the old Puritan, who, for a protest against the great crime of our country, against five millions of his brethren, gave himself and his sons to a cruel death? The traitor of Charles I. is our hero; the traitor of Governor Wise will become our saint. I am appealing to you as men of heart and reason; not as men whose opinions are dependent on the cotton market, or on the platforms of parties. I set aside the human wisdom of this movement. I set aside the question of the abstract rectitude of the method. The stature of a hero dwarfs such considerations. It was his conviction of duty — that is enough. Can I not admire Socrates or Hypatia because I do not agree with the heathenisms for which they yielded up their lives? Where heroism comes, where self-devotion comes, where the sublime passion for the right comes, there God comes; there a will unmeasurable by all prudential gauges is executed, and we may as well question the moral propriety of a streak of lightning or an earthquake as of that deed.

Thou martyr of a noble faith! Thou God-maddened old

man !• I have followed thee dreaming and waking with my eyes. I have listened to the word of victorious faith which came from thy pri-on ; came saying, " God has prospered me," as thy well-served Master said in his darkest hour, " Now am I glorified." I have followed thee to the scaffold, where, amid the silent thunders of God, which were bursting over the land, thou answered " nothing ;" and I felt that like our fathers, we also were passing into a Red Sea, and have prayed that we too should be baptized to our Moses, to our Freedom, in the cloud and in the sea ! Who is so purblind as to say that the man whose deed has summed up a century's work — who has sealed with his blood the death-warrant of Slavery, has failed ? A clear eye may read in red letters FAILURE on the front of the capitols in Virginia or Washington ; but it will read on the gallows of Brown, SUCCESS. When such heroism fails, the divine power is bankrupt !

You have heard the great story of Arnold of Winkelried, the second Leonidas and more : how, when all other hope was fled, and his companions shrank before the swarm of Austrians, to whom they were as nothing in number, he had recourse to an ally unseen, but invincible, — namely, a heroic heart. He rushed forward to a sure death. He gathered in his side the " fatal sheaf of Austrian spears," and perished before them. He made every follower a hero, — his deed was stronger than an army ; his foe had not counted on such opponents. So does heroism fulfil the old prophecies, and carrying the arm of God with it, one chases a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight. We, too, have seen our Arnold die before us to break the pass ; and where there was one God-fearing and man-loving heart in this land, there are now a thousand. John Brown is not dead ; last Friday he was born in a million hearts. For this is a time when nothing should be disguised, and men must confront unwelcome but stubborn facts. Our speech must be by the rule of *vera pro gratis* — the true instead of the pleasant. When, by a sudden touch, as of Ithuriel's spear, a disguised monster shows itself in its real

form, we know that the antipathy to it, hitherto disguised, will become equally open and real. When on one side of a river, free thought, and free speech, and free press prevail, and on the other free presses are cast into the river, and free men warned from their homes; when martial law is declared, and the highways are impressed; when a State turns highwayman, and imprisons the subjects of other States without warrant; when the political inquisition is revived in a Republic—then, my friends, it is an error to say we are on the verge of civil war; we are in the midst of civil war, whether much blood be yet shed or not. Last Friday the wind was sown: soon or late the whirlwind must be reaped.

It is idle to talk of pity for that slain man; we cannot pity one who looks down on us from such a height. We should rather approach his prison as a palace, his gallows as a throne,—

“For whether on the scaffold high,
Or in the battle’s van,
The fittest place where man can die
Is where he dies for man.”

We have now only to live and do a manly Christian part in the development of his deed, and in controlling it, lest it pass out of the lawful realm of the Prince of PEACE. Its immediate results may creep. In the Egyptian legend, at the end of every five hundred years, the divine bird, the Phœnix, comes to the altar of the Sun and burns himself to ashes. On the first day after this, men find in the ashes a worm; on the second day, an unfledged bird; and on the third day after, the full grown Phœnix flies away. Out of the ashes of our martyr a Revolution must come. It may creep the first day; it may be weak the second day; but at last its free pinion will strike the air, and it will rise up to brood over this land, until the progeny of Freemen arise to crown America’s destiny.

May we all, as we pass under the cloud and through the sea, be baptized afresh to the cause of LIBERTY, HUMANITY, and GOD!

M. D. Conway,

"It is true, as your minister, [Theodore Parker,] faithful and well-beloved, has said, all the great charters of Humanity have been written in blood; and therefore he justifies the shedding of blood. It is because they were written in blood—blood shed by their champions—that they have so often proved to be a dead letter; because they have sanctioned the bloody arbitrament of the sword, the dear cause of man's deliverance has to be fought for over and over again. Revolutions, effected by force, always end, sooner or later, in reëstablishing the tyranny they undertake to overthrow. And our boasted American Revolution is no exception to this truth, but an impressive instance of it."

REV. WILLIAM H. FURNESS.

Book Fifth.

THE VOICE OF KANSAS.

FROM KANSAS.

(Correspondence of the New York Tribune)

LAWRENCE, Kansas, December 2, 1859.

THE Anti Slavery men of this county met here to day, in mass meeting, to enter their protest against American Slavery, and to express their confidence in and sympathy with Capt. John Brown, who is well known here, and to take measures for the organization of the Anti Slavery sentiment of this community. The following resolutions were unanimously adopted:—

Resolved, That American Slavery is an unmitigated evil, a curse, to both master and slave, a sin against God and man, and should be immediately abolished.

Resolved, That we accord to the slave the perfect right to protect himself from the tyranny of his pretended master, and to use precisely the means that Christian white men would be justified in using under similar circumstances; and that the time and mode of aiding the weaker side in such a contest lie solely in the judgment and conscience of those who sympathize with the feeble and oppressed.

* * * * *

Resolved, That whereas the character of our old comrade in arms, Capt. John Brown, whose life to day is to be sacrificed to Slavery, has been cruelly maligned by the democratic press of Kansas, and the North generally: We, therefore, the people of Douglas County, in mass meeting assembled, do unhesitatingly affirm our full confidence in the integrity of his character, and the nobleness of his motives, believing that in his recent conduct he was not actuated by a spirit of revenge, but by the highest and purest motives.

Resolved, That while we may have differed with Capt. Brown as to the wisdom of his plans for the relief of the slave, we cannot withhold from him the highest honor and respect due to one who endeavored to live up to the golden rule, and that he will be embalmed in our memories as one who has laid down his life for the rights of man, and in an attempted vindication of the great idea of the "Declaration of Independence;" and that he and his comrades will have gone down to no inglorious graves, but will swell the noble column of those who have fallen in the great battle for freedom.

Resolved, That we declare our respect and esteem for John Brown, in reference to his labors in Kansas, knowing him to have been a true and disinterested friend of freedom here, and he taught the Border Ruffian invaders of our soil the wholesome lesson that oppressors of the poor might be made to "bite the dust," and to flee from the hated Yankees, at a time when they imagined their foulest dreams on the eve of being realized.

I.

LECTURE BY WILLIAM A. PHILLIPS.*

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN of Lawrence: In complying with the request to lecture before you, I adopt the subject announced, in preference to any scientific one, believing that occasions dignify current events with a grandeur and importance that turns our attention irresistibly towards them. It would be vanity to affect any shrinking from a popular topic. There are times when the lessons of science dwindle in importance before the lessons of history, and I question if there can be a higher duty than to present the startling lesson of to-day, in the different aspects in which it may strike us.

Zoroaster, in his Zendavesta, has an allegory which shows that those who travel in pursuit of knowledge describe a circle, and return at last to their pristine ignorance. From another we learn that in early times the whole human race inhabited a small valley, shut up by lofty mountains, and that they believed the firmament to be of adamant, and to rest on the tops of these mountains, thus shutting out all else from human ken. Until to-day men continue to make their lives similar profitless circles. Society persists in inhabiting a Valley of Ignorance, and conjures up another "firmament of adamant" to shut out the richest lessons of history. The

* Entitled "The Age and the Man." Delivered in Miller's Hall, Lawrence, Kansas, Jan. 20, 1860.

past we think we know — of *the present* we are profoundly ignorant. Prone to expatiate on the glory of our age and country we create an imaginary millennium, and do not want to look beyond it, but for amusement. How few arrive at the point attained by a learned Chinaman, when he exclaimed: "How comes it that the Europeans, so remote from China, think with so much justice and precision. *They* have never read our books — they scarcely know even our letters — and yet they talk and reason just as *we* do."

Who amongst us does not secretly, or openly, flatter himself that he lives in the most glorious age and time of the world. We scarce would admit our page of earth's history to be part of the blotted record of the human race for five thousand years. Ours we feel to be "the glorious noontide of the nineteenth century," even though we have not added the invention of a pin-head to its discoveries, or given one valuable original thought to the empire of philosophy. If our favorite theory be true, human nature has ever been culminating, but has never reached the culmination of perfection, since trembling man looked back on the flaming sword of the cherub that shut him out from the Eden of his primitive felicity.

The history of the past is but the history of a few men. So far as we know, the masses of antiquity might have grown up, lived, and died, as unreflective creatures of impulse as the beasts that perish. Whole nations *have* passed away without accomplishing enough to perpetuate their memory. In the mazes of history one or two great minds stand out like lighthouses in the gloom. It is only the greatest good — and, occasionally, the greatest infamy — that survives the present. Mediocrity has no immortality. How much, for instance, do we know of the Hebrew nation that camped in the Valley of Sin. Yet theirs is supposed to be a full record. Strip out a few names, and a few acts, and all the rest is as dim as what we know of the Hittites, and Hivites, and Per-

izzites, and Jebusites, who seem to have existed but that the Hebrews might have the credit of conquering the country. Yet two pictures were daguerreotyped then that are imperishable. How fresh and grand to-day, are those old commandments, thundered from the Mount. How indelible the record of their idolatry, — how prophetic the worship of the *Golden Calf*.

Antiquarians squabble over the supposed sites of Nineveh and Babylon. Had these nations labored more for humanity and less for ambition and grandeur, they would have remained fresh and young while the bittern flapped its wing over the silent ruins of Birs Nemroud. The little knowledge the maritime enterprise of the Phœnicians conferred on the race, gives them a place in history. The learning of the courts of the first Ptolemy, dignifies what we know of Egypt. They might have grown corn and rice in the Valley of the Nile, and eaten it, and died, and even the great Pyramids would have been dumb. Then there is the golden age of Athenian glory; but what are nine tenths of those old Athenians to us but the unknown units of her boasted population. Her freedom and her power lie buried beneath the rubbish of twenty centuries. The language, immortalized by Xenophon, and Socrates, and Plato, has become a dead jargon, vainly peddled by pedants, for their immortal utterances have found voices in living tongues, and may not be wrapped in the mummy casements that could not contain them. Exempt from decay is the spirit for human Freedom she breathed upon the race. The Temple of Neptune, and the Parthenon, have crumbled to the dust, but the thoughts and aspirations she gave humanity are imperishable.

And thus we learn, as we try to unravel the mazes of history, that the gifts made to humanity and philosophy are, of all human creations, alone eternal. It does not matter, though the age in which they were offered rejected them. Old Galileo invented the telescope, and turned this new lever into the

mysteries of space. The pious authorities of his day cast him into a dungeon for saying the world went round the sun. As the door of that dungeon swung against him he exclaimed, "It goes round yet!" — and it did. Copernicus, who was before him, scarce dared promulgate his theory of the universe, in an age immortalized by his name. One of the most philosophical of early chemists beguiled a long imprisonment with his science; and the spy of a *learned monarch*, who watched the philosopher in prison, reported to his master, that, "He hath got so many essences and spirits of things, that the only thing that seems to be lacking is the Spirit of God." The inventor of the printing press was charged with a league with the devil. The inventor of logarithms was suspected of witchcraft. Æsop was a slave. Seneca, Socrates, and many other learned ancients were put to death by their contemporaries. Cranmer, Ridley, Latimer, and a host of others, were burned at the stake for heresies, which are now the great axioms of religious truth. As John Hampden rode from the field of battle mortally wounded, he did not go to the obscurity of the builders of the pyramids. He will *live* and *speak* while there is a protest against unjust taxation, and the doctrine survives that taxation and representation must go hand in hand. Algernon Sydney did not *perish* on the scaffold. The cruel and tyrannical Stuarts could put the coldness of death on the lips that declared, "governments were *of* the people, and *for* the people," — that they derived their just powers from the "*consent of* the governed;" but they could not, in their puny littleness, stifle the immortal utterances. It was to the scaffold of Algernon Sydney, Republican Liberty owes the impressive lesson that, "whenever the people find their governments evil they have a *right* to change them;" that "magistrates owe an account to those for whom they rule;" that "governments are *for* the people — *not* people for the government." Was it not worth while to pour out one's life blood to seal with it such a heritage to the race.

I have thus hastily glanced over these landmarks of history — these lighthouses of the ages — to show that History is but the history of a few, — that a few men stamp their characters on the age in which they live, — that the judgments of the present are no indication of merit, — that moral legacies are alone immortal, and goodness only can bear the scrutiny of time.

A word about the antiquities of this country. We have the most indubitable evidence that great portions of this continent were densely populated, at a remote day, by people far advanced in the arts and sciences. What has become of them? Why did they perish without leaving an intelligible record? Their ruins are widely scattered over the country, but the most extensive yet discovered are found at Uxmal and Palenque, in the south-east coast of Mexico. At Uxmal, are immense pyramids, coated with stone, and quadrangular stone edifices and terraces. The greatest of these pyramids is one hundred and thirty feet high, and its summit supports a temple. On one of the façades of this temple are four human figures cut in stone, with great elegance and accuracy. At Palenque are immense ruins. One temple, that of Capan, was six hundred and fifty by five hundred and twenty feet. There are the magnificent remains of a royal palace, and of an immense city, which antiquarian explorers compute to have been sixty miles in circumference, and to have contained three millions of souls. The style of these ruins has a little of the Gothic and Egyptian, but there is sufficient evidence of a distinct architecture from all the recognized styles of the world. Rich carvings and numerous hieroglyphics show the high culture of art, and the progress of thought; but these hieroglyphics have lost all their cunning, and no longer speak to the eye, or the heart of living man. Centuries must have elapsed — ages in which progress must have struggled with conservatism, ere such an advanced state of things could have existed. And now the evidence of the great forests

growing above them goes to prove that nearly two centuries must have elapsed since they crumbled to dust, or were left to desolation. Yet all this rotten grandeur has left no living voice or moral legacy to the race. How impressive the lesson to us who are hewing out a great young empire from the prairies and forests of the same continent.

Amongst the boasted elements of our "great Age," we frequently hear of "the race," "the conquering Anglo-Saxon race!" Two centuries ago there was not quite three millions of the Anglo-Saxon race on earth. Sixty-eight years ago there was only seventeen millions. Thirty-five years ago it had swelled to thirty-four millions. In 1850 it had increased to fifty-six millions. When the next census of Great Britain, and the next year's census of this country (the two great branches of the race) are taken, they will undoubtedly exhibit a joint population of seventy millions, perhaps more. What an amazing growth of power in two centuries. And now there is not a sea but is whitened by the commerce of the Anglo-Saxon race. At every point her language, her customs, her enterprise, are the aggressors, and push before them all obstacles. Talk of the "necessity of absorbing the smaller races." Who can limit the power, or guarantee the strength, of any portion of the human family? Can we wonder that from the family of Jacob sprang, in a few centuries, a race numerous as the sands of the sea shore; which rose to greatness while other nations crumbled. Inspired with the grand ideas and purpose of its religion, it pressed irresistibly onwards until luxury, and selfishness, and idolatry, weakened its great purpose, when it dwindled away until its few scattered fragments were lost, in the stronger and deeper waves of humanity, that in turn aspired to accomplish moral and intellectual triumphs.

Nearly all the great germs of civilization have been budded on a foreign clime and stock. For the great civilization of the Hebrews, the Canaanites were cast out and subdued.

The Greece of art and refinement came from a foreign graft on a stunted stock. It needs not the poetical story of Æneas to tell us of the nucleus round which clustered the Roman Empire. It was the same with Carthage. The ancient Briton was first conquered by the Roman, and then the country was successively overrun with the Dane, the Saxon, and the Norman. Although the Saxon predominated, it was from the mingled elements of all these that sprang the germ of the modern civilized Anglo-Saxon. The civilization of this country is the latest striking illustration of the fact. What has become of the Spaniard? At the time of the discovery of America, Spain was the only nation in Europe that had a representative body of law makers worthy of the name. Since that time it has lost its purpose of working for humanity, and has dwindled away, while the footsteps of the progressive Anglo Saxon have been steadily advancing on its decadence and ruin.

Whence came the nerve of the Anglo-Saxon power? We have seen that it has sprung to its great strength within two centuries. What seeds were sown just before these two centuries began? You have heard of the Reformation. You have heard of Protestantism. Yes, that word PROTEST, is embedded as the backbone of the civilized Anglo-Saxon. It does not refer merely to religion, much less to any one church. It was the protest of humanity against despotism. A protest against bigotry, and wrong, and slavery, and darkness, and conservatism, and moth-eaten dignities, and dust-covered corruption, and in favor of *the man*, — his progress, his duty, and his salvation. Old dignities grew on the crushed sinews of the man. The "divine right" of the powerful to trample on the weak, found then, as it once more does now, a priesthood corrupt enough to lend it the sanction of what they call Religion. The doctrine was, in the words of McKay, —

"Man to misery is born ; —
Born to drudge, to sweat, to suffer —
Born to labor and to pray."

Prior to the Reformation there were serfs in England. I know it is customary to charge the Romish church of that time with all existing evils. I have no desire to commit such injustice. I neither wish to inculcate or exculpate them. The fact was, the PROTEST began against Romish usurpation, and finished by hurling itself against all usurpation. This was the legitimate fruit of a Christianity struggling into Freedom and Light.

It is fashionable, I believe, to speak contemptuously of the dark or middle ages. These dark ages carried in their bosoms the seeds of something better than themselves. They gave us the printing press, the mariner's compass, the telescope, gunpowder, the first fruits of chemistry, experimental philosophy ; and then sprang from them Protestantism and constitutional governments. The mingled Anglo-Saxon race was the richest soil into which the Protest fell. It ripened into a great purpose, and inspired with it the race sprang forward to greatness and power.

Then came the Puritanic era. It was the highest type, because it was religion and progress wedded together. Oliver Cromwell was its first representative. The ablest ruler England ever had, — he sang psalms, and shot his enemies, — "trusted in God, and kept his powder dry."

When Cromwell died, and English Puritanism went under a cloud, many of its leading spirits sought refuge in the new world. You remember how the ancient Hebrews wandered on to a great destiny, with the ark of the covenant in their midst. These Puritans came with the great PROTEST embedded in their bones. When the Pilgrims stood on Plymouth Rock and looked out through the drifting snow to the great wilderness — now a great empire — they had as dim an idea of that wilderness as they had of the designs of an over-

ruling Providence that had been preparing them as weapons for a great purpose.

Then came the Revolution. It was inevitable. It was part of the Protest. It was no slight step for a young nation, still in the swaddling-bands of infancy, to embody, and amplify, and perfect the Republicanism of Hampden and Algernon Sydney. It was still more—it was nobler and higher,—it showed that the leaven of Liberty will *work*, when its youthful voice uttered to the civilized world, "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that God created *all* men equal," with the "inalienable right" to "life, *liberty*, and the pursuit of happiness." It did not matter how many cavilled at the idea, or how few comprehended it. It was not fatal to the Declaration that the government founded on it should not come fully up to its own doctrine. Why, it was an idea that the most vitally active and youthful nation could spend centuries in realizing. There was life enough in it to keep a nation growing for five hundred years. That is, if the idea grew, the nation would grow. The individual who has no fixed purpose will come to nought; so is it with nations. "Up, or down? choose ye," says fate, "but keep moving."

The future of the young Republic began to wear its grand aspect. All the earnest, progressive, Protestant thinkers turned to it in admiration. The prayers of those who had a better hope for humanity went up for its freedom of opinion and purpose revealed in the prospect.

Every species of religion and irreligion began to flourish. The religious protest did not confine itself to Catholicism. Presbyterianism protested against Episcopacy. Arminianism protested against Calvinism. Societies protested against Church Judicatories and Synods—Conventions against Societies. Idealists scoffed at Formalists, and the individual thinker protested against them all. The doctrine was, that religious sentiment should be perfectly free. Yet, for all that, the America of Progress was and is essentially a Christian

nation. Its Christianity constitutes the locks of the young Samson. The elder Adams, in his Tripolitan treaty, ventured to recommend us by the assertion that the government of the United States was in no sense founded on the "Christian religion;" but his gratuitous assertion was not true. Christ's "sum of the whole commandments" was the corner stone of the American Republic. It is true we have within our borders Mormonism, and Mahometanism, and even Buddhism, with regular (and very irregular) paganism. But these are mere barnacles sticking on the great body politic. They are no part of American civilization. The former is an ulcer on the body politic, and the latter merely serve to keep the Chinese of California, and other Orientals — not to mention the Indians — a distinct people. I do not deem it necessary to say that any violent step to put down either of these heathenisms would only be a violence to our own Christianity. But I will say, that if we are ever to be a great nation hereafter, the protesting, puritanic Christianity of progress must keep the lead, and infuse its life-blood through every vein of the nation. This true religious element is its life. It will naturally rise over all paganisms because it is better. But there is one idolatry that makes it tremble already — the Moloch of selfishness. Men again dance round the *Golden Calf*.

But, as I have remarked, we have a sort of chaos of free thinking. The conservative Catholic says it is the inevitable tendency of Protestantism. The truth is, that opinions, like society, are in a transition state. The fountains of the great deep of thought have been broken up, (so long sealed over by despotisms,) and the flood is on the earth; the storms try to drive it about, but the currents seek their legitimate channels. Man, like a prisoner long confined to a dark dungeon, on being ushered into the glorious light of day, gambols and cuts fantastic figures in the first exultation of his liberty. Do not fear all this wilderness of opinion. Do not fear this

Atheism. Why, we see that the man who scoffs at revelation, in the next moment embraces spirit rapping, and has unshaken confidence in the inspiration of a mahogany table. He who will not believe in a revealed God, is fain to put up with an unknown one—an idol of his own manufacture. Ah, the religious instinct lives and breathes forever. It may be perverted—it cannot be slain. Let us not forget that it is the grand purpose of our type of humanity to drive these clouds aside,—to work constantly and earnestly for that true religion of the heart, without which all life is a mockery. Christianity has given us a social system based on the sum of all the commandments. “Whatever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them.” The Declaration of Independence sets forth a political preachment of the same doctrine. This is the Ark of the Covenant that has blessed us with our great civilization. The question is, Shall we continue to believe it? Is progressive humanity capable of indefinite realization. Why, nations crumble and decay for want of a purpose. We have one; shall we throw it away? Will the prophets of this creed be the prophets of the age? Will the nation that has grown great in its youth and its poverty, in the years of its power and luxury, throw this sacred Ark of the Covenant before the shrine of Moloch?

What an age of wealth and luxury ours has become! The mechanic arts bewilder us. We are aghast at progress. A perfect hail storm of improvements have pelted poor conservatism. There is machinery for, and a patent way of doing every thing, from a calculating machine to a contrivance for papering pins. In the electric telegraph Jove seems to have handed his thunderbolts as peaceful messengers to man. It used to be proverbial that “a shadow had no substance;” but the camera of the daguerrian catches up the momentary shadow, and chains it as a real substance forever. Are we sure that even thought may not be caught up, as it floats from the brain of the dreamer unuttered, and, thus arrested,

be exposed through the medium of Anglo-Saxon, ere it seeks through the blue ether for the vernacular of Paradise? The mind is bewildered at the treasures of invention poured into the human lap. Encyclopedias, giving a brief outline of all the great world of fact, and science, and art, have become too voluminous to read.

And yet there is a certain shallowness in all this wide ocean. A tendency to flimsiness and sophistication. Paste and glass crowd diamonds and emeralds out of the market. There are counterfeits in every thing,—in the arts, in politics, in morals. The Puritanism that kings could not conquer Moloch is trying to crush. Money, money is the master spirit of the world. How many are there who have not bowed the knee to this arch Dagon of civilization. Genius, labor, politics, beauty, religion, are in the market, and if virtue may not be bought with money, it is too often sold for it.

Yet how hideous is poverty. Talk as they will of republicanism and equality, most men hate poverty as they do the itch. Choose two men for the worship of the masses. Let one be rich, comely, gorgeous in apparel—*well-finished* as a tailor, a barber, and a perfumer can make him. Let him be able to utter the fashionable trifles of the moment,—he may be destitute of brain, with a homœopathic dose of soul. Then take a ragged, poverty-stricken man, with bronzed features, and hard hand. He may have unshaken integrity, and have an intelligent mind. Place these men before the people, and say, "Choose ye!" and like the bewitched Hebrews they bow down to the golden calf.

Has it not become notorious, in many parts of our country, that honest men are scarcely ever chosen to fill high places? Political deception has been refined into a system, and elevated to the rank of a virtue. Men call it diplomacy. A man who shows that he is guided by general principles of right and wrong is scouted as "impracticable," and adjudged a

"fanatic," without further evidence. Selfishness has usurped the powers of our government. It controls public sentiment, and owns our halls of legislation.

Our political parties, in making their platforms, strive not to make them right before God, but unobjectionable to the most vicious man that can be found in the party. The more of selfish interest, and the less of humanitarian principle they have in them, the better. It is told of the Chinese that they submit to the misrule and rapacity of the mandarins, each man hoping to be a mandarin one day himself, when his time will come. And so we have become a nation of office-seekers. When obtained, men do not square their office by their principles, but their principles by their office. Nearly all of our public men are of the shark, hyena, and buzzard order. Their doctrine is, "eat — or be eaten." They prey first on each other, and then on the people. I remember a story of a certain prime minister of Charles II.'s time, who, on a certain occasion, in a fit of resentment resigned his posts and retired to the country. Not quite weaned from ambition, he sent his servant to the capital to see how the courtiers would take his resignation. On the messenger's return, he impatiently asked him if there was any commotion at court.

"Ay, marry, sir, — a great commotion."

"Ah, indeed, — I knew my friends would make a bustle. All petitioning the king for my restoration, I presume?"

"No, sir, — they are all petitioning him for your place."

The striking resemblance between the courts of Charles II. and James Buchanan will be at once seen. There is one difference worthy of note, however, — the latter politicians never carry their *resentments* quite so far. It is specially so with the worst of our public men, — they rarely die, during their term of office, and *never* resign. We hear a great deal about the Constitution. Some fallaciously suppose that the country is ruled under it; it is only by *definitions* of the Constitution.

But the worst lacking of our public men of the present day is moral courage. Men do not hesitate to apologize for the best instincts of their own nature. Instead of their consciences being ashamed of them, they are really ashamed of their own consciences. Thus, for instance, if they happen to express an opinion adverse to Slavery, they make haste to qualify it by adding, that "they hate the negro," or that they are opposed to it merely because it will not pay. They would not be suspected of a genuine emotion, for the world. They freely vote Humanity to be a humbug; and theirs unquestionably is so.

It is this selfishness, corruption, cowardice, religious and political atheism, that threatens to demolish our civilization and nation; — to burn the ark of the covenant. But where is the enemy in our midst to use these weapons? Corruption has not quite reached such a pitch as to destroy of itself. Ah, we have a sleepless, antagonistic power within our borders. When the American republic was founded, there was the slave system. The spirit that brought the Revolution had already begun to root it out. Republican Liberty was, in its every breath, a living caveat against it. There is, and must be, an "irrepressible conflict" between them. But Republican Liberty was established, and the patriots of that day looked with hope for the extinction of Slavery. Many of the original States shook it off. Its utter extinction was the natural work of the great Protest — the power of the age. For a while, and while this was the leading idea, every thing went well. But a change came over the Southern dream. Millions of cotton bags startled avarice. When Virginian soil was cursed for Slavery's sake, she betook herself to raising *stock*, and exported annually millions of dollars' worth of her sons and daughters. Luxuries, begotten by such traffic, are not apt to lead the possessor to clearer ideas of justice and right.

The difficulty first showed itself by considering the subject

a "vexed question"—one that admitted of no adjustment. I can remember very well, and I was mostly amongst Southern men when I first began to think, that no one could be found who had the hardihood to say that Slavery was *right*. Then flourished that venerable, fossil school of politicians who admitted that Slavery was wrong,—but, also, admitted, that nothing could be done for it. A few nice gentlemen tickled their consciences by subscribing a small modicum of an unpaid-for crop of cotton, or half a per cent. of the price of Dinah, or Pompey, to some colonization society, and taking the "Liberia Advocate." A good deal of *very useless* philanthropy found vent in that way, but that delusion never had any vitality in it, for its own high priests did not believe in it themselves. But all these nice old gentlemen of the South have gone down. What has become of them? Where are the Bells, and the Thompsons, and the Bentons, and the Mangums, that used to make the Southern wing of the United States Senate. I will tell you, my friends. They had said, they knew of no solution of this question, and a new tribe has arisen which say they *know of one*. Ah, remember, we can't stand still in God's world. During the French Revolution the eloquent and talented Girondins got the power as the flood reached its tide. But they vacillated. They were afraid of the despotism of a Monarchy, and on the other hand they trembled for the licentiousness of a Democracy. They wavered, and the Mountain party arose and blotted them out in blood.

And now we have a dominant power in our government which says Slavery is *right*—and shall be extended and perpetuated. They have seized the corrupt material we have allowed to grow at the North, and they use it for their purposes. The empire of Moloch and the empire of Despotism are identical, and they have made a fearful league against our old Ark of the Covenant.

Let no one impiously upbraid God for our sins. Ever

since the glorious truths of human freedom were sown as the seeds of our nation, he has blessed those who have warred with and for them. Look at the statistics of the South. In spite of all the advantage lent to it by our vigorous young Republican government, that section of our common country has been seared with the blight of a curse. Where are her railroads, her commerce, her literature? One remove above Mexican dilapidation, and that is all. Take two of the first States of each section for example. At the Revolution, Virginia had twice the population of the State of New York, and thrice her wealth. New York has now six times the population of Virginia, and New York city alone might buy the whole State, and have enough left to invest in Arkansas. The city of Boston could buy the haughty, and boasted rich State of South Carolina. Let us take the evidence of her own statesman. Mr. Faulkner of Virginia—now a fire-eating Slavery extensionist—on the 20th of January, 1832, made a speech in the House of Delegates, of the State of Virginia, on the subject. The following, he doubtless thought good then. I think it good now:—

“Sir, if there be one who concurs with that gentleman as to the harmless character of this institution, let me request him to compare the condition of the slaveholding portion of this Commonwealth—*barren, desolate, and seared, as it were, by the avenging hand of Heaven*, with the description which we have of this country from those who first broke its virgin soil. To what is this charge ascribable? *Alone to the withering and blasting effects of Slavery.*

“To that vice in the organization of society, by which one half of its inhabitants are arrayed in interest and feeling against the other half—to that unfortunate state of society in which freemen regard labor as disgraceful, and slaves shrink from it as a burden tyrannically imposed upon them.

“In the language of the wise and patriotic Jefferson, ‘You must approach it—you must bear it—you must adopt some plan of emancipation, or worse will follow.’

“Slavery, it is admitted, is an evil. It is an institution which presses heavily against the best interests of the State. It banishes free white labor—it exterminates the mechanic, the artisan, the manufacturer. It deprives them of occupation. It deprives them of bread. It converts the energy of a community into indolence, its power into imbecility, its efficiency into

weakness. Sir, being thus injurious, have we not a right to demand its extermination? Shall society suffer that the slaveholder may continue to gather his crop of human flesh?

"Sir, so great and overshadowing are the evils of Slavery — so sensibly are they felt by those who have traced the causes of our national decline — so perceptible is the poisonous operation of its principles in the varied and diversified interests of this Commonwealth, that all whose minds are not warped by prejudice or interest, must admit that the disease has now assumed that mortal tendency as to justify the application of any remedy which, under the great law of the State necessity, we might consider advisable."

No longer do such voices from Southern men fall on the ears of the nation. Slavery in the South has corrupted its morals, degraded its religion, and destroyed its independence. How insane to think that a nation can exist, or flourish, on the basis of a great crime! Yet they, in their mad frenzy, say the Declaration of Independence is false, Freedom a failure, and Slavery better than the Constitution or the Union. Conservatism timidly remonstrates, and weakly tries to dissuade crime from its purposes. Political cowards, who do not see beyond their noses, think it a mere question of compromise for Union.

What is the real purpose of the fire-eaters? It is not necessary to suppose that they all have a sensible purpose. Unquestionably the far-sighted amongst them must not only look to separation from the Union, but separation from Republicanism. They must also contemplate placing themselves under some despotism with a standing army. How else can three hundred thousand slaveholders hope to hold in check five millions of slaves, six millions of poor whites, and hold the powerful Free States in check? Then the aristocracy of Slavery will, indeed, rise above its trammels; and then we will have the Marquis Eight Hundred Niggers, Count Cotton-bag, and the Prince of Octoroonia.

I have shown that the history of the ages was but the history of a few men. Each recorded age has its man. He is the lesson of its history. This age has had its man. Who

is he? Is it Napoleon III.? To be sure he strewed Europe with the wreck of armies last season. They lie under the grape vines — under the trampled maize : —

“There let them rot, — ambition-honored fools.

Yes ! *honor* gilds the turf that wraps their clay.

Vain sophistry — in these behold the tools,

The broken tools that tyrants cast away.”

So sang Byron of the wars of his uncle. He is only that uncle's copyist, — of course he is not the man, — he is but a duplicate, in the state of political affairs I have just attempted to describe. With the great Protest that gives our age its life and purpose, menaced, — the idolatry of gold and slavery threatening our downfall, — a prophet was sent to give another warning. God has already spoken to us in the disparity of progress between the free and slave States, as only Deity can speak. Blind and besotted though we were, he has sent us a more startling lesson. An iron man of the old Puritan stock emerges from the struggle between Freedom and Slavery in Kansas. Weak as he was, inspired with Christian philanthropy and the Declaration of Independence, he makes war upon Slavery, and gives his life cheerfully as a protest against the accursed system. Do not let us blind ourselves to the mission of old John Brown of Osawatomie.

Perhaps you and I should here say that we disapprove of the raid on Harper's Ferry. We did indeed. We hasted to deprecate it when the telegraph first brought us the news. Yet, after all, is it not vanity in us to condemn what we were never equal to, even if we thought it right? Let us rather look calmly at it, and see what it means.

It means that God's Justice, Christianity, Republican Liberty — all the living faith that is left in this age of progress — is at eternal hostility with Slavery and Wrong. It is a lesson to us, and a patriot's life went out to give it. If all the States of the Union had been true to the spirit in which the government was founded, we would not have needed it. If we read

that lesson right now we still have the means of a peaceful solution, embracing all our national brotherhood. Are we afraid of the task? Let us quietly and resolutely undertake it. There are constitutional and peaceful means to carry out the great Protest of our government. It is the special mission of our age and race. Let us basely forsake that mission, and as we have grown great in less than two centuries, while inspired with the purpose, so will we perish without it in less than one.

Neither you nor I mean to excite servile insurrections. Both you and I would prevent another "Harper's Ferry," if we could. Yet shall the timid and soulless get up "Union" meetings, to denounce the old Puritan?—to persuade the South that *they* are not John Browns? Imagine the derisive laughter such a spectacle must provoke. A man who has not courage enough to say his soul is his own, or principle enough to admire the article when he sees it, is anxious to persuade slave-owners that he is not going to die a martyr to a great principle. Imagine a Lilliputian protesting, on his honor, that he *is not* Hercules, or a cruel pirate making affidavit that he *is not* the generous Howard, and you have the picture.

Thank God, Kansas has not been guilty of any such nonsense. Shall we veil our faces in shame? or feel proud that the struggle for freedom in Kansas—the first leaf in its history—developed John Brown and his compatriots? Virginia, in our dark days, sent a troop of *pitiful* and pitiless adventurers, to swell the invading ruffian horde of Buford, and plant Slavery upon our soil. They carried on a bitter war of invasion while they could. One of them—Clay Pate—surrendered to the hero of Black Jack, and the Missouri and Virginia bandits were driven from the Territory. The base, slavery-ridden power at Washington stood by Virginia invaders then. It puts its foot promptly on an invasion for Freedom now. Surely we can understand these things.

It is not necessary, in admiring the heroism of Brown's sacrifice, to indorse the plan his judgment adopted as the best means of getting rid of Slavery. In rejecting it let us merely see that we efficiently carry out our better one, and God, and humanity, ay, and John Brown, will smile on our efforts.

We need not imagine him an ogre, for many of us knew him. He dressed in plain and humble apparel. He was a close economist of all the necessities of life, so that as little as possible of the grand moments of life should be spent in acquiring them. In all the dreary Kansas struggle he was a fearless soldier, a cool and shrewd captain, — careful of his men, — kind and considerate to his prisoners. Unselfishly he consumed his own means in the struggle. Never for a moment asked, or would receive, real or nominal place or power. He held himself aloof from the intrigues of politicians, was obscure when *words* or "resolutions" were in vogue, and in the day of stern action was the first man in Kansas. While gingerbread generals issued quires of commissions to all who would bow down and worship them, he made the enemy quake at his name. I do not forget that we have had many other brave men — we have them now; but who can look back to the Kansas war of freedom and dare to tear the *first* laurel from John Brown of Osawatomie?

He lives to-day, my friends — he will live forever. Like Enoch and Elijah he did not *merely* have to die. He sublimated, and gave all the life that was left in him to an immortal lesson. The country is so much under the influence of its Southern rulers, that it scarcely dares to say that it admires the heroic old Puritan. Ages will yet come, not subject to such influence; they will read that a poor old man, with a handful of brave companions, threw themselves away in a protest against Slavery. They will read the old man's letters. They will ponder on his words: "Had I done what I have done for the great and powerful, instead of the poor and

oppressed, it would all have been right." They will ponder over his coolly brave estimate, that his martyrdom by Slavery, in the cause of Freedom, "would pay." With admiration will they think of him, as he calmly walked on the scaffold; cheerful, because inspired with that lofty idea. They will see the military power of the Slave State of Virginia ranged around his gallows. They will see how studiously they strove to wring one emotion of fear from that brave old man. The Slave authorities had brow-beaten and intimidated so many Northern men, that they were frantic at the idea that one could die, calmly despising their power. And what a refinement of cruelty and culmination of heroism does that last scene reveal! The martyr to the cause of Liberty stands with his hands bound behind his back, — the death cap over his eyes, — the rope around his neck. It is a solemn moment in which the bravest and best human soul meets death face to face. It was his last moment of life — the next for eternity. But that moment is protracted, — cunningly, cruelly. The military power of Virginia is wheeling and circling around the base of the scaffold. The artillery rattles — the arms clank. John Brown does not see it. He can hear, but knows not what it is. It is only the Slave power protracting that solemn moment, in hopes of wringing one quiver of fear from that brave old man. One groan — one spasm, would be worth all the manacles in Virginia. They failed. He died calmly and humbly, without a quiver on his lips.

But Conservatism says, All this is dreadful. Could not the old man have followed some money-making business, and not brought such a torrent of trouble on every body? When Algernon Sydney was brought to the scaffold his *noble* relatives reproached him for the misery he had occasioned. Could not the son of an English Earl let Republicanism alone, and be happy? Calm and unmoved, the brave Sydney stepped on the scaffold. He quailed not before the "regu-

larly constituted authorities" who took his life. Humbly he knelt to his God, and then laid his head on the block. Trembling, as he gazed on that noble form, the executioner hesitated, and asked, —

"Will you rise again?"

"Not till the final resurrection — strike on."

Thus were slain Algernon Sydney and John Brown. Both of them disregarded "constituted authorities." Both of them knew that the vitality of their race was a Protest against wrong, and both sealed their Protests with their lives.

How little we know of the infinite wisdom and mercy of the God of the Universe. If there is one who doubts of his guiding hand in all our present affairs, let him look to the events of the past two months. I was in Leavenworth when the telegraph brought the strange news of "Insurrection at Harper's Ferry!" Then came the sad intelligence to Kansas, that John Brown of Osawatimie, Kagi, Stephens, Thompson, Anderson, and the others were of the party, and dead, or dying. Lying wounded and bloody in the hands of the Virginians, some of whom had similarly attacked us — us, not *similarly*, for they came to plant Slavery, and he went to proclaim Freedom. Then, when we heard that all were not yet dead, although dreadfully wounded, we prayed that they might die as befitted brave soldiers, and not that they should be exhibited on an ignominious gibbet.

Ah, my friends, we had but little faith in God, or humanity. How unerringly grand the finger that guided all these events! Look to John Brown, surviving that desperate charge, covered with wounds and yet recovering, and escaping the fury of the Virginians after he was disarmed and helpless. Why was it? He was spared to write those grand letters. To utter those simple but solemn Protests against the crime of Slavery. To stand as the representative of the Anti-slavery sentiment. Hated because he was. To Protest against the

wrong with his life, and to meet *such* a death undismayed. Two months ago respectable papers were fain to stigmatize him, that they might haply escape the suspicion of sympathizing with him. Now, no respectable paper would like to do such a thing. Then, honorable members of Congress compared him to a highwayman, who now trace the mainsprings of his action to Jefferson, Christianity, and God.

The time is coming, when an impartial posterity will calmly review the career of John Brown,—the cause for which he died, and the men who remorselessly took his life; and looking from this generation to his sacrifice, will recognize in them the AGE and the MAN.

Wm. A. Phillips

"THEY who assert that, in this enterprise, he was moved rather by hatred of the slaveholder than affection for the slave, do his memory most foul wrong. The love of his heart comprehended and encompassed both. He believed that unless the interference of some third party should anticipate and thus prevent the interference of slaves themselves, these latter would, one day, overthrow the institution by a bloody war of extermination against their masters; and it was to prevent the havoc and carnage which, as he conceived, threatened the South, that he entered upon his ill fated movement. For, he argued, the same elements of resistance to oppression which would result in all bloody excesses if not wisely and properly directed, might be made subservient to the accomplishment of high purposes of humanity, if the governing intelligence was at their side. Wherefore, in order to supply that intellectual sagacity which the slaves lacked, and thus enable them to achieve their freedom, while restraining them from the cruelties into which their instincts would hurry them, he gave himself to this enterprise. In regard to his personal character, I must, though I reside in the South, where I expect to live and die, be permitted to say that it has been studiously and elaborately misrepresented. There never lived a man whose desire to promote human welfare and human happiness was more inextinguishable. Men have grown hoarse with calumniating his memory, who were never worthy to unloose the latchet of his shoes. Venal politicians, grown sleek upon public plunder, and men who cannot perform an act that is not stained with some deadly sin, have lifted up their hands in holy horror, and yelled out their execrable execrations against his name. John Brown was no tongue-hero — no virtue-prattler. He was a reticent man; and when he did speak, the utterance was from his heart, and not his lungs. His faith was very simple. He desired society to be pure, free, unselfish — full of liberty and love. He believed it capable of such realization. The whole history of his life is that of an upward endeavor. 'Liberty!' that was the key to his soul, the master-passion that controlled all his other ambitions — personal, social, or political. It swayed him like a frenzy."

Richard Realf.

Book Sixth.

John Brown's Prison Letters

"THE condemnation and death of John Brown are to be estimated by equities, in which the Throne of Eternal Justice alone has its foundation. In these scales legal formulas are dead and weightless. Doctors of the Hebrew Law, by its letter, make a conclusive case against Jesus Christ, and show that His condemnation and execution by the Roman Governor Wise of their Virginia, were according to their forms of law. And yet, the faith and hope of Christendom rest on the basis that that judgment and death were the sacrificial and sacramental seals of the Messiahship which stamped the Peasant-born the Saviour of the world. In measuring this case by these eternal principles, do not quote 'Unions,' and 'compacts,' and 'constitutions' to me! I deny their validity! I pronounce them temporary and trashy, when they attempt to contravene the Immutable!"

A. G. RIDDLE, (*Cleveland, Ohio.*)

I.

LETTERS FROM NORTHERN MEN.

JOHN BROWN, when in prison at Charlestown, Virginia, received a large number of letters of sympathy from different parts of the Northern States. None of them designed for publication, and written, mostly, from the heart, they indicate more clearly the sentiment of the people than any other utterances that the old man's glorious act called forth. Many of his correspondents asked for his autograph or begged for a lock of his hair; but the greater part of such notes and such requests I suppress. Other letters, by persons who would be known, even if their initials only were published, I find it, also, expedient to omit.

Dividing them into their natural order, as, Letters from Northern Men, from John Brown's Relatives, and from Northern Women, I need make no apology, I feel, for occupying so much of my volume with these interesting evidences of a Christian Republicanism in America. Without other preface, then, than to request you to note how superior, in every respect, are the letters of the women, and quietly to suggest the question, whether, upon the whole, the possession of political rights by them would *very greatly* hasten the approach of Chaos, I submit these records of John Brown's recognition as a just man and a Christian hero to the heads and the hearts of the American Nation.

FROM JOHN BROWN'S OLD SCHOOLMASTER.

LITCHFIELD, CONNECTICUT, Nov. 8.

To John Brown, now in bonds. My Dear Friend: In the hope that you are permitted to receive letters from those who have known and esteemed you in other years, I desire to send you a few lines to assure you that I hold your name in pleasant remembrance among the associations of early life. I know you have not forgotten the winter of 1816-17, when yourself and your brother Salmon and Orson M. Oviatt, all then from Hudson, Ohio, were pupils in Morris Academy, Litchfield South Farms, under the care of Rev. William R. Weeks, I also being assistant teacher in the same institution; how you boarded at General Woodruff's, since deceased; and how we had meetings for religious conference and prayers, in which your own voice was often heard. Why, I remember all these things as though they were the times and scenes of yesterday. I remember, also, meeting you about ten years ago in Springfield, Massachusetts, and how we then had a long talk regarding the events and mutual experiences of the by-gone years; also an interchange of opinions relating to the truth as it is in Jesus. Excuse me for adverting to these times, so unlike those through which you have since passed. I am an old man of sixty-five, have myself gone through a pilgrimage of some light and many shades; and now, I somehow love to thankfully dwell on the light and bright spots of the past. And of my Present — what? An invalid unable to labor, except a very little, and here in my native town awaiting my Master's call into the Future and Unseen. You too, — a Torrington-born boy, — nephew of Deacon John of New Hartford, (they say;) he was my friend, — now in heaven, and awaiting your translation thither. He was as sound a piece of theological "heading timber" as ever grew on earth, and a consistent and practical Christian too. Be assured, my dear afflicted brother, that good people, here, in Goshen and Torrington and Winchester, and all about, do most cordially sympathize with you in all your sorrows, and remember you most devoutly in their supplications unto God. Yes, truly; whatever be their views as to the wisdom or otherwise of your plans and proceedings, their hearts go up to the High and Holy Throne in your behalf. You do not expect a release from prison, such as Peter had while "sleeping between two soldiers bound with two chains," but the prayer "made without ceasing of *the Church* unto God" for you; and your own faith and trust in Him may avail for a better and more glorious deliverance by the gate of death and through the gate of life into the city of our Lord on high. Rhoda may not be there to hearken, (see Acts xi. 13,) but angels will. God grant you, through the merits

of his Son, an abundant entrance into his everlasting kingdom. If all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the "Called according to His purpose," as you and I know they do, how comes it that some of His dear children die by a violent death? For the same divine reason and by the same divine appointment that other Christians die in their beds. Our Heavenly Father has a great many ways by which He calls His children home, and whether by consumption or fever, or the flood or the flame, or *by any other mode*, His love to them is still the same.

Be of good cheer, then, my brother; and, living or dying, all will be well. I have written more, it may be, than I ought; but hope there is nothing here which you may not safely see; nothing which will do injury to yourself or any one. If I might be permitted a line from you before you leave, I would esteem it as a special favor; but, in any case, "the Lord lift up his countenance upon thee and give thee peace;" and so, till we meet in the world to come, — *Farewell*.

Yours most affectionately and truly,

H. L. VAILL.*

FROM THADDEUS HYATT.

NEW YORK, NOV. 14.

My Very Dear Friend: Your letter to Mrs. Maria Child has attracted my attention and induced on my part the action indicated in the enclosed slip from the N. Y. Tribune. You will see that I need your autograph. Please address me immediately. Give yourself no further anxiety as to the needy ones left behind. Warm and loving hearts by thousands at this moment are ready to aid them. You little knew, my friend, when you gave me your likeness, to what good account it would be turned; and I, alas! how little could I then dream of your impending fate, or in that hour guess the motives that prompted you to enjoin upon me the strictest caution as to exposing the photograph to be seen. Did your young friend perish? God be with you, my brave heart! For one animated by such faith as yours *pity* were reproach. Instead of pity I therefore tender you, O my friend, sympathy and a like faith with your own.

God and his eternal heavens are above us! Eternity is ours! So that, in His sight who shall judge us at the last we stand approved. Life matters not, and death matters not; and whether the hours of this day, or the morrow, be shortened, is of little account; for the shorter life is, the longer eternity is; and which is best for us depends wholly upon God; and in which we can best serve Him it is for God alone to say.

* See John Brown's reply, — "Public Life," pp. 354 and 355.

Your courage, my brother, challenges the admiration of men ; your faith, the admiration of angels. Be steadfast to the end ! Be patient ! Farewell ! I am yours in Christ " for the life that now is, and for that which is to come." Farewell !

Your affectionate brother,

THADDEUS HYATT.

AID FOR THE FAMILY OF JOHN BROWN.

In his letter to Mrs. L. Maria Child, John Brown says :

" I have at home a wife and three young daughters, the youngest but little over five years old, the oldest nearly sixteen. I have also two daughters-in-law, whose husbands have both fallen near me here. There is also another widow, Mrs. Thompson, whose husband fell here. Whether she is a mother or not, I cannot say. All these, my wife included, live at North Elba, Essex County, New York. I have a middle-aged son, who has been, in some degree, a cripple from his childhood, who would have as much as he could do to earn a living. He was a most dreadful sufferer in Kansas, and lost all he had laid up. He has not enough to clothe himself for the winter comfortably. I have no living son, or son-in-law, who did not suffer terribly in Kansas.

" Now, dear friend, would you not as soon contribute fifty cents now, and a like sum yearly, for the relief of those very poor and deeply-afflicted persons ? To enable them to supply themselves and their children with bread and very plain clothing, and to enable the children to receive a common English education ? Will you also devote your own energies to induce others to join you in giving a like amount, or any other amount, to constitute a little fund for the purpose named ? "

* Friends of Freedom at the North, to these simple and touching words nothing more effective and affecting can be added. The story is here in its simplest and saddest form. Widows and fatherless children ! all for liberty ! Slain for a principle ! The heads of the entire family slain ! All the male members cut off ! And this in the Nineteenth Century, and this amid a free people !

If there be any braver man in the country than John Brown, let him criticise John Brown at Harper's Ferry. If not, let another generation pass upon the fact and its author. Our duties now are with and for the living. God and history will have a care for the dead.

Friends at the North, what will you do for John Brown's family ? I have a photograph of the old man, presented to me by his own hands, an admirable likeness. Let all who sympathize in the purpose send each a dollar, and I will forward for each such sum an exact copy of the original, and with it, if possible, John Brown's autograph. The proceeds from ten thousand such copies will produce a fund of eight thousand dollars for the benefit of the helpless and afflicted ones, whom the Kansas hero so touchingly commends to our sympathies and care.

Suitable acknowledgment of funds received and applied, will be made from time to time through the columns of the N. Y. Trib-

une. The photographs can be sent by mail, as music is sent, at the expense of a stamp, which may be enclosed with the order. Address me at New York.

THADDEUS HYATT.

NEW YORK, NOV. 14, 1859.

FROM A SLAVEHOLDER'S SON.

Dear Brother: My father was a slaveholder, and when at school I commenced searching the Bible for sanction of the *divine* institution, but have not found it. I am Old School Presbyterian, and believe with our friends, the Quakers, Christ's kingdom *will be* peace; but *now* Christ told his disciples, He that hath a sword, let him take it. Therefore, I cannot say I think you exceeded your commission, and I rejoice that a *man* has been found worthy to suffer for Christ. Yes, dear brother, God Himself will send His angel, December 2, '59, to release you from your prison of clay, and conduct you to your Redeemer and mine, where you will join the souls under the altar, crying, How long before your blood be avenged on the earth? Truly, your ignominious death has a glory equal to that of the Apostles, in the eye of thousands who are praying for you that all your sins may be blotted out, and Christ's Cause, for which you suffer, may be speedily supplied with other witnesses for Right. Enclosed [is] one dollar for your use, because I want to do something to aid you, hoping others will do much. Kind regards to your family. One of the Seven Thousand the Lord knows; to every one known by man, who hate slavery because the Lord does.

[No signature nor date.]

FROM COLORED CITIZENS OF CHICAGO.

CHICAGO, November 17.

Dear Friend: We certainly have great reasons, as well as intense desires, to assure you that we deeply sympathize with you and your beloved family. Not only do we sympathize in tears and prayers with *you and them*, but we *will* do so in a more tangible form, by contributing material aid to help those of your family of whom you have spoken to our mutual friend, Mrs. L. Maria Child. How could we be so ungrateful as to do less for one who has suffered, bled, and now ready to die for the cause? "Greater love can no man have, than to lay down his life for the poor, despised, and lowly."

Your friends,

H. O. W., and others.

FROM AN OHIO CLERGYMAN.

CLEVELAND, November 19.

Dear Sir: Though personally an entire stranger, yet as a friend to the righteous cause for which you have shown yourself willing to suf-

fer all things — the cause of Human Freedom — I write to request that should you have time to forward, as soon as may be, a written statement of the time and place of your birth, the name of your parents, your church relations, time of marriage and to whom, different places of residence, time of removal to and from Kansas, incidents of trial and triumph, *personal* and *domestic*, while there, and any thing you may think would be of interest for the object now about to be named. Then the object of my request is the following: It is my purpose, should it please God that you should be offered up, the Sabbath following the event, to improve from my pulpit the occasion of your execution; that is to say, to preach your funeral sermon. Joining with thousands in the daily earnest prayer that the abundant grace of God may support you, and fellow-sufferers, in this your time of great need, and through his rich mercy in Christ Jesus administer an abundant entrance into His everlasting kingdom, I subscribe myself

Your unknown but sympathizing friend and brother,

A. C.

FROM A RHODE ISLAND FRIEND.

WOONSOCKET, R. I., Nov. 20.

To Captain John Brown, now under sentence of death at Charlestown, Virginia, for endeavoring to liberate the Bondmen.

Much Respected Friend: It is now nearly eighteen hundred and sixty years since our Blessed Redeemer gave His life for poor, wicked, and fallen humanity. Since that time the progress has been slow, as appears to us; but steady towards those exalted and godlike principles which he enunciated. It is difficult to understand how any community calling themselves Christians can, by what they call Christian laws, try, condemn, and execute a man for endeavoring to do the very same acts which our Saviour came to do, viz., "to heal the broken-hearted, to bring deliverance to the captive, and set at liberty them that are bound."

I recollect your visit at our place many years since, when you were in the wool trade; but did not dream of your immortalizing your name with the host of martyrs which have gone before you, who chose to obey God rather than man.

All I can say is this: Hold on; trust in God to the last, and Christ will redeem you to Himself. Die like a Christian and like a man, if needs be, is the sincere desire of your friend,

E. H.

[Enclosed was a check for one hundred dollars.]

LETTER FROM A SPIRITUALIST.

NEW YORK, November 21.

My Dear Sir : Although I am not personally acquainted with you, yet your history, as given through the public press, your letters, your stern integrity and unconquerable zeal for what you deem to be truth and righteousness, enlist my sympathies for you in your present trying situation ; and also in the Spirit World into which you soon expect to be ushered.

So far as I understand your principles in regard to freedom and physical slavery, I think you are right ; but, at the same time, my present view of the case is, you was wrong in the method by which you proposed to incarnate your principles in those who enslave and those who are held subject to bondage. But whether I agree or disagree with your method, it is of no consequence now. My chief object in writing is, first, to inform you that I have abundant evidence that hanging does not kill a man, or prevent his influence in urging forward the worthy humanitarian purposes of his affection in the earth ; and I write now to solicit from you this favor, namely, if you go into the Spirit Realm before I do, that you will from your new and elevated position, and with the aid of a broader comprehension of man's nature and relations, and of the consequences of this life on the Future One, — review this whole subject of physical and mental slavery, and communicate the result, and your final conclusion of the whole matter, through some medium of your own choice, with directions for them to forward the same to my paper, *The Spiritual Telegraph*, or to *The Tribune*, or some other widely-circulated paper for publication.

I suggest for your consideration as a medium for such communication, Mrs. J—— S——, No. —, S—— D—— Street, Buffalo, New York ; or the medium at the circle where I attend every Thursday evening, at the corner of — Avenue and M—— S——, in the city of New York.

I am not aware that you have any knowledge that spirits communicate with men, or that you have any sympathy with Spiritualism now, but I know you will have when you go hence ; and then, if not now, please take these suggestions kindly into consideration for the edification and elevation of humanity, and the incarnation of the Divine Order among men on the earth.

You are at liberty to make me instrumental in forwarding any communication you please to make from the Spirit Land to your loving family, or friends on earth.

Now, sir, I bid you an affectionate *good-by*, until I hear from you in

time or from the Spirit World, or meet you there and perchance make your personal acquaintance.

May you, now and ever, have the consolations which flow from a true religious life and humanitarian motives and efforts, which lift men above the errors in judgment, methods, and temporal consequences, into the comprehension of the Divine Beatitudes which overrule all things to the glory of God and human progress.

CHARLES PARTRIDGE.

I mail to your address a few copies of *The Spiritual Telegraph*, for your perusal.

FROM A CONNECTICUT FRIEND.

COLLINSVILLE, November 23.

My Very Dear Sir: Little did I think, when I was so much enjoying your society at my home a few months ago, it would ever be my lot to address you under such painful circumstances; nor can I here find words to express to you the depth of my sympathy. We mourn for you as for a father, yet not without hope; and much do we rejoice to know that you still find comfort and consolation in communion with that God whom, we doubt not, it has ever been your aim to love and serve. And, although he may permit Virginia's sons and daughters to dye their hands in your blood, we know that act will do much to advance the cause we love. True, 'tis a bitter cup, and would to God it might pass from you. Yet I think I hear you say—*"Thy will, O God, be done."*

Let us thank God that the Power (*called* Law) which will lead you forth to martyrdom can reach no farther. There is a resting-place where a Higher Law is known and recognized, and where the oppressed go free. May God grant that we may meet there when he shall have done with us here.

You will be pleased to learn that your wife is being remembered in such a way as will relieve her from pecuniary want. We feel it a privilege to contribute something for her comfort, who has sacrificed so much for the cause.

You will never know with how much interest your friends have watched each daily paper to catch each item of news in your case, and each word you have been permitted to utter; for we doubt not God has directed what you should say. Those words of truth you have spoken have rung from East to West, carrying with them a deep feeling of sympathy for the *honest* and *noble* Capt. John Brown. Many are the prayers which have been offered that you may be sustained in the hour of trial. Surely, He who has thus kept you will not forsake you.

Thus feebly do I offer you my heartfelt sympathy. May God ever be present to bless and keep you.

Your true friend,

H. N. F.

FROM A SCOTCH COVENANTER.

NEW ALEXANDRIA, PENN., November 23.

Dear Sir: Permit a stranger to address you. I am the pastor of a congregation of people known as Scotch Covenanters — a people who refuse to incorporate with this Government by holding its offices or using its elective franchise on the ground that it refuses to perform the duty of Government either to God or man. It neither acknowledges the authority of God, nor protects the persons of its subjects; therefore we do not acknowledge it to be the moral ordinance of God for good to be obeyed for conscience' sake.

I do not address you from the expectation that you need any promptings to that fortitude which you have so nobly displayed, and which I doubt not is begotten in your soul by the Spirit of God, through a good conscience and a good cause. I have no fear but that your own familiarity with the word of God and the way to the Throne, will fortify your heart against the foul aspersions cast upon your character and motives by the purchased presses and parrot pulpits. He that fears God need fear no other. Still I know that the bravest heart may be cheered in the midst of sore trials by a kindly word from even a stranger. And, while the bulls of Bashan are roaring around you, it may be some consolation to you to know that there are some earnest Christians who regard you as a martyr to human liberty, and pray for a large outpouring of the martyr spirit upon you, and feel that in such a cause 'tis glorious to die. Whatever prudence may whisper as to the best course, God requires us to "remember them in bonds as bound with them," (Heb. xiii. 3,) and declares that "we know that we have passed from death to life, because we love the brethren," (1 John iii. 14;) "that we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren," (1 John iii. 16;) "and if any have this world's goods, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?" (1 John iii. 17.) If these are the proper tests of Christianity, I think, at least, you have no reason to fear a comparison of character in that respect with your clerical traducers.

But, my dear brother, you will allow me to urge upon you a rigid inquiry into your motives — to know whether you have taken up the cross for Christ's sake, as well as for the sake of His oppressed people? If you have made all this sacrifice for Christ and His cross, you have the promise of a hundred fold now in this life, and in the world to come eternal life, (Mark x. 29, 30.) Your character will be a hundred fold more than redeemed, and a hundred fold better legacy will accrue to your family than you could otherwise have left them.

I know that your mind is deeply exercised in behalf of the slave; but I would suggest to you another feature of "the irrepressible conflict," to which you may not have bestowed as much thought: God's controversy with this nation for dishonor done to His Majesty. This nation, in its Constitution, makes no submission to the King of kings; pays no respect to His Higher Law; never mentions His name, even in the inauguration oath of its Chief Magistrate. God has said, He "will turn the wicked into hell, and all the nations that forget God," (Ps. ix. 17.) To His Son He says, "The nation and kingdom that will not serve thee shall perish; yea, those nations shall be utterly wasted," (Isa. lx. 12.)

If you must die a witness for the "inalienable rights" of man, I desire that you would also set the seal of your blood to a noble testimony for the supreme authority and outraged majesty of God, and with your expiring breath call upon this guilty nation, not only to "let God's people go," but also to "serve God with fear and kiss His Son lest He be angry."

You have been called before judges and governors, and "it has been given you what to say and how to speak," and I pray that when you are called to witness a good confession before many witnesses, that there will be given you living words that will scathe and burn in the heart of this great and guilty nation, until their oppression of men and treason against God shall be clean purged out.

Noble man! you are highly honored of God! You are raised up to a high, commanding eminence, where every word you utter reaches the furthest corner of this great country; yes, of the civilized world. What matter if it be from a scaffold, Samson-like you will slay more Philistines in your death, than you ever did or could by a long life; and I pray God that in your dying agony, you may have the gratification of feeling the pillars of Dagon's Temple crumbling in your grasp. O, feel that you are a great actor on a world-wide stage; that you have a most important part to play, and that while you are suffering for Christ, he will take care of you. He sends none a warfare on their own charges, and, "as the tribulations of Christ abound, the consolations that are by Christ will much more abound." Fear not to die; look on the scaffold not as a curse but an honor, since it has been sanctified by Christ. It is no longer, "Cursed is every one that hangeth on a tree;" that curse was borne by Jesus; — but now it is "Blessed is he that suffers for righteousness' sake; for his is the kingdom of Heaven."

I still entertain the lingering hope that this nation will not add to its already full cup of crime the blood of your judicial murder, and I

daily pray God "to hear the groaning of the prisoner, and loose those that are appointed to death," (Ps. cii. 20.)

I wish to be understood as addressing your companions along with you. Should this reach you, will you gratify me by letting me know. I greatly desire to know more of one in whom I feel so deep an interest.

I commend you to God and to the word of His Grace, that is able to keep you from falling, and present you faultless before Him with exceeding great joy. Yours, for God and the Slave,

A. M. M.

FROM MR. SEWALL.

Boston, November 24.

Dear Sir: It will, I am sure, give you pleasure to know that a committee of whom I am one, appointed at a meeting held a few days ago in Boston, have already raised about five hundred dollars to aid your afflicted family. Part of the money was received from the sale of tickets, and part has been sent in without any effort on our part. We are going to advertise in the newspapers, and expect to get a much larger sum by this means.

S. E. SEWALL.*

P. S. We hope to raise a fund of \$10,000 for your family, and I think from what has already been done, the amount cannot fall much short of that sum.

FROM A FRIEND IN SYRACUSE.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Nov. 26.

Captain John Brown, thou Friend of God and Man: Will you allow a line from me to mingle with the thousands of expressions of sympathy that reach you in your prison house? But my words are feeble things, when God is so manifestly with you. His presence and the consolations of His grace are richer and far better than all I possess, or can impart. I have long loved you for your works' sake; for you have shown yourself a man. Be of good courage, and our Father in Heaven will sustain you and make you conqueror "through Him who loveth us and gave Himself for us."

I am the possessor of a single hair from the head of the immortal Clarkson, presented me, some years ago, by your friend and mine, Mrs. Geritt Smith. I value it very highly. My desire is, that you may send me by mail, accompanying your own handwriting, a lock from your own head, and I will make many of your friends partners in its possession.

* See John Brown's reply — "Public Life," p. 364.

"The Lord keep thee and bless thee. The Lord make His face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee. The Lord lift up His countenance upon thee, and give thee peace," is the daily prayer of

Your sincere friend and brother,

I. H. C.

"GOOD-BY'S LETTER."*

November 26th.

My Dear Mr Brown i have been Goeing to send you a few lines for this last three weeks but Owing to my work i could not find the time as i am a Poor Man and have to work very hard but i colld not rest without writting as a little Comfort to you as a young Convert on my way to heaven i have felt & shed tears for you from the bottom of my heart i have thought of you often in the dead hours of Night God bless you as been my Prayers and he will bless you for i expet you will ware a bright crown in heaven yes Glory be to God thare is a Place Prepared for you in that better & happy land whare we will meet to part no more God bless you Good BYE.

FROM AN OLD FRIEND.

YOUNGSVILLE, WARREN CO., PENN., NOV. 26.

. . . I have always held you in grateful remembrance, as the best friend I ever had, and to whom I owe every thing for whatever I am or may be; for which I shall always bear you in mind; and any thing I can do for any of your family hereafter, will be most cheerfully done. . . . My wife sends her best respects to you and yours; believing that your mind is fully made up to put your trust in God, who works all things after the counsel of his own will, and for the best possible good.

Yours truly,

JAMES FORMAN.†

FROM AN OHIO CLERGYMAN.

CINCINNATI, OHIO, NOV. 26.

My Dear Christian Brother: I hope you will not consider it impertinent or intrusive in me to write you. I am only a stranger to you; but, as a minister of Christ, I feel anxious to send you some word of encouragement and consolation at this trying moment of your life, standing as you do under the very shadow of approaching doom. The executors of penal law, under which you are held, manifest no disposition to relent or mitigate the rigors of the penalty pronounced upon you. I therefore feel that in coming to you by this epistle I am intruding upon

* So labelled by John Brown.

† See reply — "Public Life," p. 368.

you in the midst of reflections and solemnities inconceivably momentous and sacred. Of the brief and waning period allowed you by your captors, only six days now remain, and by the time this shall meet your eye this meagre fragment of space will have dwindled to *hours*, and the gloomy death-pageant preparing to encircle your execution will be about ready for the gaze of eager thousands, whom sympathy, curiosity, or hatred will gather together. I long to say something to you that may in some way breathe consolation and inspire fresh and holy outgoings of hope, courage and confidence in God. And yet I know God is with you, and his presence and favor are infinitely better and dearer than any sympathy and condolence of your brethren in Christ. And yet I know that a sad yet hopeful, a painful yet prayerful, remembrance of you by those who are in spirit with you, while widely separated from you, will not be painful to you nor unacceptable to God.

I most fervently pray that you may find, through Divine Grace, that however severe the trial that approaches, and however sad all that is now passing upon you may be, "according to your day so shall your strength be." God exercises His government in wisdom, love, and mercy, and he does and will overrule all things for His glory and the final good and salvation of all that put their trust in Him. Fear not; God will gird thee with strength, and give a meetness and a divine readiness for your great trials; and may he turn your captivity and death, if you must die, to His glory and the final deliverance of all the oppressed of this land. "Faithful is He that hath called you, who also will do it."

The events that have been brought about recently through your agency have convulsed the nation, and stirred the popular heart to its utmost depth, and the minions of oppression have been made to quake with fear. What is to be the result God only knows, but this, I think, is already apparent, the *cause of Freedom* is immeasurably stronger than it was before you struck your blow at Harper's Ferry, and were permitted to stand forth a captive among slaveholders and doomed to die.

I herewith inclose you a few lines which I have penned almost involuntarily upon one of the most heroic sentences that have been pronounced in modern times, which the public prints record as yours. This alone is enough to give glory to your captivity; and the spirit that could give utterance to it will make your death a triumph, both for yourself and suffering humanity. Very truly and sympathetically,

Your brother in Christ,

B. K. M.

P. S. Should time and your dying condition permit, write merely

enough to say you have received this, and send in the enclosed envelope. Such a note will be received as a memento from a dying brother in Christ, and martyr for the cause of our oppressed fellow-men.

"THE HOARY CONVICT."

"I do not know that I can better serve the cause I love so much than by dying for it."—JOHN BROWN, *in prison*.

Brave man! whate'er the world may think of thee,
Howe'er in judgment hold thy daring deeds,
Men cannot fail in every step to see
This is no craven heart that beats and bleeds.

Kind friends proclaim thy ardent mind unstrung —
A *maniac* only heard the bondman sigh;
While foes alarmed have quivering curses flung,
And deem it mercy even to let thee die.

But friends and foes to thee are all the same,
Who drink not at the fount where thou hast stood;
With thee one thought has nursed the hidden flame;
Thy fettered brother claims the *common blood*.

To lift Him from Oppression's iron heel
Became with thee a *purpose*, then a *CAUSE*;
Thy life-long *madness* was a *power* to feel —
That gush of *FEELING* wrote thy code of laws.

Thy abject brother *doubled* in thy sight
Grew into *numbers* as the vision rose,
Then stood a *NATION*, without power or might,
And all their weakness plead against their foes.

The *CAUSE OF MAN* loomed grandly on thy sight;
Man, crushed and feeble, was thy rallying cry;
Its wail charmed strangely to the unequal fight,
To give them Freedom, or to bravely die.

Hadst thou thus dared 'neath far Italia's sky
Men would have shouted pæans to thy name;
History would dared her highest skill to try,
And on a spotless page embalmed thy fame.

But thou hast struck on thine own country's plains
For hosts who crouch where shouts for Freedom flow;

Hosts of a dusky brow, condemned to chains,
For whom the bravest dared not strike a blow.

Men grudge thee now a felon's gloomy cells,
And, restive, wail a felon's doom at morn ;
Reproach loads every breeze that round thee swells,
And heaven's own light comes mixed with human scorn.

Oppression hastes to drink thy flowing blood,
And dip her iron hoof in costly gore ;
But right shall strengthen with the might of God,
And thou, when slain, be mightier than before.

Yon captive hosts shall rise from tears and chains,
And kneel redeemed at God's own seat ere long ;
Then thou shalt rise, and Freedom's festive strains
Shall give thy memory to immortal song.

Go, then, and die ! thy scarred, heroic form
And hoary locks may grace a scaffold high,
But thy loved Cause shall live beyond the storm,
And thou canst best subserve it now to die !

FROM A CLERGYMAN OF RHODE ISLAND.

PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND, NOV. 26.

My Dear Sir : Permit me, an utter stranger to you, to intrude a moment, just that I may say, GOD BLESS YOU ! Be of good cheer. You bore your witness against American Slavery with voice so loud that all the civilized world now listens, all breathless, to its every echo. More than this : by that act four million slaves have learned with such force of impression as never was theirs before, that they have a right to be free. Washington, and those with him, fought for their own homes and their own liberties ; but you, with broader benevolence, having no freedom to gain for yourself, took the sword in behalf of a race oppressed infinitely more than our fathers. I do not say that I think it right to appeal to arms, but I do say that if the first was right, then by logical necessity, was the second. It is an axiom in religion that the blood of martyrs is the seed of the church. Jesus baptized his new faith with his own blood. In all ages truth is most advanced by those who most suffer for it. Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for another. Let these thoughts console you. I have read your speeches and letters studiously, and from them verily believe that you have acted from alto-

gether righteous motives. Remember, if you have a truly honest and prayerful conscience towards God, He will accept your intentions. I beseech you to read His Word much, and with all the power of your nature to trust yourself entirely to his infinite care. It may perhaps somewhat cheer you to know that beyond question the greater part of the Christian world will approve your intentions. From tens of thousands of hearts prayer is continually made for you. Posterity will look upon you as the Moses of the American bondmen. Your name will be a watchword henceforth for Freedom. Coming ages will put your statue in high places, and build glorious monuments to the honor of your name. God be with you now, and comfort you, and receive you into the glorious company of confessors and martyrs above.

Yours,

A CLERGYMAN.

FROM A THEOLOGICAL AUTHOR.

CENTRAL VILLAGE, PLAINFIELD, CONN., Nov. 27.

Dear Friend: . . . The moral effect of your bearing since your capture seems to me worth more than any immediate physical good which would follow your victory. I think Slavery at the South and every where is weaker than it could have been made by the exodus of a thousand slaves under your lead. I need not explain the particulars of this view; but there does seem to me a special providence in your being spared beyond the hour of your capture, to be tried as you have been, and to appear loftier and braver than your conquerors, as you have. It is God that has called and disciplined you for this, and He sustains you, and will sustain you to the end. . . . I shall probably be at Hartford on Friday of this week, the day appointed for the execution of your sentence. That will be far easier than the execution of yourself; for we believe your life and heroism are not lost in any death. The Lord be with you in your last earthly hours.

Yours, for those in bonds,

C. F. H.

FROM ANOTHER RHODE ISLAND FRIEND.

PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND, Nov. 27.

Dear Brother: I feel constrained to write a few lines to you. I have long wished to write; but fearing to do so, the distance being so very long, that it would not reach you. I have long wished to hear from you personally, to know how you are getting along, and how your wounds are, and whether your health is any better. I take three papers, and read them with great interest to know all. But they say one thing one day, and contradict them the next. O, if I could only be with you, could hear you and comfort you in my own

feeble way in this trying hour of your confinement! But it cannot be. To God I wish that I could be with you in this hour of trial! O, that I had the money that is daily thrown away for foolishness! I would come to you, and on bended knees ask permission to remain with you. But, as I said before, it cannot be. But if I am not with you in person, I am with you through the eye of vision, talking with and hearing your sad trial of sorrow and incarceration. These visions will never be forgotten by me and my family, as I sit by my fire-side rehearsing to them the history of one whom I shall ever remember with a brother's love.

O, that I could find words to express myself, but my mind wanders and my hand trembles so, that I scarce can write! You will, I hope, forgive my many mistakes. I write not for fame, but from friendship's dictation. O, if I could compose myself to write! But, as I have said, my mind wanders back to things past and gone — gone; known only in history's pages. When I call up things that have been done since 1776, to the present time, 1859 — but enough of this. God worketh all things for his own good; for he is a God of *Justice*, and doeth all things well, and in his own time. If there is no hope on earth, there is hope in Heaven. If we meet not here, we will meet there. I trust in Him who ruleth all things. Call on him and he will not see you want, for He hath said so in his Holy Word: "That whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have eternal life." . . . Ever believe me,

Your sincere friend for suffering humanity,

F. G.

FROM A LITTLE BOY.

WESTFIELD, N. Y., November 27.

Captain Brown Dear Sir, I have been thinking of you ever since I herd of your conviction and I have been thinking to that you have got to die in a very short time. I hope that these Few lines may do you some good If you ever receive theme I have no more time to write so good by till we meet in heaven

I am a little boy and this is the First letter I ever wrote

GEORGE DE F. F.

FROM AN OLD MISSIONARY.

NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT, Nov. 28.

Dear Sir: Permit a friend of liberty and equitable law to address you a few brief thoughts, which I hope may be acceptable to you and your family. Prayer was yesterday offered for you in a colored congregation in this city, to whom a descendant of Africa, a son of Georgia,

a minister of Liberia, and also the writer of this farewell letter, preached the true gospel.

You may be gratified to know that I remember with interest your interview, some two years since, with the cordial friends of Kansas in this city, while that injured territory of our common country was subject to the scorpion lash prepared for the honest advocates of the rights of man, and especially of that *freedom* which you struggled to establish. These, your New Haven friends, some of whom so ably and so kindly expostulated with our Chief Magistrate in reference to the wrongs of Kansas, remember you with Christian sympathy in your present sufferings.

Take it to your heart that a God of Justice and of Mercy rules, and the Deliverer of Israel from their bondage in Goshen, has mercy in store for a greater number of bondmen and bondwomen, truly as wrongfully oppressed. He has not granted you the full measure of your wishes, but he has allowed you the opportunity of conspicuously and emphatically showing your sympathy for the injured Slave population of our otherwise happy country, and of preaching the duty of giving "them that which is just and equal."

Forty years ago I went among the savages of Polynesia, and preached the gospel of Him whose office it was to proclaim liberty to captives. I plainly taught kings and queens, chiefs and warriors, that He that ruleth men must be just, ruling in the fear of God. I freely exhibited the opposition of God's law and our Saviour's gospel to oppression and every sin found to be prevailing there, and aided my associates in giving them the entire Bible in their own language, and in teaching their tribes to read it and use it freely in all the ranks of life.

Though I labored with them a score of years, and have corresponded with them a score of years more, I have not, lest I should damage my mission, ever told them that I belonged to a nation that deprives three or four millions of their fellow-subjects of Jehovah's Government, of their dearest rights which God has given them — one of which is the free use of his own Holy Book.

But when the story of your execution shall reach and surprise them, I will no longer hesitate to speak to my friends there of your sympathy for four millions of the inhabitants of our Southern States, held in unchristian bonds in the only Protestant country on the globe that endorses Slavery.

I can, next week, well afford to endeavor to give them an echo of that protest against the whole system of American Slavery, which on and from the day of your execution, will be louder in the ear of High Heaven than its abettors have been accustomed to hear; rising from

the millions of freemen in this noble cordon of Free States, and other millions of now slaveholding freemen, and some slaveholders themselves, in the Slave States.

Have you a kind message to send to the Christian converts at the Sandwich Islands, or to the heathen of Micronesia, a month's sail beyond, where my son and daughter are laboring to give them the Bible and the richest blessings of Christianity? I would gladly forward it to them if you have time to write it.

And now, dear sir, trust in your gracious Saviour; forgive those that have trespassed against you; leave your fatherless children, God will provide for them, and tell your widow to trust in Him, in His holy habitation. "The hairs of your head are all numbered," and not one "shall fall to the ground without your Heavenly Father." Should a lock of your hair fall into my lap before the execution shall help you to shake the pillars of the idol's temple, it would be valued. The Lord bless you, and make your life and death a blessing to the oppressed and their oppressors. Farewell!

Yours faithfully,

II. B.

FROM AN OLD MAN OF BOSTON.

Boston, Nov. 24.

My Dear Brother John Brown: I am an old man. I have for more than thirty years opposed Slavery in all its forms; though never with violence! I deeply sympathize with you in your present position, and commend you to that Jesus who preached, what Isaiah proclaimed, seven hundred years before his advent. God forbid that I should censure you for acting "deliverance to the captive," when it has the sanction of this "*double inspiration*." My brother, I *respect* and *love* you *beyond expression*. I have now a letter from my brother, now, I trust, in heaven. It was written in *prison* at *Baltimore*, by one whose life was sacrificed to Slavery's demand.

It tells me what I believe is true, that during the last few years of his life, he gave liberty to more than *four hundred slaves*. I have taken slaveholders to his monument in Mount Auburn, where the enduring marble tells that CHARLES TURNER TORREY, in the early meridian of his life, was a martyr to Freedom. If you can find it possible to write me the *smallest line*, that I may place at its side, to bequeath to my children as a most valued legacy, you cannot tell how much I should value it. They are all *Christians* in the highest sense of that word; their *abhorrence* of Slavery is unquestioned. I have known you and your sons, and have had the pleasure of taking your honest hand in mine.

Yours in Christ,

J. N. B.

That I may be under no obligation to *Virginia*, I enclose a *ten cent* stamp to pay for the paper you may use.

FROM FRIENDS IN NEW YORK.

ILION, NEW YORK, November 24.

Dear Brother in Christ : How I would like to spend this night with you in your cell, and converse for a season on the joys that await you beyond this world of sin and sorrow. I have tried to spend this day in prayer and thanksgiving to Almighty God for the many blessings received at His hand the past year, but in spite of all my efforts in this direction, it has been a sorrowful day to my soul, as my mind has dwelt almost constantly on your death scene. I cannot be joyful ; I mourn not so much for you, (for, like the hero of Tarsus, you seem ready to be offered,) but I mourn for my country. I spent the past winter in the South, spending four months in nine of the slave States ; and more than once I had to press my lips and clench my fists, to keep back the feelings of my soul. I saw Slavery in all its phases, and many a night I have wet my pillow with my tears, as I called to mind the sufferings of the poor slave. I had hard work to control my feelings, but did so, and cannot think but it was the best course. Among the slaveholders I found some of the noblest men I ever met with — kind, obliging, hospitable, pious, and to all appearances without a fault ; so I returned to my home to hate the sin and not the men. I made the acquaintance of Gov. Wise, and found that it was not Wise that killed Cilley ; it was not Wise that fought for Slavery at the South ; it was his education — for a nobler heart never filled the breast of man ; and had he been favored with a birthplace on the shores of Lake Champlain, and a home among the Adirondack mountains, he might have been your general in this conflict, and lying wounded by your side to night.* Would to God these brethren could read our hearts. O, could they see how we love them ; how we desire their present and future happiness ; what a change would at once take place in their feelings towards us. Did Gov. Wise know Christ

* What miserable cant ! “Pious” traffickers in God’s children ; “pious” robbers of God’s poor ; “pious” brokers in the souls for whom Jesus died ! “Kind, obliging, hospitable !” No doubt of it ! To compel men and women to work without reward, is so kind ; to barter for base gold the offspring of slave mothers, is so obliging ; to rob a race of every social, civil, political, matrimonial, paternal, filial right, is so hospitable an act, that it is not surprising that the class who practise it should be “to all appearance without a fault !” And Wise, the assassin of Cilley, the representative murderer of John Brown, the laudator of the Slave Pens, the acknowledged head and champion of the vilest Commonwealth that the sun looks down on, of course, *he* deserves the eulogy bestowed on him, when the writer says, that a “nobler heart never filled the breast of man.” There are no murderers, there are no assassins, there are no base, nor cowardly, nor wicked men, if the philosophy of the writer be correct. It was not Judas, then, but Judas’s education ?

as did Paul when soundly converted, there would not be power enough in all the military force of Virginia to hang John Brown. But enough of this.

I have never believed that Virginia, for her own honor, would hang you; but she may, (my heart is too full, my tears flow too fast to write,) if she does, such a funeral as the sun never saw before, will follow.

Keep up good courage; a few more rising and setting suns, and the struggle will be over; and the thrice welcome words will reach your ears, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you."

I have been a resident of Washington County for thirty-eight years; left Fort Edward, New York, May, 1858, and am sure I have met you, but cannot tell where; but if faithful to the grace already given, I am sure I shall meet you again, and I *know where*. Praise the Lord, on that blis-ful shore, where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are forever at rest. You will not be permitted, like Moses, to return after forty years to engage afresh in the struggle for freedom: but God will raise up others, in his own good time, to carry forward the work.

Farewell, till we meet in Heaven; for, when we reach the landing place, —

"In the realms of endless light
We'll bid this world of noise and show
Good night, good night, good night;
We'll stem the storm," &c.

Your unworthy friend and brother in the Lord,

J. M. B.

ELLENVILLE, NEW YORK, Nov. 25.

Dear Brother: We are personally strangers, but we cherish for God and Humanity the same love and trust. Permit me, then, a brother in bonds with the bound, to extend to you my Christian sympathy and prayer in this hour of your trial. Be assured, my dear brother, that the *heart* of the nation is with you; that whatever the difference in the mode of our operation, our purpose, "to break every fetter," is the same. I am grateful that God and your own heart sustain you in your journey "Home." You and I do "worship the same God," — the God of righteousness and justice, who weigheth motives; and though acts are defeated, will not fail to reward good intentions. I trust there is upon your mind no doubt of your acceptance with God through the merits of our Lord Jesus Christ. The little I have read of your confident avowal of the Divine Mercy towards you, cheer me

with the hope that though men kill the body, God will nourish the spirit — the man — under His own pavilion of light forever.

I trust you will esteem it no reproach that wicked men plot against you, and put you to death on the gibbet. The gibbet, and the cross, and the fagot, have often been honored by men of whom the world was not worthy. Had you been successful, men would have called you a hero ; but because defeated — I forbear the rest. My heart sickens at the thought that conscience, and divine trust, and self-sacrificing benevolence must lie in a cell and await a cruel death. But we now build monuments for those whom others murdered, and God shall yet build yours, not perhaps in bronze or marble shaft, but in a nation of free and happy men, who shall rise up and call you the Moses of their Redemption. You need not fear that your family will suffer want ; God and the good will succor them. And now, my dear brother, will you not indulge me with at least a short reply. I shall cherish it long, and gather inspiration from its sight for other conflicts in behalf of religion and liberty. I too have a family of children, and I desire that they should live for the oppressed ; and, if such is God's will, die fighting their battles. I will surely swear them at God's altar to eternal hatred of American and every other Slavery. I shall pray fervently every day until you depart, that God may be with you and comfort you. . . .

I am very sincerely your brother in the cause of religion and right,

J. P.

Pastor of the M. E. Church, Ellenville, Ulster Co., N. Y.

NEW YORK, November 25.

My Dear Friend : I rejoice in the strength and courage vouchsafed to you in your present emergency. Our good FATHER is on your side, and this fact places you in the *majority*. Good men, everywhere, will ever revere your name. Unselfish integrity has made that name immortal. . . . God bless you !

Farewell,

N. S.

NEW YORK, November 26, 1859.

Dear Sir : Will you favor me with your autograph, which I will highly prize as the best memento of one who is about to sacrifice his life in a great and noble cause. Pardon my intrusion upon your last moments for that which may seem to you of little moment or consequence ; but I assure you that it will be ever retained by me with that respect which is due the name of a man who makes so great a sacrifice. May He who is no respecter of persons, guide and sustain you in

these the last moments of your existence, and safely lead you to that home which awaits you, — is the humble prayer of your obedient servant,
E. T.

NEW YORK, Thursday, November 24.

My Dear Friend: The writer of this letter to you may be personally unknown, but is a deep sympathizer, in connection with thousands of others, whose hearts are engaged in prayer for you and your fellow prisoners, who are now under sentence of death in the prison of Virginia, for entertaining the principles of Freedom and Liberty to the captive in bonds, as though in bonds with him. Your cause is a good one. Bear up, brave warrior! under the approaching trial and the day that you will be called upon to seal the truth with your blood! These are the days that try men's souls, and are like the days of old in which the martyrs fought, bled, and died. No doubt but on the day of execution, millions of prayers will be offered up to the God of Heaven and earth in your behalf, from Christian hearts, who feel with you and for you; and of this you may have the fullest assurance in the hour of trial.

Ever yours in truth and friendship,

L. W. T.

FROM A "LOVER OF JUSTICE."

PHILADELPHIA, November 29.

Dear Sir: Feeling a true, and I trust, a sincere sympathy for your being under bonds, and with desire your punishment may be commuted to imprisonment, and that thereby your life may be spared, I have implored his Excellency Gov. Wise in your behalf several times, and I trust it may be done. My dear old man, I have no doubt you have acted agreeably to what you considered a duty; but sound sense and the law of the land, show evidently you acted wrong, and have been guilty of a great folly in judgment, and I trust those who may have the power will think so, — that it was an error of judgment and not of principle; and that they may be influenced by a principle of mercy, instilled by Him who is the author of all good, to show you and those who are with you mercy, and thereby allay, in a great measure, the hostile feelings in the North, that your execution will produce. If you have to suffer this severe penalty, you will be forever immortalized as a true martyr of Liberty, and be the cause without doubt of laying a foundation stone of the Liberty party of the North, South, East, and West, that will not rest until the fabric of the Institution of Slavery shall be shaken unto its foundations. But it must be done constitutionally, and not by violence — that would produce a greater evil than the one you attempted to eradicate, pro-

ducing bloodshed and revolution, and all its horrors ; and it would be trampling upon the rights of your fellow-citizens, as you did. It is a work of time. God in his own time will bring it about ; fear not. I sincerely trust your life may be spared. If not, trust in the loving power of God Almighty, and He will sustain you and give you a seat among the righteous martyrs who have gone before you. Your family, no doubt, will be well taken care of, and may the Lord in His Infinite Mercy be with you in life or death, is my most earnest prayer. You are generally believed to be an honest and upright man, but a very deluded one on the subject of Slavery ; and it being a delusion of judgment and not of principles, I pray you may have mercy extended to you and your associates.

Yours truly,

A LOVER OF JUSTICE.

"Needs no reply," is the comment written on this letter by John Brown himself.

FROM MARCUS SPRING.

TO JOHN BROWN.

EAGLESWOOD, Nov. 28, 1859.

My Dear and Venerated Sir : Ever since my dear wife and son's visit of sympathy to you, and your excellent wife's short sojourn with us, I have felt a strong desire to write to you some words of cheering and strengthening sympathy. But I could say nothing, of this kind, that is not better said in the two hymns I here send you, which have been blessings to me, and many others, in times of trial.

With the most earnest wish and prayer that God may be with you to the last, and that in surrendering your life as an offering in behalf of the oppressed, you may also be enabled to feel, towards all who have misunderstood you, "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do," and "incline the hearts of this people to *do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly before God*," as the *only* course of true safety, and *solid* national prosperity and PEACE,

I remain, sincerely your friend,

MARCUS SPRING.

COURAGE AND HOPE.

Awake, our souls ; away our fears ;
Let every trembling thought be gone ;
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

True 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint ;
But they forget the mighty God,
Who feeds the strength of every saint ;

The mighty God, whose boundless power
Is ever new and ever young,
And firm endures, while countless years
Their everlasting circles run.

From Thee, the overflowing spring,
My soul shall drink a fresh supply;
While such as trust their native strength,
Shall melt away and droop and die.

Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.

WATTS.

"NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE."

Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross that raiseth me:
Still all my song shall be,
"Nearer, my God, to Thee, — nearer to Thee."

Though like the wanderer, the sun gone down,
Darkness be over me, my rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
"Nearer, my God, to Thee, — nearer to Thee."

There let the way appear *steps unto heaven*;
All that thou sendest me in mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
"Nearer, my God, to Thee, — nearer to Thee."

Then with my waking thoughts bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs Bethel I'll raise:
So by my woes to be
"Nearer, my God, to Thee, — nearer to Thee."

Or, if on joyful wing, cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot, upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
"Nearer, my God, to Thee, — nearer to Thee."
S. F. ADAMS.

II.

LETTERS FROM NORTHERN WOMEN.

FROM these letters of Northern women I have omitted such passages only as I suppose the writers would not wish to see published. Requests for autographs and locks of hair abound in all the letters; but, for sufficient reasons, I have stricken most of them out.

FROM A MASSACHUSETTS MATRON.

[MASSACHUSETTS,] Nov. 8.

Dear and Honored Friend: At last my bonds are loosed, and I can write you a word of love and helping. *Comfort* and *cheer* you have from obedience to that eternal law of *right* God stamped in such living characters upon your soul when he sent it forth to do its work among the children of men. Your sublime allegiance to *truth is our comfort and cheer* in this sharp trial. Through much and sore anguish I have come to look upon the second of December as the glorious birthday of one whom all men will delight to honor when the mists of sin and selfishness shall have rolled away forever from their eyes. Dear, brave old friend, you can *never die*! The gallows seems no longer a degradation, since your example has so hallowed and glorified it! For the *Truth's* sake I can let you die; but for our affection's sake we would put our arms around you and hold you here forever. You are constantly in our minds by day and by night. I cannot tell you what we all suffered the few first days; and had I not been confined to a sick bed, I think I should have found my way to that Virginia prison. God bless you forever for your faithfulness to a great principle. Justice, truth, and immortality seem the only realities when contemplated from the heights you have achieved. I will try to be a

braver and truer woman and mother (albeit a sadder) for the lesson you have taught. Your name shall be a cherished household word; and as long as we live your *Heavenly Birthday* shall be kept in our hearts and home.

"Pace in thy cell, old Socrates,
Cheerily to and fro;
Trust to the impulse of thy soul
And let the poison flow;
They may shatter to earth the lamp of clay
That holds a light divine,
But they cannot quench the fire of thought
By any such deadly wine;
They cannot blot thy spoken word
From the memory of man,
By all the poison ever was brewed
Since time its course began;
To-day abhorred, to-morrow adored;
So round and round we run;
And ever the truth comes uppermost,
And ever is justice done."

My little son Henry sends you his love, and says he will never forget you.

And now, dear, brave old friend, farewell. "A little while and we shall not see you, because you go unto the Father. And again, a little while and we shall see you, because we, too, go unto the Father." May the blessed God reveal to you more and more of His Divine Spirit until "mortality is swallowed up of life."

Your friend with enduring love and reverence,

M. E. S.

FROM A CONNECTICUT MOTHER.

NORWICH, CONNECTICUT. [No Date.]

Although I am personally unknown to you, yet I have a strong regard for such a noble old man as you have proved yourself to be. May the God of peace and truth be with you and your companions in this world and the one to come. Although man has said you must die at such a time, trust in God, for he may yet deliver thee; for with Him nothing is impossible. But if you die, may the God in which you so sincerely trust, help you to remain true and firm until the last. You have many friends who deeply sympathize with you and your noble wife. May she still have the consolation to know that if you die, it is not for wrong, but for right, which we should all follow, even if we suffer for it. . . .

M. E. H.

FROM A QUAKERESS.

[No Date.]

Dear Friend: A few humble believers, some of whom have been fasting and praying for thee and thy fellow-prisoners, desire that ye should know that ye are thus remembered. He who searches the heart can make known the fulness of what we feel but forbear to express. Dear friend, if thou knowest the way of life, thou hast help the world knows not of; but if thou hast never known Him whom to know aright is life eternal, we entreat thee in tender love to look to Him in this hour of need. Read the 46th Psalm and the 14th Chapter of St. John. Pour out thy supplications to thy Redeemer: He hath His loving eyes upon you there; His ear will be specially open to thy cry in the name of Jesus. It is Christ alone on whom we can rest. Be instant in prayer, remembering that the true Church is wrestling with thee. We have fear lest, from the bravery and magnanimity of thy spirit, thou shouldst not be sensible where thy strength lieth, as we poor weaker ones are, and have therefore affectionately entreated thee to keep very near in dependence on thy Divine Redeemer. We hope the rest of thy prisoners may see this letter, for we would point them all to the only refuge. O friends, look to your Redeemer in supplication, and thus draw down by prayer His loving kindness unto your wounded hearts. We pray for you, but you must pray for yourselves. We will also do what we can for your family if they need.

FROM AN OHIO WOMAN.

DECATUR, BROWN COUNTY, OHIO, Nov. 16.

Dear Sir: Can you give me a minute of your time? Like Mrs. Child, who "can scarcely take comfort in any thing" on your account, for a time I could not well attend to my work, but only wanted to sit down, lean my head upon my hand, and remain thus in the palsy that had come upon me. My mental and moral nature seemed paralyzed with the thoughts that the self-evident impossibility that man could own man seemed to be true; and when one arose to rescue his brother, following only the instincts of right, and the teachings of the golden rule, that there should be power upon earth lawfully to put him to death. In listless moments tears have welled up and offered themselves, but no sooner is nature conscious of them than they come no farther. The subject is too great. Tears can express nothing of what the soul feels under some contemplations. Believing myself in conscience bound to give heed to the views of others (as H. W. Beecher) about the best mode of enfranchising the slave, and wondering if the slave could have sunk so low in his degradation that he

would not have been willing to accept your boon, had it proved to be in your power to give it to him, — such considerations diverted my thoughts and relieved somewhat the oppression of my mind. I suppose thousands upon tens of thousands feel the same kindness and admiration that is felt for you here. I wish they would write and say so to you, instead of telling all to each other. But, perhaps, they do not think of that; or they may be afraid. Our minister prays for you in our pulpit; and I have sometimes felt that it might do you good to hear such prayers as he puts up for you, and those who suffer with you. I have been watching for it, and am so glad the channel has been opened through which “the sympathies of others can most successfully reach you,” (though my own contribution must at present be small,) for it is such a comfort to do any thing for you; and personally you seem to need so little of any thing that we can do. I suppose martyrs that are called forth by the sins of a lost world have that greatness of soul, of benevolence, that needs not so much the sympathies and consolations called forth by affliction. Although they may shed nature’s tears of love and affection with friends most dear, yet it seems to me the souls of those friends themselves must retire again to a depth or an elevation beyond the region of tears. You perhaps do not know what a comfort it is to your thousands of friends, and will be, especially as the time of death draws near, and when it is past, that you have left this statement: “*I am quite cheerful under all my afflicting circumstances and prospects, having, as I humbly trust, the peace of God which passeth understanding.*” And now, noble old man, — noble from our point of view, though in God’s sight but a pardoned and unprofitable servant, — that our Father awaits you is the hope of one who, *I humbly trust*, is your friend in Christ.

M. N.

FROM A YOUNG WOMAN OF MASSACHUSETTS.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., NOV. 18.

My Dear Friend: In sending to you these few words of affectionate sympathy, I feel I am expressing what would be the feelings of my dear father were he still with us; for you well know that you always had not only his respect and confidence, but his warm sympathy in your noble struggles for the rights of your fellow-men, and I doubt not he is now among the innumerable crowd of witnesses who, unseen by mortal eyes, watch over and sustain you in these dark hours of your earthly lot. I need not tell you that you are constantly in our thoughts, and daily remembered in our prayers, and that we shall do what little we can to comfort and aid your afflicted wife and children, whom may God in his unspeakable mercy guard and sustain. During your short

visit with us, some two years since, you won all our hearts, and the remembrance of those few days will ever be affectionately cherished. It is a cruel, bitter fate which denies to so many loving, anxious hearts the possibility of doing any thing for you ; to sit quietly and powerless in our homes, and see injustice triumph, requires the full exercise of all Christian patience and forbearance, and we can only look to Him who can make all things work together for good. My mother and sisters unite with me in love and affectionate remembrances. May God be with you even to the end, and at last receive you to Himself, is the earnest prayer of your attached friend,

M. S. S.

FROM A GIRL OF MICHIGAN.

LAMONT, OTTAWA CO., MICHIGAN, NOV. 23.

My Dear Sir: I have been strongly impressed to write you a few lines for many days ; and now, at the eleventh hour, I am resolved to do so, hoping this may reach you. I am glad that you are a Christian man ; that you know in whom you have trusted all your life ; that you have that within which will make your spirit stronger and braver to endure to the last. My father fought with you in the Battle of Plattsburg, in 1812. He has long since gone to his rest. You will meet him with all the redeemed throng, who perished with their armor on, in that land where wrong will be made right. If this reaches you in time, could you write me but one line, or your name, even, with your own hand, I would treasure it as a priceless legacy. May God bless you and give you peace in your last earthly hour, is the prayer of your sympathizing friend,

L. A. B.

FROM A WOMAN OF NEW YORK.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK, NOV. 24.

Dear Brother: This day is set apart by many of the States as a day of thanksgiving to Almighty God for all his mercies to us in the year that is past ; and, as a people, we have much to be thankful for, while we hide our faces in shame that one of our fellow-citizens lies in prison this day, under sentence of death, for daring to love freedom and sympathizing with the oppressed. And I am impelled, from deep sympathy with you, to address you these few lines, that I may add to the proofs you already have, that the great Northern Heart beats warmly in your behalf ; and, though a Virginia jury pronounce you guilty of Treason and Murder, and a Virginia judge pass sentence of death upon you, you will not die. You will, I trust, be freed from the trials and sorrows of earth, your work being done. But does not the Commonwealth of Virginia foresee that when they

H. C.

FROM A WOMAN OF THE RACE HE DIED FOR.

KENDALVILLE, INDIANA, Nov. 25.

Dear Friend: Although the hands of Slavery throw a barrier between you and me, and it may not be my privilege to see you in your prison-house, Virginia has no bolts or bars through which I dread to send you my sympathy. In the name of the young girl sold from the warm clasp of a mother's arms to the clutches of a libertine or a profligate, — in the name of the slave mother, her heart rocked to and fro by the agony of her mournful separations, — I thank you, that you have been brave enough to reach out your hands to the crushed and blighted of my race. You have rocked the bloody Bastile; and I hope that from your sad fate great good may arise to the cause of freedom. Already from your prison has come a shout of triumph against the giant sin of our country. The hemlock is distilled with victory when it is pressed to the lips of Socrates. The Cross becomes a glorious ensign when Calvary's pale-browed sufferer yields up his life upon it. And, if Universal Freedom is ever to be the dominant power of the land, your bodies may be only her first stepping stones to dominion. I would prefer to see Slavery go down peaceably by men breaking off their sins by righteousness and their iniquities by showing justice and mercy to the poor; but we cannot tell what the future may bring forth. God writes national judgments upon national

sins ; and what may be slumbering in the storehouse of divine justice we do not know. We may earnestly hope that your fate will not be a vain lesson, that it will intensify our hatred of Slavery and love of freedom, and that your martyr grave will be a sacred altar upon which men will record their vows of undying hatred to that system which tramples on man and bids defiance to God. I have written to your dear wife, and sent her a few dollars, and I pledge myself to you that I will continue to assist her. May the ever-blessed God shield you and your fellow-prisoners in the darkest hours. Send my sympathy to your fellow-prisoners ; tell them to be of good courage ; to seek a refuge in the Eternal God, and lean upon His everlasting arms for a sure support. If any of them, like you, have a wife or children that I can help, let them send me word. . . .

Yours in the cause of freedom,

F. E. W.

FROM THE COLORED WOMEN OF BROOKLYN.

BROOKLYN, Nov. 26.

In behalf of the colored women of Boston. Dear Sir : We, a portion of the American people, would fain offer you our sincere and heartfelt sympathies in the cause you have so nobly espoused, and that you so firmly adhere to. We truly appreciate your most noble and humane effort, and recognize in you a Saviour commissioned to redeem us, the American people, from the great National Sin of Slavery ; and though you have apparently failed in the object of your desires, yet the influence that we believe it will eventually exert, will accomplish all your intentions. We consider you a model of true patriotism, and one whom our common country will yet regard as the greatest it has produced, because you have sacrificed all for its sake. We rejoice in the consciousness of your perfect resignation. We shall ever hold you dear in our remembrance, and shall infuse the same feelings in our posterity. We have always entertained a love for the country which gave us birth, despite the wrongs inflicted upon us, and have always been hopeful that the future would augur better things. We feel now that your glorious act for the cause of humanity has afforded us an unexpected realization of some of our seemingly vain hopes. And now, in view of the coming crisis which is to terminate all your labors of love for this life, our mortal natures fail to sustain us under the trying affliction ; but when we view it from our religious standpoint, we feel that earth is not worthy of you, and that your spirit yearneth for a higher and holier existence. Therefore we willingly give you up, and submit to His will " who doeth all things well."

Yours with warm regard,

M. S. J. T.

FROM A WOMAN OF PENNSYLVANIA.

CHAMBERSBURG, PENN., Nov. 26.

... I had hoped that your life would be spared, until the recent public declaration of Gov. Wise, when he visited you in prison to tell you that he cannot temper Virginia justice with mercy — that darling attribute of Him who shall judge us all. A million hearts will be saddened by your execution, and a million more will feel keenly on the issues it will thrust upon the world that never felt before. Its fruits must be left to time; God only knows them. As a wife and mother, I have regretted that an act springing from deep-seated convictions of duty — however mistaken, morally or politically — should desolate a home by the gibbet. But fear not for those who shall mourn your untimely and cruel end. He who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb will not forget them; and the voices of mothers of the North, with the true-hearted men, will provide them with all temporal comforts.

Sincerely yours,

M. S. M'C.

FROM A WOMAN OF PHILADELPHIA.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 27, 1859.

My Friend: You will let me call you so? I want to write you a few words of loving sympathy, though my heart is heavy with grief and sorrow, and the fast-falling tears will scarcely permit me to. Sometimes, when about my work, or in the quiet twilight hour, as I sit and think of you, I see only the glorious cause in which you have toiled and suffered; I remember your heroic self-sacrifices, your noble generosity, your unwavering, unhesitating devotion to the right, and I say to myself: "Ah! it is a fitting close to such a life; it is well he should die a martyr's death; that he should seal his testimony with his blood; that he should obey the apostolic injunction, and 'give his life for the brethren.'" To-day, I have been thinking of you constantly, and with the thought there has been singing through my brain the verse of a hymn learned long ago:

"On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou canst smile at all thy foes."

"Ah!" I say to myself, "that is true, but it does not contain *all*; for he weeps and prays for his persecutors." Sometimes, when I have thought of the down-trodden and the oppressed, I have repeated sadly to myself the plaint which seems as if written expressly for them: "Behold, is it nothing to you all, ye that pass by, that I sit alone and

weep?" Yes, it *was* something to one brave, true, manly heart, something which caused him to toil and suffer, and at last lay down his life in their cause. And then, all of these high, brave thoughts fade out, and I think of you sick and suffering, bound and in prison; I think of the scoffs and jeers, the crown of thorns, the bloody sweat, the cross, the agony; I think of the widowed and heart-broken wife, the outlawed, manly sons, — alas! alas! the fatherless ones, — and my heart swells almost to bursting with its grief. I have gone about for weeks with a soul heavy and sick with sorrow: O, my God! *how* can I say, "Thy will be done"? I have one earnest, longing wish; that is, to be with you once, if only for a little while — to look at you with my tear-dimmed eyes — to kneel by your side, feel your hand laid in blessing on my head, and then go forth to battle for the right with all the power that is in me. I should carry about that blessing with me forever; for it would be that of one already standing in the light of the Eternal Glory. But this may not be. In its place there is one favor I would ask of you. It is, that you would write me a few words, if only to say, "Be strong;" which would be a strong and sure support to me, which should be with me always, and which I would have them lay upon my pulseless heart at last. Is it asking too much of you? Can you spare me so much of your precious time? And now, my friend, I must say — Farewell. O, how can I? how can I? It comes from a grief-torn and bleeding heart. I have but one consolation — that the Heavenly Father, in his infinite mercy, and the Lord Jesus Christ, in tenderest compassion, with his own wounds bleeding afresh, are ever near you to comfort and to bless. And now, at last — Farewell!

A. E. D.

To one very near his rest and reward — John Brown.

FROM A WOMAN OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

BOSCAWEN, N. H., Nov. 28.

Dear Sir: I hardly know how to address you at this time in appropriate language. I have read your history and admired your noble spirit, and have felt it my duty to say one word, at least, to you from New Hampshire, before you go to take your "crown of glory." I have daily wished to tell you of my sympathy, and have breathed in secret prayers for you and yours. I mourn that the world must lose from her visible, active scenes, and a wife and children a husband and father, one such as you are. I think I see the Heavenly ones around you, ministering to your spiritual being, and who will guide you to the Father, and give you a place among those who were "slain for the word of God and for the testimony which they held," and to whom

"white robes were given, and who serve him day and night in His Temple." We believe with the great good man who says, "In awful providences, and in fraternal triumphing love, the reign of night, this evil, (Slavery,) is shaken; thus mingling pearl and crimson — the one the sign of peace, the other the flag of strife — herald the uprising dawn of deliverance" New Hampshire has many sons and daughters who would help thee if they could. . . . Allow me to make two requests of you, to be granted, if in your power, during these last days of earth to you: 1. That you, a dear, Christian brother, just about to enter the celestial city, would write us one word — your autograph, at least. 2. That your last prayers and your "*ministering*" in the angel world may be for those whose powers and duties may lead them to labor for accomplishing the great and certain work of overthrowing oppression and error. May God sustain you.

Your friend,

H. A. B.

FROM A WOMAN OF BOSTON.

Boston, Mass., Nov. 28.

Beloved and Honored Friend: I find comfort in the faith that your spirit ascends and sings while ours are draped with shadows. Your hour of freedom approaches. Over that scaffold, erected by the foes of freedom, angels shall lovingly droop their arms to protect you. O! dear friend! I know they will take all thy pangs. Thou wilt surely be unconscious of the gate of mortal agony through which must lie thy pathway to thy near and eternal home. We abide in the shaded valley while thou ascendest the Mount of Vision. Our hearts ache at losing thee from our world, for thou hast taught us how to live, more simply brave, more tenderly conscientious lives. The banks of the Potomac are sanctified anew and forever to us now, and we feel that the spirit of Washington may hail thee as a brother and a peer. The slopes of living green that he so loved in life will be golden-green in the pictured halls of our memories and associations, because of the eternal brightness of thy *failure*, as men may now count by results. But —

"They never fail who die

In a great cause: the block may soak their gore,
Their heads may sodden in the sun; their limbs
Be strung to city gates and castle walls;
But still their spirit walks abroad. Though years
Elapse, and others share as dark a doom,
They but augment the deep and sweeping thoughts
Which overpower all others, and conduct
The world at last to *freedom*."

Our blessed Lord and his apostles did not fail, though the Jews be-

lieved that Christianity died at the Cross. The Three Hundred who fell at Thermopylae failed not. Cato, when the body of his dead son was brought to him, on a bier, all-hailed him — "Welcome!" as one who had done his duty, and bade the attendants lay him down where he could view the bloody corse and count his glorious wounds. Yon granite shaft on Bunker Hill witnesseth that on that Warren and his fellow-soldiers fell; but no failure drapes in history their names with a funeral pall. Neither hast thou, honored old man, nor thy dead sons, nor thy fallen companions, failed. When they who slay thee shall be gathered to their ignoble dust, what hearts will thrill, as ours do now, in gratitude for the great gift of thy life of sixty years; for the heritage of thy steadfast faith and deeds?

Dear old pilgrim, thou may'st safely bequeath thy wife and children to Northern homes and hearts. We shall not forget those dear to thee. We take them as a sacred legacy. Thine eyes are lifted to the distant hills. Ours are often wet with burning tears. But we remember that thou abidest under the shadow of the Almighty, where no evil can befall thee. Believe us, multitudes of brave and sorrow-stricken hearts in all parts of our country, and even the world, await mournfully and sympathetically thy exit. It will be thy freedom hour. And angels shall soothingly welcome thee to a home where there is neither sorrow nor crying. For blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and enter in through the gates into the city.

We would greet with hearty respect the humane jailer and his family.

Farewell, and peace abide with thee.

M. M. W.

FROM TWO OLD ACQUAINTANCES.

HUDSON, OHIO, Nov. 28, 1859.

Dear Sir: My long acquaintance with you and with your life has made such an impression on my mind that I feel that there is an attachment formed which Death alone can separate; and now, as it seems the end draws near that you must die, I would say that my prayer is, that you may come off conqueror through Him that hath loved us, and find a resting-place in heaven, where I hope to meet with all the friends of humanity. I want something from your hand to look upon and show to the friends of humanity. Your name on a card directed to me, with a date at the place where you are, I would like, with some short sentiment of your choosing.

L. C.

P. S. I hear you have several young daughters, which may be dependent on the charity of friends to get along in the world. I would

like to take the youngest, and educate her in my family as one of them, if you and your friends are willing. I have a daughter sixteen years old, and it would be her delight to help educate one of Capt. John Brown's daughters. . . . Farewell! May God Almighty strengthen you as you are about to be offered up.

COLUMBUS, November 28.

Dear Sir: Duty and inclination both urge me at this late hour of your affliction to show you at least one token of remembrance and sympathy. The fact of my early acquaintance with you in former years, although much younger than yourself, the intimacy that existed between our fathers' families for years, growing out of the relations they sustained to each other as neighbors and citizens, and brethren in the same Church with yourself, coöperating for the establishment of a New England town in Hudson, Ohio; for religion in a church, morals in a town, and education in the founding of the Western Reserve College — all which they lived to see; the friendship which my (now sainted) father cherished for you, of which you had ample testimony; the high esteem which I had and have now in memory of your worthy (now departed) father, as well as the high respect you sustained in intelligent and religious society; the strong friendship which I now feel for your worthy and afflicted sister, Mary Ann, and a heart yearning with tenderness for all in sorrow, and especially now in your peculiar position, — I say all this produces the *most intense interest* in me as well as thousands of others; and although I had scarcely heard a word of you for many years, excepting your Kansas trials, and not even particulars of that; yet when I first heard of the outbreak at Harper's Ferry — the death of your two sons — the hasty trial — the merciless sentence — after your *truthful* and *noble* speech, and all — my inmost soul was moved with sadness; and although suffering with illness, my first impulse was to do something, if possible, for a grant of mercy; but I soon was foiled in that hope, and I resolved to resort to prayer that God would overrule all for good, as He has, no doubt, and that you might be sustained in every conflict: which prayer has not only gone up under my roof, but from thousands of others all over the land; and those prayers have *been heard*. At any rate, from your interesting letters it seems you are almost *miraculously* sustained in these your last days of earthly trials; and although you sometimes may be pierced for a moment to be surrounded by those who deride instead of those who love, yet rejoice and triumph. And I praise my Maker that he gives you grace to conquer, and at last, when that last hour comes, from which all flesh shrinks, I firmly trust that the Saviour, (when, perhaps, *poor man* supposes he is crushing you with

anguish) will put underneath *you* His everlasting and Almighty Arm, and lift you above all fear and pangs, and you will rejoice and triumph; and O! how glorious will be the transition from earth's cruel bondage to that Heavenly Liberty, and from foes here to sainted loved ones above! God grant all this — is the unceasing prayer of many as well as your most sincere and sympathizing friend, II. R.

. . . Please tell those *fellow-prisoners* I pray their peace may be made with God. You have the kind regard and earnest prayer of my husband and son.

Dear Sir: To the accompanying line from Mrs. R. I add a word. I am glad you feel so well prepared to meet with calmness and composure your fate. I feel assured, as one in this State recently said, "The Lord will take care of your soul, and posterity will take care of your name." The Lord and time will both be right in the judgment of men's characters and motives. May the Lord be with you, and guide and sustain.

FROM A MASSACHUSETTS MATRON.*

———, MASSACHUSETTS, November 29.

Dear Friend: I have written to you once before, but fear it has never reached you; and now I try again, trusting in the generosity of Capt. Avis. Be of good cheer, dear, brave old friend; your dear ones will be generously and lovingly cared for all the rest of their days! Last evening there was a crowded and enthusiastic meeting at the Tremont Temple, Boston, the proceeds of which were to go to your stricken family. Every where, from all parts of the country, money is pouring in, in large sums and small, for the cause your self-devotion has made sacred to all Christian hearts. I would gladly relinquish ten years of my mortal life, if thereby you could hear even the echo of the noble things that were said by the noblest men in our land last night. I longed for wings to fly to you and tell the words of life, beauty, and eternal truth uttered so eloquently by that poet and philosopher, Mr. Emerson, in behalf of you and your cause. Not many eyes were dry; and every body that had a heart throbbed in unison with your own. God is *very* good, my friend. He never forgets us; and, in our darkest hour, he sends us the light and strength we need. Thousands of true men and women will never tire of trying to fill the void your death will make to the afflicted family at North Elba. Trust me when I say we will *never* forget them. . . . Dear,

* The writer of the first letter of this chapter.

brave old friend, I *honor, love, and bless* you for the *immortal* testimony you have given to *truth and right*. I consecrate myself anew to the cause of the oppressed. Go bravely to your death! God and His holy angels stand ready to receive you, and generations yet unborn will cherish with love the remembrance of John Brown at Harper's Ferry. Farewell!

Yours in love and blessing forever, M. E. S.

Please give poor Stevens my heartfelt sympathy and admiration for his fortitude and patience. God bless you both!

III.

LETTERS FROM HIS FAMILY AND RELATIVES.

SUCH portions of the Letters received by John Brown in prison, from his family and relatives, as it is proper to publish, are herewith subjoined :

FROM JOHN BROWN'S WIFE.

EAGLEWOOD, PERTH AMBOY, NEW YORK, NOV. 13.

My Dear and Beloved Husband : I am here with Mrs. Spring, the kind lady who came to see you, and minister to your wants, which I am deprived of doing. You have nursed and taken care of me a great deal ; but I cannot even come and look at you. O, it is hard ! But I am perfectly satisfied with it, believing it best. And may the Lord reward the kind jailer for his kind attentions to you. You cannot think the relief it gave me to see Mrs. Spring, and to get a letter from your own hands. When you were at home last June I did not think that I took your hand for the last time. But may THY will, O Lord, be done. I do not want to do or say any thing to disturb your peace of mind ; but, O, I would serve you gladly if I could. I have often thought that I should rather hear that you were dead than fallen into the hands of your enemies ; but I don't think so now. The good that is growing out of it is wonderful. If you had preached in the pulpit ten such lives as you have lived, you could not have done so much good as you have done in that one speech to the Court. It is talked about and preached about every where and in all places. You know that Moses was not allowed to go into the land of Canaan ; so you are not allowed to see your desire carried out. Man deviseth his way, but the Lord directeth his steps. . . .

428 Letters from his Family & Relatives.

NEAR PHILADELPHIA, NOV. 29.

My dear Husband: I have just received your letter to Mr. M., saying that you would like to have me stay here until you are disposed of. I felt as if I could not go any further away until that sad event. You are the gainer, but we are the losers; but God will take care of us all. I am with Mrs. Lucretia Mott. . . . I find warm friends every where I go. I cannot begin to tell you the good this Sacrifice has done, or is likely to do, for the Oppressed. O, I feel it is a great Sacrifice; but hope that God will enable us to bear it. . . . I went to hear Mrs. Mott preach to-day, and heard a most excellent sermon; she made a number of allusions to you, and the preaching you are doing, and are likely to do. I expect to hear Wendell Phillips to-morrow night. Every one thinks that God is with you. I hope he will be with you unto the end. Do write to me all you can. I have written to Governor Wise for your body and those of our beloved sons. I find there is no lack of money to effect it if they can be had. Farewell, my dear, beloved husband, whom I am never to see in this world again, but hope to meet in the next. From your most affectionate wife,

MARY A. BROWN.

FROM JOHN BROWN'S CHILDREN.

NORTH ELBA, November 9.

. . . Father, you said that you were cheerful. I am glad of that. But why should you be otherwise? All you were guilty of was, doing your duty to your fellow-men. Would that we were all guilty of the same. Martha and Bell* bear their grief like heroines. . . . Give my love to Stevens and the other prisoners. Tell them I think of them often; tell them to hope for the best; but be sure and be prepared for the worst. . . . Ever your affectionate daughter,

ANNIE BROWN.

Dear Father: I deeply sympathize with you; and were it in my power to help or comfort you, how gladly would I do it! But that cannot be; and I can only say, I hope we may so live as to profit by the kind and good advice you have so often given us, and at last meet in heaven. Farewell! Your affectionate daughter,

ELLEN BROWN.

JEFFERSON, ASHTABULA Co., OHIO, }
Thursday, Nov. 28, 1859. }

My dear, dear Father: I have just learned that there is probably a way through which I may communicate with you; and, though the time is short, I must say a word.

* The widows of Oliver and Watson Brown.

Letters from his Family & Relatives. 429

While my heart is bowed down with unutterable grief, I have cause to thank God that my *reason* is yet unclouded. The *Spirit* which has sustained you in your hours of dreadful suffering, and which dispels the shadows of "the dark valley," *has not deserted us who love to call you father*. I feel that I cannot, in these my last words to you on this side of Heaven, say any thing more comforting. Though we are poor in this world's goods, and some of our number are hunted by the minions of tyranny for endeavoring to aid our despised and oppressed brethren, we yet feel rich in the legacy of your life and deed.

You say in your letter to J. R., "Tell my poor boys not to mourn for me." O, how can we help mourning for you? We must mingle our tears together *over our dear lost father*. No, not lost; for, "though you die, yet shall you rise again." For a brief period, you must pass beyond our sight. We may never look upon your outward form again, but still you will live — *live* in the hearts of your children, and in the hearts of millions of poor Afric's sons and daughters, who will yet love to call you father.

Be assured that all I can do to minister to the comfort of the destitute members of our family, I shall do, "not forgetting those in bonds as bound with them."

And now, my dear father, be cheered by our conviction that your life furnishes the best vindication of your memory; that, even *now*, your *motives are appreciated* by those whose hearts are susceptible to generous and noble emotions; and, O! with these words I convey the assurance of the *undying attachment* of your affectionate son JOHN, in this his long, last — *Farewell*.

FROM JOHN BROWN'S SISTER.

RAWSONVILLE, NOV. 23.

My dear Brother John: If I have not been first to come forward to express my sympathy for you, in this your hour of trial, it was not because I did not feel very deeply; but whenever I undertake to give expression to my feelings, words are inadequate, and I find myself driven away from earth in thought to find consolation; and I rejoice that there is *ONE* seeth as man cannot see. O, my brother, if I could say any thing that would help to cheer thine heart or buoy up your spirits, I should be most happy. You say in your letter to Jeremiah that the time may come when we will not be ashamed to own our brother John. Do not let the *evil spirit* suggest such a thought as this to mar your peace. No! I rejoice that a brother of mine is accounted worthy to suffer and die in His cause, and I feel myself impelled to cry out, "The Lord reigneth; let the earth rejoice;" and, as you, like our Heavenly Master, have been a "Man of Sorrows, and ac-

430 Letters from his Family & Relatives.

quainted with grief," I do pray that you may be able to forgive your enemies, and to pray for them, as Stephen of old did, "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge."

O, read the 53d chapter of Isaiah, and may it comfort and sustain you as it has me. O, "fear not them that kill the body and have not power to kill the soul." I feel that you will be sustained in every conflict. Let it cheer you that thousands of Christians are offering prayer to God daily and hourly in your behalf, and that God will get honor and glory in the *finale* of the matter. I received a letter yesterday from her that was Harriett O——, saying, "Tell your brother how deeply I feel and pray for him in these his days of trial, that God will be his friend and support to the last." Sister D—— would unite with me in this, if she were here; for it is the first thing thought of when we meet — How shall we express our sympathy for him? What can we say that will add one ray of comfort? I shall write to Mary, for my own widowed heart can in some measure realize how bitter is the cup of which she must drink. I should dearly love to receive a few lines, at least, from you. My children send their sympathy and love; and now, dear brother, God be with you, is the prayer of your affectionate sister.

MARIAN S. H.

Please receive what mother has written as coming from myself also; and may God be with you and sustain you in all your trials. I can say no more. Your affectionate nephew,

A. K. H.

FROM JOHN BROWN'S NIECES.

HUDSON, OHIO, Nov. 28.

Dear Uncle John: Through the politeness of Mr. Lewis, from Akron, we take this opportunity to send you our love and heartfelt sympathies in your present tribulation. We think of you almost every moment, and nightly our simple prayers are offered up in behalf of our uncle John, that he may be sustained in all his afflictions by an overruling Providence. We remain, as ever, your affectionate nieces,

A. L. W. and F. C. B.

FROM JOHN BROWN'S HALF BROTHER.

CLEVELAND, NOV. 9.

Dear Brother John: I will not attempt to express my feelings of sympathy for you. You know my heart. Can I do any thing for you in regard to your business, or for your family? . . . Jason wants to go and see you, but cannot. He says, "Tell father I wish I could help him." . . . My family wish to be remembered to you. You will live in our hearts, though dead in body. Yours affectionately.

JEREMIAH BROWN.

Letters from his Family & Relatives. 431

FROM JOHN BROWN'S COUSINS.

WINDHAM, PORTAGE CO., OHIO, NOV. 12.

My Dear Cousin : I have just completed the attentive perusal of the account published in the New York Tribune of November 5, of your trial and sentence to be hung on the 2d December. Never before did I read such a sentence upon any relative of mine. From their own witnesses I cannot see any ground why you should be sentenced to death for a single one of the counts presented in your indictment. You may have one thing to comfort you under all your afflictions and sorrows : "The Lord reigns ;" and He will cause the wrath of man to praise him, and the remainder of wrath He will restrain. He knows well what were your motives in what you have done ; and whether it was the best course or not, he will overrule it all for his glory. The Bible throughout condemns oppression in all its forms, and is on the side of the oppressed, and their sighs and groanings have come up before him, and he has seen all their tears. Though man may not be able to deliver those who are in bonds, yet God can do it with perfect ease, and he has taken the matter into his own hands, and he will certainly accomplish it. The prophet Isaiah was directed to say to the people, "There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked. Cry aloud ; spare not ; lift up thy voice like a trumpet ; and show my people their transgressions, and the house of Jacob their sins. Is not this the fast that I have chosen, to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke ? Is it not to deal thy bread to the hungry, and that thou bring the poor that are cast out to thy house ? When thou seest the naked, that thou cover him, and that thou hide not thyself from thine own flesh ?"

He who hath made of one blood all nations of men to dwell on the face of the earth sent his servants Moses and Aaron to Pharaoh, king of Egypt, saying, "Thus saith the Lord God of the Hebrews, Let my people go, that they may serve me ; for I will at this time send all my plagues upon thine heart, and upon thy servants, and upon thy people, that thou mayest know there is none like me in all the earth." Pharaoh said in the pride and stoutness of his heart, "Who is the Lord, that I should obey his voice to let Israel go ? I know not the Lord ; neither will I let Israel go." So may the wicked slaveholders of the South say respecting those whom they cruelly hold in bondage ; but the same king who delivered the children of Israel from Egyptian bondage will surely deliver those who are oppressed in our own country, and it will not be in the united power of earth and hell to prevent their deliverance. God will accomplish it in his own good time

432 Letters from his Family & Relatives.

and way. We may well exclaim with Jefferson, "I tremble for my country when I remember that God is just."

You, my dear sir, may be called to die in the cause of liberty, as your beloved sons have been caused to give up their lives; but, if so, I believe your and their blood will "cry unto the Lord from the ground." If you are really a child of God, you will soon be where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest; where all things work together for good. Christ is saying to you, "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." I fully believe what the kind Quaker woman * wrote you, "*Thousands pray for thee every day. Posterity will do thee justice.*" Should they put you to death, they will not only have to wade through the blood of those who have been cruelly murdered in the same cause, but also through the prayers of God's people, which will not be unheeded or disregarded by the hearer of prayer. I am exceeding thankful that the jailer is so kind to you, and that you are permitted to occupy yourself in writing and reading. I doubt not but you now value the Bible far above all other reading. May it do you good! It will be exceedingly gratifying to me to receive a letter from you before your exit. . . . I shall continue to pray for you so long as you may be a subject of prayer, that the Lord may comfort and support you and your remaining mourning and afflicted family. May we all be permitted to meet in heaven, with all the blood-bought throng, and with them unite in praise to the Redeemer forever and ever. May that peace which passeth all understanding be yours in the trying hour.

Farewell! Farewell!

L. H.

LA CROSSE, WISCONSIN, Nov. 20.

Dear Cousin: Little did I think when I parted with you and other friends in Hudson twenty years ago that I should ever address you a prisoner under sentence of death. But such are the mysterious ways of that inscrutable Providence that directs our steps, however we may devise our ways. I have for years watched your strange, eventful history. I have wept for your griefs, and my soul has burned within me when I have read the tale of wrongs endured by your family in Kansas. And when I now read, in a venial partisan press those heartless slanders, many of which, extending back to former years, I know to be as base as can be invented by the Father of Lies, and see you held up before the world in a character not only impossible to you, but to any one brought up and educated by the sainted Oliver Brown, my indignation can scarcely be repressed. It is for this I feel

* The letter referred to I do not republish in this volume, as it has already appeared in "The Public Life."

that, ere you must undergo the sentence meted out to you by a false and wicked System, I must write a word, simply to express to you my confidence in your sincerity, and my belief that you have acted according to your convictions of duty. Looking at the matter from my own stand-point, I should not conceive it my duty to have done as you did. Place me in your circumstances, and I am wholly unable to say what I should have done. I have but one son! Were I called to see him wantonly sacrificed to the extension of a System, founded, nurtured, and perpetuated only in wrong, I know not what it would make me. In a conversation with you at your father's house, twenty-two years since, when some of our friends imbibed the strange notion that they had become perfectly holy, you remarked:

"We never know ourselves till thoroughly tried. As heating of old smooth coin will make the effaced stamp visible again, so the fire of temptation reveals what is latent even to ourselves."

I will not at this distance, and under your circumstances, even venture an opinion as to the right or wrong of your act. If your sentence is executed, you are too near the bar of that God who will judge righteous judgment, who, as you have said, "is no respecter of persons," for me to pretend to sit in judgment. Rather would I commend you to that mercy that "will not break a bruised reed." But this I will say, that I would sooner take the place you must take before Him than that of the noblest in the world's esteem, who has robbed the least of God's poor of his right. I shall cherish your memory while God spares you here, as one I formerly esteemed very highly, and whom I never can believe would have done a known wrong, even to save your life. I know it will take another and a better generation to do justice to your memory. Yet I feel an earnest desire to do what I can to set you before the world in the true light. I shall endeavor to open correspondence with your family, and gather all the facts, both for my own satisfaction and that of other friends. If this shall reach you in time, may I beg of you a word, though it be *but a word*, that I may know that it was received. I shall observe the day that man has fixed to terminate your earthly career as a day of fasting and prayer, in which I shall endeavor in my imperfect way to remember not only you and your deeply-afflicted family, but also bear upon my heart before a compassionate Saviour, the oppressed and down-trodden, "remembering them that are in bonds as bound with them."

And now, cousin John, farewell, till we meet in eternity. And may we then be permitted, with those venerable fathers who taught us in youth to love and serve a God of truth and righteousness, to join in the new song to Him that loved us and bought us with his own precious blood. Your affectionate cousin,

EDWARD BROWN.

"WE are educating our children for the same fate that has overtaken John Brown. Our code of morals must be changed. We must forego our religious teachings — the golden rule must be unlearned, and the dogmas of our Revolutionary Fathers concerning human rights forgotten. We have no Literature, no Philosophy, no Morality, no Religion, which this inexorable despotism has not proscribed in this Republican land. This Moloch of Slavery demands, yearly, fresh victims for its bloody altar, and it selects them from that portion of our people most distinguished for a conscientious regard for morality and religion. . . . At a late Agricultural Fair in South Carolina a reward was offered to him who should produce two slaves freshly imported from Africa. The Slaves were produced, and South Carolina presented a silver pitcher as a reward to the pirate, while at the same time she was spinning the rope to hang John Brown, for heeding the Sermon on the Mount."

Alvin R. Hilditch

Book Seventh.

DEATH OF SAMSON.

"MISERERE, DOMINE."

"Miserere, Domine!"

Tolling bells make mournful wail,
Heart is sick and cheek is pale,
Truth and justice seem to fail!

Lord, our only prayer shall be,

"Miserere, Domine!"

"Miserere, Domine!"

Thick the air with death and sin!
Days of wrath are ushered in!
Doom and judgment now begin!

Thou our Rock, our Refuge be,

"Miserere, Domine!"

"Miserere, Domine!"

Heroes' blood against us cries;
On our souls the dark stain lies;
Our hands bound the sacrifice.

From our evil set us free!

"Miserere, Domine!"

"Miserere, Domine!"

One man for the people dies,
Seeing, with prophetic eyes,
Only thus Thy Truth can rise.

Help us, Lord, that truth to see;

"Miserere, Domine!"

"Miserere, Domine!"

We must reap as we have sown!
Thoughtless, heartless, faithless grown;
Seeking self, and self alone.

In this day Thy wrath we see,

"Miserere, Domine!"

"Miserere, Domine!"

Tolling bell, with dreary sound!
Martial tramp along the ground!
Shuddering thousands gathered round!

Bitter shall the harvest be!

"Miserere, Domine!"

"Miserere, Domine!"

May we, 'neath the gallows' shade,
Sacred now and holy made,
Learn the law this Saint obeyed.

For our faithlessness to Thee,

"Miserere, Domine!"

"Miserere, Domine!"

On our hearts that gallows weighs;
But its wood, in coming days,
Well may set the land ablaze.

Give us, Lord, that light to see!

"Miserere, Domine!"

"Miserere, Domine!"

Darker grows the hateful stain;
Heavier weighs the cursed chain;
Bitterer far thy children's pain.

Lord, their cry ascends to Thee,

"Miserere, Domine!"

"Miserere, Domine!"

Tolling bells accuse again,
Idle seem our prayers, and vain,
While our hands thy work disdain,

Work to set our brethren free,

"Miserere, Domine!"

"Miserere, Domine!"

Make us instruments to save!
May we, o'er a hero's grave,
Learn the lesson of the brave.

We, in weakness, come to Thee,

"Miserere, Domine!"

"Miserere, Domine!"

From the darkness of this hour,
When the clouds of evil lower,
May the dawn break forth in power!
Answered then our prayer shall be,

"Miserere, Domine!"

WORCESTER, December 2, 1859.

I.

SERVICES AT CONCORD.

THE martyrdom of John Brown was most worthily celebrated at Concord, Massachusetts. The town which inaugurated the first American "Insurrection" was faithful to its traditions in doing honor to the first martyr of the second and the grander Revolution ; and, unlike other towns, equally zealous for justice, and equally desirous of doing honor to the merits and memory of John Brown, it possessed more men by nature fit for the occasion, than any other community of the same population in the Union.

The meeting at Concord assembled in the Town Hall at two o'clock in the afternoon, Dec. 2d, and was called to order by the Hon. Simon Brown, who said that on this day Virginia had inflicted on herself a worse blow than all her enemies had ever done or could do ; she had, under the forms of law, murdered her truest friend.

Rev. E. H. SEARS, of Wayland, offered up the following

PRAYER.

Our Father who art in heaven, we desire at this hour to gather ourselves closer within thine omnipotence and mercy ; for when a sense of this world's oppressions and wrongs hangs heavily upon us, to whom shall we go but unto thee ? Thou dost unite us to thyself by ties of filial love, and to our fellow-men by the ties of a common brotherhood, for thou hast given us all one human heart. Look down at this hour from thy holy heavens, and extend thy protecting providence

around one who is passing from this world to another by the hand of violence, and from the midst of cruel men. Away from the dismal surroundings, away from the scaffold, away from the scoffings and the strife of tongues, open, we beseech thee, a clear pathway to that world where there is no hatred and wrong; where the wicked cease from troubling, and the slave is free from his master. And remember, we pray thee, those whose hearts are now made to break and to bleed — those who at this hour are called to widowhood and orphanage; fold them tenderly in the arms of thy providence, and lead them and preserve them. And remember the race who have been trodden down for ages under the heel of oppression and wrong, and let their redemption come. Let those who have passed on through fire and blood, plead for them with thee. Let the blood of all thy martyrs for liberty, from ancient times down to this hour, cry to thee from the ground till the slave rises from his thralldom into the full glory of manhood. And when that day shall come, let it not be through the chaos of revolutions, not by staining this fair earth with the blood of brothers, but let thy spirit descend in its gentleness, and change the heart of the master, and melt off the fetters of the slave. And O, at this dark hour, give us a new consecration of ourselves to the cause of humanity! By Him who came from heaven and clothed himself in our nature, the nature of the humblest man that lives, that he might raise it up and glorify it; by him who took up into his experience all the wants and woes of our common humanity; by him who speaks from all thy lowly ones, "Inasmuch as ye did it to one of the least of these, ye did it unto me," — by all these motives may we take with fresh zeal the vow of self-devotion to the cause of God and man. And to thee, in Jesus Christ, be all the glory forever. AMEN.

This hymn was then sung by a choir, accompanied by the music of an organ, which had been placed in the Hall for this occasion :

HYMN.

Go to the grave in all thy glorious prime,
In full activity of zeal and power;
A Christian cannot die before his time;
The Lord's appointment is his servant's hour.

Go to the grave; at noon from labor cease;
Rest on thy sheaves; the harvest task is done;
Come from the heat of battle, and in peace,
Soldier, go home; with thee the fight is won.

Go to the grave ; for there thy Saviour lay
In death's embrace, ere he arose on high ;
And all the ransomed, by that narrow way
Pass to eternal life beyond the sky.

Go to the grave ; no, take thy seat above ;
Be thy pure spirit present with the Lord ;
Where thou for faith and hope hast perfect love,
And open vision for the written word.

MR. THOREAU'S REMARKS.

HENRY D. THOREAU then rose and said : So universal and widely related is any transcendent moral greatness, and so nearly identical with greatness every where and in every age,—as a pyramid contracts the nearer you approach its apex,—that, when I now look over my commonplace book of poetry, I find that the best of it is oftenest applicable, in part or wholly, to the case of Captain Brown. Only what is true, and strong, and solemnly earnest, will recommend itself to our mood at this time. Almost any noble verse may be read, either as his elegy or eulogy, or be made the text of an oration on him. Indeed, such are now discovered to be the parts of a universal liturgy, applicable to those rare cases of heroes and martyrs for which the ritual of no church has provided. This is the formula established on high—their burial service—to which every great genius has contributed its stanza or line. As Marvell wrote :

When the sword glitters o'er the judge's head,
And fear has cowed churchmen silenced,
Then is the poet's time ; 'tis then he draws,
And single fights forsaken virtue's cause ;
He, when the wheel of empire whirlleth back,
And though the world's disjointed axle crack,
Sings still of ancient rights and better times,
Seeks suffering good, arraigns successful crimes.

The sense of grand poetry, read by the light of this event, is brought out distinctly like an invisible writing held to the fire :

All heads must come
 To the cold tomb, —
 Only the actions of the just
 Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

We have heard that the Boston lady* who recently visited our hero in prison, found him wearing still the clothes, all cut and torn by sabres and by bayonet thrusts, in which he had been taken prisoner; and thus he had gone to his trial; and without a hat. She spent her time in prison mending those clothes, and, for a memento, brought home a pin covered with blood.

What are the clothes that endure?

The garments lasting evermore
 Are works of mercy to the poor;
 And neither tetter, time, nor moth
 Shall fray that silk or fret this cloth.

The well-known verses called "The Soul's Errand," supposed, by some, to have been written by Sir Walter Raleigh, when he was expecting to be executed the following day, are at least worthy of such an origin, and are equally applicable to the present case. Hear them:

THE SOUL'S ERRAND.

Go, soul, the body's guest,
 Upon a thankless arrant;
 Fear not to touch the best;
 The truth shall be thy warrant:
 Go, since I needs must die,
 And give the world the lie.

Go, tell the Court it glows
 And shines like rotten wood;
 Go, tell the Church it shows
 What's good, and doth no good;
 If church and court reply,
 Give church and court the lie.

* The wife of Judge Russell.

Tell potentates they live
 Acting by other's actions ;
 Not loved unless they give,
 Not strong but by their factions :
 If potentates reply,
 Give potentates the lie.

Tell men of high condition,
 That rule affairs of state,
 Their purpose is ambition,
 Their practice only hate ;
 And if they once reply,
 Spare not to give the lie.

Tell Zeal it lacks devotion ;
 Tell Love it is but lust ;
 Tell Time it is but motion ;
 Tell Flesh it is but dust ;
 And wish them not reply,
 For thou must give the lie.

Tell Age it daily wasteth ;
 Tell Honor how it alters ;
 Tell Beauty how she blasteth ;
 Tell Favor how she falters ;
 And, as they shall reply,
 Give each of them the lie.

Tell Fortune of her blindness ;
 Tell Nature of decay ;
 Tell Friendship of unkindness ;
 Tell Justice of delay ;
 And if they dare reply,
 Then give them all the lie.

And when thou hast, as I
 Commanded thee, done blabbing,
 Although to give the lie
 Deserves no less than stabbing,
 Yet, stab at thee who will,
 No stab the soul can kill.

Services at Concord.

"When I am dead,
 Let not the day be writ,"
*Nor bell be tolled ; **
 "Love will remember it"
 When hate is cold.

Mr. Thoreau also read these passages, selected for the occasion by another citizen of Concord :

COLLINS.

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
 By all their country's wishes blest !
 When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
 Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
 She there shall dress a sweeter sod
 Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By Fairy hands their knell is rung,
 By forms unseen their dirge is sung ;
 There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
 To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
 And Freedom shall awhile repair,
 To dwell a weeping hermit there.

SCHILLER.

He is gone, he is dust ;
 He the more fortunate ; yea, he hath finished ;
 To him there is no longer any future ;
 His life is bright — bright without spot it was,
 And cannot cease to be. No ominous hour
 Knocks at his door with tidings of mishap.
 Far off is he, above desire and fear ;
 No more submitted to the change and chance
 Of the unsteady planets. O, 'tis well
 With him ; but who knows what the coming hour,
 Veiled in thick darkness, brings for us ?

WORDSWORTH.

May we not with sorrow say,
 A few strong instincts, and a few plain rules,

* The selectmen of the town, not knowing but they had authority, refused to allow the bell to be tolled on this occasion.

Among the herdsmen of the hills, have wrought
More for mankind at this unhappy day,
Than all the pride of intellect and thought ?

TENNYSON.

Ah, God ! for a man with heart, head, hand,
Like some of the simple great ones gone
Forever and ever by ;
One still strong man in a blatant land,
Whatever they call him what care I, —
Aristocrat, democrat, autocrat, — one
Who can rule, and dare not lie.

GEORGE CHAPMAN.

There is no danger to a man who knows
Where life and death is ; there's not any law
Exceeds his knowledge, neither is it needful
That he should stoop to any other law ;
He goes before them, and commands them all,
That to himself is a law rational.

SCHILLER.

At the approach
Of extreme peril, when a hollow image
Is found a hollow image, and no more,
Then falls the power into the mighty hands
Of Nature, of the spirit giant-born
Who listens only to himself, knows nothing
Of stipulations, duties, reverences,
And, like the emancipated force of fire
Unmastered, scorches, ere it reaches them,
Their fine-spun webs.

WOTTON.

How happy is he born and taught
Who serveth not another's will,
Whose armor is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill ! —

Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Not tied unto the world with care
Of princes' ear or vulgar breath ; —

Who hath his life from rumors freed,
 Whose conscience is his strong retreat,
 Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
 Nor ruin make oppressors great ; —

Who envies none whom chance doth raise,
 Or vice ; who never understood
 How deepest wounds are given with praise ;
 Nor rules of state, but rules of good ; —

This man is freed from servile bands
 Of hope to rise or fear to fall ;
 Lord of himself, though not of lands,
 And having nothing, yet hath all.

TACITUS.*

You, Agricola, are fortunate, not only because your life was glorious, but because your death was timely. As they tell us who heard your last words, unchanged and willing you accepted your fate ; as if, as far as in your power, you would make the emperor appear innocent. But, besides the bitterness of having lost a parent, it adds to our grief, that it was not permitted us to minister to your health, . . . to gaze on your countenance, and receive your last embrace ; surely, we might have caught some words and commands which we could have treasured in the inmost part of our souls. This is our pain, this our wound. . . . You were buried with the fewer tears, and in your last earthly light, your eyes looked around for something which they did not see.

If there is any abode for the spirits of the pious ; if, as wise men suppose, great souls are not extinguished with the body, may you rest placidly, and call your family from weak regrets, and womanly laments, to the contemplation of your virtues, which must not be lamented, either silently or aloud. Let us honor you by our admiration, rather than by short-lived praises, and, if nature aid us, by our emulation of you. That is true honor, that the piety of whoever is most akin to you. This also I would teach your family, so to venerate your memory, as to call to mind all your actions and words, and embrace your character and the form of your soul, rather than of your body ; not because I think that statues which are made of marble or brass are to be condemned, but as the features of men, so images of the features, are frail and perishable. The form of the soul is eternal ;

* Translated by Mr. Thoreau.

and this we can retain and express, not by a foreign material and art, but by our own lives. Whatever of Agricola we have loved, whatever we have admired, remains, and will remain, in the minds of men, and the records of history, through the eternity of ages. For oblivion will overtake many of the ancients, as if they were inglorious and ignoble: Agricola, described and transmitted to posterity, will survive.

MR. CHARLES BOWERS followed Mr. Thoreau, and read the celebrated protest of Thomas Jefferson, author of the Declaration of Independence, third President of the United States, a Virginian, a historian of Virginia, and the predecessor of Governor Wise in the gubernatorial chair of that State; in which, it will be seen, he seems to have anticipated something like what has lately occurred:

PROTEST OF JEFFERSON.

The whole commerce between master and slave is a perpetual exercise of the most boisterous passions, the most unremitting despotism on the one part, and degrading submission on the other. . . . The man must be a prodigy who can retain his manners and morals undepraved by such circumstances. And with what execration should the statesman be loaded, who, permitting one half the citizens thus to trample on the rights of the other, transforms those into despots and these into enemies—destroys the morals of the one part, and the *amor patriæ* of the other! And can the liberties of a nation be deemed secure, when we have removed their only firm basis—a conviction in the minds of the people that these liberties are the gift of God? that they are not to be violated but with his wrath? Indeed, I tremble for my country when I reflect that God is just—that his justice cannot sleep forever; that, considering numbers, nature and natural means only, a revolution of the wheel of fortune, an exchange of situation, is among possible events; that it may become probable by supernatural interference! The Almighty has no attribute that can take side with us in such a contest.

HON. JOHN S. KEYES said: In order to give this assembly a picture of the event now taking place in Virginia, I propose to read to you an account of a scene in some respects similar, which occurred in Edinburgh some two hundred years ago:

THE EXECUTION OF MONTROSE.*

They brought him to the Watergate,
Hard bound with hempen span,
As though they held a lion there,
And not a fenceless man.
They set him high upon a cart —
The hangman rode below —
They drew his hands behind his back,
And bared his noble brow.
Then as a hound is slipped from leash,
They cheered the common throng,
And blew the note with yell and shout,
And bade him pass along.

It would have made a brave man's heart
Grow sad and sick, that day,
To watch the keen, malignant eyes
Bent down on that array.
Then stood the Whig south country lords
In balcony and bow ;
There sat their gaunt and withered dames,
And their daughters all a-row ;
And every open window
Was full as full might be
With black-robed Covenanting carles,
That goodly sport to see !

But when he came, though pale and wan,
He looked so great and high,
So noble was his manly front,
So calm his steadfast eye, —
The rabble rout forbore to shout,
And each man held his breath,
For well they knew the hero's soul
Was face to face with death.
And then a mournful shudder
Through all the people crept,
And some that came to scoff at him
Now turned aside and wept.

But onward — always onward —
In silence and in gloom,

* From Aytoun's "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers."

The dreary pageant labored,
Till it reached the place of doom.

And then uprose the great Montrose
In the middle of the room —
"I have not sought in battle-field
A wreath of such renown,
Nor dared I hope, on my dying day,
To win the martyr's crown.

"There is a chamber far away
Where sleep the good and brave,
But a better place ye have named for me
Than by my father's grave.
For truth and right, 'gainst tyrants' might
This hand hath always striven,
And ye raise it up for a witness still
In the eye of earth and heaven.
Then nail my head on yonder tower —
Give every town a limb —
And God, who made, shall gather them ;
I go from you to Him !"

The morning dawned full darkly,
The rain came flashing down,
And the jagged streak of the levin-bolt
Lit up the gloomy town :
The thunder crashed across the heaven,
The fatal hour was come ;
Yet aye broke in, with muffled beat,
The 'larum of the drum.
There was madness on the earth below,
And anger in the sky ;
And young and old, and rich and poor,
Came forth to see him die.

Ah, God ! that ghastly gibbet !
How dismal 'tis to see
The great, tall, spectral skeleton,
The ladder and the tree !
Hark ! hark ! it is the clash of arms —
The bells begin to toll —
"He is coming ! He is coming !"
"God's mercy on his soul !"

One last, long peal of thunder —
 The clouds are cleared away,
 And the glorious sun once more looks down
 Amidst the dazzling day.

"He is coming ! he is coming !"
 Like a bridegroom from his room,
 Came the hero from his prison
 To the scaffold and the doom.
 There was glory on his forehead,
 There was lustre in his eye,
 And he never walked to battle
 More proudly than to die ;
 There was color in his visage,
 Though the cheeks of all were wan,
 And they marvelled as they saw him pass,
 That great and goodly man !

He mounted up the scaffold,
 And he turned him to the crowd ;
 But they dared not trust the people,
 So he might not speak aloud.
 But he looked upon the heavens,
 And they were clear and blue,
 And in the liquid ether
 The eye of God shone through ;
 Yet a black and murky battlement
 Lay resting on the hill,
 As though the thunder slept within —
 All else was calm and still.

The grim Geneva ministers
 With anxious scowl drew near,
 As you have seen the ravens flock
 Around the dying deer.
 He would not deign them word nor sign,
 But alone he bent his knee,
 And veiled his face for Christ's dear grace,
 Beneath the gallows tree.
 Then radiant and serene he rose,
 And cast his cloak away ;
 For he had ta'en his latest look
 Of earth, and sun, and day.

A beam of light fell o'er him
 Like a glory round the shriven,
 And he climbed the lofty ladder
 As it were the path to heaven.
 Then came a flash from out the cloud,
 And a stunning thunder-roll ;
 And no man dared to look aloft ;
 Fear was on every soul.
 There was another heavy sound,
 A hush, and then a groan ;
 And darkness swept across the sky —
 The work of death was done !

A. BRONSON ALCOTT then offered these sentences from

PLATO.

An upright man is a perpetual magistrate.

Jupiter, fearing for our race, lest it should entirely perish, by reason of injuring one another from not possessing the political art, but only the military, sent Hermes to carry Shame and Justice to men, that they might be ornaments of cities and bonds to cement friend-ship. Hermes, therefore, asked Jupiter in what manner he was to give Shame and Justice to men. "Whether, as the arts have been distributed, so shall I distribute these, also ? For they have been distributed thus : one man who possesses the medicinal art is sufficient for many not skilled in it. And so with other craftsmen. Shall I thus dispense Shame and Justice among men, or distribute them to all ?" "To all," said Jupiter, "and let all partake of them ; for there would be no cities if a few only were to partake of them, as of other arts. Moreover, enact a law in my name, that whoever is unable to partake of Shame and Justice, shall be put to death as a pest of a city."

The next exercise was the recital of the following original

ODE.

O Brother, brave, and just, and wise !
 Whose death unjust we mourn to-day,
 Thy name shall live till Freedom dies ;
 No tyrant can thy spirit slay !

The Hero's page, the Martyr's scroll,
 Since men for truth and virtue bled,

Bears record of no manlier soul
Than thine that even now has fled.

Unworthy land that knew thee not !
That bade her best and bravest die !
Be hers the shame — thy glorious lot
Admits thy soul to God's free sky.

His constant voice inspired thy deed,
His clear command thy heart obeyed,
His hand shall give thy deathless meed
When thou and we in dust are laid.

The prattling child shall lisp thy praise,
The aged sire thy cause approve ;
Forbidden to prolong thy days,
Our love shall yet thy shame remove.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON said that the part assigned to him in the services of the day, was to read portions of the conversations, speeches, and letters of John Brown — an obscure Connecticut farmer, who, taking the Gospel in earnest, and devoting himself to the uplifting of a despised race, had suddenly become the most prominent person in the country. He then read extracts from the conversation between Senator Mason and John Brown, and from Captain Cook's Confession ; the last speech of John Brown in Court ; his letter to Rev. Mr. Vaill, of Litchfield, Connecticut ; his "letter to a Christian Conservative," and a passage from his reply to Mrs. Child.*

MR. ALCOTT then read the

SERVICE FOR THE DEATH OF A MARTYR.

In introducing this new and worthy liturgy, he said that on occasions like the present, when the heart and the conscience are so deeply moved, silence seems better than speech. Yet some voice must be found for the sentiment so universal to-

* I do not wish to repeat the same quotations in any of my books ; and, as all the passages read by Mr. Emerson appear in my *Life of John Brown*, in the chapters entitled "The Political Inquisitors," "Condemned to die," "Lying in Wait," and "The Conquering Pen," I omit them here.

day ; and accordingly I now read to you these leaves of wisdom from

JESUS CHRIST.

Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them : for this is the law and the prophets.

Whether it is lawful to obey God or man, judge ye.

SOLOMON.*

The ungodly said, reasoning with themselves, but not aright, Our life is short and tedious, and in the death of a man there is no remedy ; neither was there any man known to have returned from the grave.

Let us oppress the poor righteous man ; let us not spare the widow, nor reverence the ancient gray hairs of the aged.

Let our strength be the law ; for that which is feeble is found to be nothing worth.

Therefore let us lie in wait for the righteous ; because he is not for our turn, and he is clean contrary to our doings : he upbraideth us with our offending the law.

He professeth to have the knowledge of God ; and he calleth himself the child of the Lord. He was made to reprove our thoughts.

He is grievous unto us even to behold : for his life is not like other men's, his ways are of another fashion.

We are esteemed of him as counterfeits ; he abstaineth from our ways as from filthiness ; he pronounceth the end of the just to be blessed, and maketh his boast that God is his father.

Let us see if his words be true, and let us prove what shall happen in the end of him.

For, if the just man be the Son of God, He will help him, and deliver him from the hand of his enemies.

Let us examine him with despitefulness and torture, that we may know his meekness and prove his patience.

Let us condemn him with a shameful death ; for by his own saying he shall be respected.

Such things they did imagine and were deceived ; for their own wickedness had blinded them.

They, the people, stood up, and the rulers took counsel together against the Lord and against his Anointed.

They cast their heads together with one consent, and were confederate against him.

He heard the blasphemy of the multitude, and fear was on every side, while they conspired together against him to take away his life.

* Chiefly from the "Wisdom of Solomon."

They spake against him with false tongues, and compassed him about with words of hatred.

They rewarded him evil for good.

They took their counsel together, saying, God hath forsaken him : persecute him and take him, for there is none to deliver.

Let the sentence of guiltiness proceed against him, and now that he lieth, let him rise up no more.

False witnesses, also, did rise up against him ; they laid to his charge things that he knew not.*

Then shall the righteous man stand in great boldness before the face of such as have afflicted him and made no account of his labors.

“For the sins of the people and the iniquities of the rulers they shed the blood of the just. In their anger they slew a man ; the man whom THOU hadst made so strongly for Thine Own Self.” — *Lamentations*.

He, being made perfect, in a short time fulfilled a long time.

For his soul pleased the Lord ; therefore, hasted HE to take him away from among the Wicked.

This the People saw and understood it not, neither laid they up this in their minds that HIS grace and mercy is with HIS saints, and that HE hath respect unto HIS Chosen.

When they see it they shall be troubled with terrible fear, and shall be amazed at the strangeness of his salvation, so far beyond all that they looked for.

And they, repenting and groaning for anguish of spirit, shall say within themselves, This was he whom we had sometime in derision and a proverb of reproach.

We, fools, accounted his life madness and his end to be without honor.

How is he numbered among the children of God, and his lot is among the saints !

What hath pride profited us ? or what good hath riches with our vaunting brought us ?

All those things are passed away like a shadow, and as a post that hasteth by ;

And as a ship that passeth over the waves of the water ;

Or as when a bird hath flown through the air ;

Or, like as when an arrow is shot at a mark, it parteth the air, which immediately cometh together again, so that a man cannot know where it went through ;

Even so we, in like manner, as soon as we were born, began to draw to our end, and had no sign of virtue to show ; but were consumed in our own wickedness.

* The last eight verses are from the Psalter.

But the righteous live forevermore ; their reward, also, is with the Lord ; and the care of them is with the Most High.

Therefore shall they receive a glorious kingdom and a beautiful crown from the Lord's hand ; for with his right hand shall he cover them, and with his arm shall he protect them.

Great are Thy Judgments, and cannot be expressed ; therefore unnurtured souls have erred.

For, when unrighteous men thought to oppress the righteous one, they, being shut up in their houses, the prisoners of darkness, and fettered with the bonds of a long night, lay there exiled from the Eternal Providence.

For while they supposed to lie hid in their secret sins, they were scattered under a dark veil of forgetfulness, being horribly astonished and troubled with strange apparitions.

For neither might the corner that held them keep them from fear ; but noises, as of waters falling down, sounded about them ; and sad visions appeared unto them with heavy countenances.

No power of the fire might give them light ; neither could the bright flames of the stars endure to lighten that horrible night.

Only there appeared unto them a fire kindled of itself, very dreadful ; for, being much terrified, they thought the things which they saw to be worse than the sight they saw not.

Yea, the tasting of death touched the righteous also.

For then the blameless man made haste, and stood forth to defend them, and bringing the shield of his proper ministry, even prayer and the propitiation of incense, set himself against the wrath, and so brought the calamity to an end, declaring that he was Thy Servant.

So he overcame the destroyer, not with the strength of body or force of arms, but with a word subdued he him that punished, alleging the oaths and covenants made with the Fathers.

For, in all things, O Lord, Thou didst magnify Thy Servant and glorify him ; neither didst Thou lightly regard him, but didst assist him in every time and place.

The souls of the righteous are in the hands of God, and there shall no torment touch them.

In the sight of the unwise he seemed to die : and his departure is taken for misery, and his going from us to be utter destruction ; but he is in peace.

For though he be punished in the sight of men, yet is his hope full of Immortality.

And, having been a little chastised, he shall be greatly rewarded ; for God proved him and found him worthy for himself.

He shall judge the nations and have dominion over the people, and his Lord shall reign forever.

The following original verses, by a gentleman of Concord, were then read by MR. BROWN, and sung by the congregation standing :

DIRGE.

To-day beside Potomac's wave,
Beneath Virginia's sky,
They slay the man who loved the slave,
And dared for him to die.

The Pilgrim Fathers' earnest creed,
Virginia's ancient faith,
Inspired this hero's noblest deed,
And his reward is — Death !

Great Washington's indignant shade
Forever urged him on —
He heard from Monticello's glade
The voice of Jefferson.

But chiefly on the Hebrew page
He read Jehovah's law,
And this, from youth to hoary age,
Obeyed with love and awe.

No selfish purpose armed his hand,
No passion aimed his blow ;
How loyally he loved his land
Impartial Time shall show.

But now the faithful martyr dies ;
His brave heart beats no more ;
His soul ascends the equal skies ;
His earthly course is o'er.

For this we mourn, but not for him :
Like him, in God we trust ;
And though our eyes with tears are dim,
We know that God is just.

APPENDIX.

"THE question—Can a man count the cost of the Union?—is being regarded as of much easier accomplishment than formerly. Men are opening their eyes to the real worth of the Union, and bringing their arithmetic to bear in calculating its value, as it now presents itself, that greatest of modern bugbears, its dissolution, having exploded. The question now is not so much the cost of the Union, as what it is worth without freedom? Men who, heretofore, have looked upon its dissolution as the most disastrous event that could befall us, are coming to regard its existence, under present circumstances, as a simple question of time. If slavery is to have sole and unrestricted sway in the nation, resolving itself into a violent and reckless despotism, violating all constitutional as well as national rights, and tyrannizing over every man who treads its domain, on suspicion of his being a friend to human freedom; if law and order, religion and justice, are to be absolutely disregarded by this power, all reciprocal obligations ignored, or what is worse, trampled under foot, and the rights of freemen visiting the South imperilled, then let the Union 'slide;' the sooner the better. Slavery is fast becoming a great, overreaching despotism, controlling presidents, and ordering the interpretation of laws and their execution after its own arbitrary behests. It puts on 'airs' of a despot the most despotic; and boldly bids defiance, and threatens blue ruin unless it is peaceably permitted to have its way, right or wrong, in the administration of government. Presenting such a front, bearing such a flag, and claiming such despotic exclusiveness, it provokes opposition and invites antagonism. Shall such a despotism as is slavery, and freedom, long crib and cabin together? The thing is quite impossible in the nature of things; and the signs of the times clearly indicate that the 'irrepressible conflict' prophesied by John Randolph, that in fifty years there would be a contest in this country between Slavery and Anti Slavery, in which the latter would be triumphant, is rapidly approaching its fulfilment."

Fall River (Mass.) Monitor.

THE NORTH AND THE SOUTH.

THE last historic act, and the late public murder, of Captain John Brown, have induced thousands to investigate their duties to the Union and the Slave, who never gave a serious thought to the subject before. When we are called upon to immolate, on the heathen altar of Slavery, such heroic Christian souls as his; when Northern travellers, on the mere suspicion of sympathizing with the Oppressed, are banished, lynched, or murdered by Southern mobs; when the Halls of Congress resound with the insolent threat that, unless the North elects a sycophant of the Slave Pens the South will secede from the Union—it is time, surely, to stop and inquire whether such fearful sacrifices are not extravagant and criminal, as well as unconstitutional and disgraceful in their character.

Let us look at this question of Disunion calmly in its every aspect. By the Secession of the Southern States, and the formation of a Northern Republic, we of the North would gain in character, in influence, in strength, and in pocket. No longer required to play the part of bloodhounds, by chasing the poor fugitive from the foul oppression of the South; no longer deeming it necessary to vindicate the unseemly atrocity of Human Slavery in a Democratic Republic, Europe—and all Christendom—would yield to us that deference and respect due to the citizens of a truly free country, but which, now, is very justly refused to a flag that floats over four millions of Christians, whom the laws of the Southern Section convert into articles of merchandise.

We would gain Canada by losing the South; lose States of slaves and loafers, to gain Provinces of freemen and industrious citizens. In case of war, the South would be a fearful burden to us; for she could not take care of her servile population — far less protect the North. United, *they* may stand a foreign war; but divided, *we* would escape our only danger from it.

But morality, and honor, and considerations of future power, are less influential, we are told, in deciding the actions of communities, than the multiplication table, — or appeals to the pocket. This argument induces me to republish, as an appendix, the celebrated articles on the North and South, or the cost of the Union, which appeared in the daily New York *Tribune*, in 1854. They are well worthy of an attentive study. Surely it is bad enough to be disgraced before the world, to have our citizens murdered and our travellers maltreated in the Southern States, because of our devotion to the Union, and then find, by irrefutable facts, that we are taxed at the high rate of \$40 per head, every year, to support the vile Institution which is the solitary cause of all our woe, and the only stain on our national escutcheon.

I regret that the able writer of these articles should not have confined himself to his subject more exclusively; but have interspersed with his argument the miserable and exploded sophistries of the protectionists; and have even condescended to try to arouse the prejudices of nationality against a politico-economical truth and policy. It is another illustration of the saying, that most men are monomaniacs on some one subject. This writer sees the superiority of Free Labor over Slave Labor; but he would strike the fetters from the laborer only to put them upon trade. The Southerners ride the other hobby. They clearly see the advantages of Free Trade, but are incapable of appreciating the advantages of Free Labor. Yet these two are but branches of one root. We do not want to destroy the Slave Power to raise up a Mill Power; to overthrow the cotton-raising Aristocracy of the South to estab-

lish a cotton-manufacturing Oligarchy in the North. What an intelligent nation wants from Government is, to be let alone, and permitted to buy where it can buy cheapest, and sell where it can sell to the most advantage. There is no one truth better established or more easily demonstrated than this: that tariffs protect Capital instead of Labor, and build up towns and villages and their immediate neighborhoods at the expense of the rural districts of the whole country and the shipping interest.

With these few comments, I submit the *Tribune's* articles without further preface, save this one additional remark only — that the argument in favor of a FREE NORTHERN REPUBLIC is much stronger to-day than when these essays first appeared, five years ago.

J. R.

SLAVERY AND THE UNION.

It seems to be time, in view of the circumstances in which the country is now placed, and of the great controversy respecting Slavery revived by Pierce and Douglas and their Southern allies in the extinct Whig party of the South, the Badgers, the Joneses, and the Claytons, — a controversy whose conclusion no man can foresee, — it is time, we say, to examine the point of which the South makes the greatest account, which it constantly employs by way of both defence and offence, and without which, indeed, it would often be difficult for Southern champions to have any thing to say at all. This point is succinctly expressed in the following extract from *The Union, Past and Future*, a pamphlet published at Charleston, in 1850, widely circulated at the time, and since republished, in whole or in part, in various other places throughout the Southern States:

"The North possesses none of the material elements of greatness, in which the South abounds, whether we regard the productions of the soil, the access to the markets of the world, or the capacity of military defence. While the Slave States produce nearly every thing within themselves, the Free States will soon depend on them even for food, as they now do for rice, sugar, tobacco, and cotton, — the employment of their ships in Southern commerce, the employment of their labor in the manufacture of Southern cotton, and all that they can purchase of other countries with the fabrics of that great Southern staple. We have shown that the price of that staple must be permanently raised; how would the manufacturing industry of the Free States stand this rise, if their taxes were raised by a dissolution of the Union, and how would their laborers subsist under this new burden, if they at once lost the employment afforded by the free use of one hundred and forty millions of Southern capital and the disbursement of twenty millions of Southern taxes? The answer to this question will bring us to the last view we shall present of our subject, and will show that the Union has, in truth, incalculable worth for the North. It defies all the powers of figures to calculate the value to the Free States of the conservative influence of the South upon their social organization." — *The Union, Past and Future: How it Works and How to Save It.*

Few ideas are more widely disseminated or more deeply seated among

our Southern friends than that which is here inculcated — the oppression of the Slaveholding States for the benefit of the free ones. Few errors are of more universal acceptance than is the belief throughout all the country south of Mason and Dixon's line, that the prosperity of the North is due to its connection with the South, and that a continuance of that connection is to the former a matter of absolute necessity if it would avoid returning to the "original poverty and weakness" that must inevitably result from a dissolution of the Union. To Northern men, such an event, as we are told, would be fatal, because it would be followed by an increase of taxation, a diminished demand for labor, and diminished power to command the capital of the South, accompanied by increased difficulty in finding freight for their ships, or raw materials for consumption in their factories and mills. To them, therefore, the Union is, according to universal Southern authority, "of inestimable worth;" whereas a dissolution of the Union would, to the South, be fraught with blessings. Once separated from the North says our pamphlet,

"Her trade would revive and grow, like a field of young corn, when the long-expected showers descend after a withering drought. The South now loses the use of some 130 or 140 millions a year of her capital, and also pays to the Federal Government at least 26 millions of taxes, 23 of which are spent beyond her borders. This great stream of taxation continually bears the wealth of the South far away on its waves, and small indeed is the portion which ever returns in refreshing clouds to replenish its sources. Turn it back to its natural channel, and the South will be relieved of fifteen millions of taxes — to be left where they can be most wisely expended, in the hands of the payers; and the other eleven millions will furnish salaries to her people and encouragement to her labor. Restore to her the use of the 130 or 140 millions a year of her produce for the foreign trade, and all her ports will throng with business. Norfolk, and Charleston, and Savannah, so long pointed at by the North as a proof of the pretended evils of Slavery, will be crowded with shipping, and their warehouses crammed with merchandise. The use and command of this large capital would cut canals, it would build roads and tunnel mountains, and drive the iron horse through the remotest valleys, till 'the desert should blossom like the rose.'"

Four years have now elapsed since the publication of this pamphlet, and with each and every day of those years, these ideas have obtained stronger hold on the Southern mind, until at length we find them now repeated from every quarter of the Slaveholding States. In all, the continuance of the Union is now regarded as the one great *necessity* of the North — as the condition of its existence as a thriving and prosperous community. All that Northern people desire, as we are told by the *Charleston Mercury*, is "power and gain," and to secure these they *must* cling to the Union as the sheet-anchor of all their hopes. With the South, on the contrary, the great necessity is dissolution, and if the Union is to be maintained it can be so only on condition that Southern men shall be the masters of its policy, both external and internal. The North may wince, but it *must* submit. Even now, on account of the Nebraska Bill,

"They threaten us," says the *Mercury*, "with a great Northern party, and a general war upon the South. If they were not mere hucksters in politics — with only this peculiarity, that every man offers himself, instead of some other commodity for sale — we should surmise that they might do what they threaten, and thus bring out the real triumph of the South, by making a dissolution of the Union necessary.

"But they will do no such thing. They will bluster and utter a world of swelling self-glorification, and end by knocking themselves down to the highest bidder. To be sure, if they could make the best bargain by destroying the South, they would set about it without delay. But they cannot. They live upon us, and the South affords

them the double gratification of an object for hatred, and a field for plunder. How far they may be moved to carry their indignation at this time, it is impossible to say; but we may be sure they will cool off just at the point where they discover that they can make nothing more out of it, and may lose."

"The real triumph of the South" would, as we are here told, be found in the adoption by the North of such a course of policy as would make "a dissolution of the Union necessary." Therefore, the South may demand what it pleases, and the North must yield all that is demanded, on penalty of separation. "It is sufficient reason," says the *Columbia Times*, "for demanding the passage of the Nebraska Bill, that it excites the hostility of abolitionists and free soilers." That it does so is regarded as evidence that the measure "is right and proper, and therefore to be supported." Let the North fume and fret, it dare not dissolve that Union to which it is indebted for all its "power and gain." We make another quotation from the Charleston pamphlet, as follows.

"The fall of wages," as we are assured, "would be heavy and instantaneous were the Union dissolved, for that event would, as we have shown, not only throw twenty millions of dollars of new taxes upon the North, but would withdraw 140 millions of capital which now employs her labor. This loss would fall chiefly, if not entirely, upon wages. The Northern capitalist would not submit to a decrease of profit, but would send a part of his capital to the South, where profits were higher, until he had reduced wages at home to a point which would leave him nearly as much clear gain on his industry as before. He would in this way escape the whole burden of the new taxes, and throw it upon labor."

Northern politicians repeat this doctrine, assuring their fellow-citizens that safety and prosperity are indissolubly connected with the maintenance of the Union. That it may be maintained, Slavery must be tolerated in all the territory open to settlement and organization. If this be not done, the South, as we are assured, will secede. Some of these politicians, "for the sake of candor," admit that, but a few years since, they did desire to preserve a portion of the common territory exempt from Slavery; but, as they assure their Southern friends, they are now most penitent, and gladly admit the error of their former course. "Thank God, we failed!" was the pious exclamation of one of these gentlemen recently before the Senate, waiting confirmation in the honorable office of *Charge d'Affaires* to Portugal. Anxious to earn his office, he gladly proclaimed his penitence. Had we succeeded, as he told his countrymen, the South would have seceded from the Union. Such was the cry in 1820; such was it in 1830; such was it in 1850. Such it now is, and such it will be when the South shall demand the repeal of all the laws which prevent the introduction of slaves, as such, into the Free States, and those other laws by which the African slave trade is prohibited, and all concerned in it are declared pirates. The proverb tells us that, "Little by little the bird builds its nest." Those who will study the course of proceeding, from the days of Jefferson and Madison to the present time, will scarcely fail to see that the nest has been built "little by little" until it has arrived almost at the point of completion — that it now needs little more than to be finished by the passage of a brief law declaring that slaves may be purchased any where and carried every where — and that, "to this complexion we must come at last," if, as Southern and Northern politicians now unite to assure us, a continuance of the Union is to the people of the North a matter of absolute necessity.

More than thirty years since, Southern men commenced their threats of dissolution. More than thirty years Northern men have been engaged in "saving the Union," and to accomplish that object they have not only yielded all that has been claimed, but have crouched before the men that spurned them. Throughout all that period they have, to use the words of the *Charleston Courier*, exhibited the "base cupidity and servile truckling and subserviency to the South," which, as that journal informs its readers, prevail "almost universally" throughout the Northern States, and with what result? For an answer to this question we refer our readers to the following comments upon the Rev. Mr. Parker's recent discourse, which, as the *Courier* assures its Southern readers,

"Truthfully, as well as strongly, detail and depict the various occasions on which Southern interests have obtained the mastery in Congress, or, at least, important advantages, which are well worthy the consideration of all who erroneously suppose that the action of the general government has been, on the whole, adverse to Slavery. The truth is, that our government, although hostile, in its incipency, to domestic Slavery, and starting into political being with a strong bent towards abolition, yet afterwards so changed its policy that its action, for the most part, and with only a few exceptions, has fostered the slaveholding interest, and swelled it from six to fifteen States, and from a feeble and sparse population to one of ten millions."

Harsh as this may sound to Northern ears, it is yet most true, and it affords to its Southern author full warrant for complimenting "the sons of the South" upon their unwavering "fidelity to their own interests," real, or supposed. What, however, shall we say of the sons of the North,—the "hucksters in politics," always ready, as the *Mercury* assures us, to "knock themselves down to the highest bidder" for Northern men with Southern principles? Can we say of them other than that their cause has generally been marked by "cupidity, truckling, and subserviency to the South," by aid of which the latter has acquired a degree of control over the operations of the Union never contemplated by the men who framed the Constitution?

Sixty-five years since, at the date of the adoption of the Constitution, there existed throughout the Union scarcely any difference of opinion on the question of Slavery. Washington and Adams, Jefferson and Franklin, Hamilton and Madison, Jay, Randolph, and Pinckney, all equally regarded it as a blight and a curse, to be exterminated at as early a period as was consistent with proper regard for the interests of those by whom the slaves were held. The policy of the government then inaugurated tended, as the *Courier* informs its readers, "towards abolition." Twenty years later, the same opinions were still held by Southern men, as was shown by the debates in Congress on the subject of Slavery in the territory of Indiana. The war of 1812, directed by Madison and Monroe, was emphatically a war of the Southern and Middle States, having for one of its objects an enlargement of the free territory of the Union. Virginia did not then object to the annexation of Canada, but at that time none had yet undertaken to prove Slavery among the people to be required for the establishment of perfect freedom among their masters. None had then undertaken to show that "the love of true liberty and manly independence of thought" could exist in no community except those in which men, their wives, and their children were bought and sold like cattle in the market. The discov-

ery of this great political truth was reserved for the generation that has succeeded the one which gave to the world such men as Washington, Jefferson, and Madison.

That, in the outset, the tendencies of the nation were "towards abolition," is most true. Equally true is it that for the last thirty years they have been in the opposite direction, and, in so asserting, the *Courier* is sustained by facts. With difficulty the territory north and west of Missouri was secured to the Free States as their share of the Louisiana purchase. Since then, Florida has been purchased by the Union *for the South*, and Texas has been purchased by the Union *for the South*. At the cost of an expensive war, *made by the South*, and for Southern objects, a portion of the Mexican territory has been added to the Union, and nothing but "squatter sovereignty" secured any part of it to the occupation of Northern men. Cuba is now to be purchased, at the cost of a hundred millions, *for the South*. The Gadsden treaty, at a cost of twenty millions, secures more territory *for the South*.

What, in all this time, has been purchased for the North? Nothing! Not even a foot of land! When we had a dispute with England about the boundaries of Maine, that State was left to compromise as best she could. When the boundaries of Texas were to be settled, an army was sent to the State, and, when the collision had been thus produced, war was declared "to exist;" and that war was prosecuted until we had spent almost a hundred millions, and had added a vast amount of territory on the southwestern side of the Union. At the North all is different. Canada, and the other British possessions, with their two and a half millions of people, would not be admitted into the Union were they to offer themselves free of cost; nor *dare* any Northern politician even hint at the idea, because it would ruin him with the South. The area of Slavery must be enlarged at any cost, but that of Freedom must not, even when it can be done with profit to ourselves. Worse, however, than this, the North *dare not* even recognize the existence of Freedom in any community the members of which are suspected of having African blood in their veins. We can have no commercial treaty with the people of Hayti, because they are black, and are not liable to be seized and sold. We dare not recognize the Republic of Liberia, lest it might offend the South. Look where we may, the South dictates the policy of the whole Union, the action of whose government has, as the *Courier* correctly assures its readers, "fostered the Slaveholding interests, and swelled it from six to fifteen States," and now proposes to swell it still further, by repealing the Missouri Compromise and purchasing Cuba.

Has this policy tended to cement the bonds of union? It would seem not; for, while the great mass of the American people, north of Mason and Dixon's line, have remained fast and firm in the faith of Washington, Jefferson, and Madison, and have carried their ideas into practical effect by abolishing Slavery, those south of the line have been gradually taking up a new faith, which teaches that the relation of master and slave is of divine origin, and is to be maintained now and forevermore. "Divine Provi-

dence, for its own high and inscrutable purposes," has, as we are told by the Charleston pamphleteer,

"Provided the whites of the Anglo Norman race in the Southern States with the necessary means of unexampled prosperity, with that slave labor, without which, as a general rule, no colonization in a new country ever has or ever will thrive and grow rapidly; it has given them a distinct and inferior race to fill a position equal to their highest capacity, which, in less fortunate countries, is occupied by the whites themselves."

To preserve this state of things, and maintain the existing "domestic institutions" of the South, is, as the same writer informs us, one of the chief duties of government, and a system based upon such institutions "becomes instinct with life and healthy vigor." "Public opinion," then, as he says, "works in its true calling, as the moderator, not the silencer of individual differences;" and a community thus established presents, as Mr. Calhoun was accustomed to assure his friends, the most perfect form of society the world has ever yet seen. It is under such circumstances that we are to find the highest organization, and for this, as we are told by our pamphleteer,

"The Southern States have peculiar, and well nigh indispensable advantages in their slave institutions, which forever obliterate the division between labor and capital."

We see thus that the North and the South are steadily moving in opposite directions; the one becoming more averse to Slavery, and the other more enamoured of it. Differences in the modes of thought increase from day to day. Southern men now require Southern school books for their children, and Southern teachers for themselves. The ties that once united the different sections of the great Methodist Association have been broken, and already, in other churches, there are differences that *must* eventually lead to separation. Southern planters seek to have Southern conventions, and decline to attend those to which are invited the agriculturists of the Union. Southern commercial conventions are held with a view to measures for avoiding Northern cities. Southern political conventions precede the dissolution of the ties which formerly connected Southern and Northern Whigs, and Southern and Northern Democrats. From year to year the tendency, in and out of Congress, is towards sectionalism; and such being the case, there would seem now to be some propriety in examining how far the Northern States depend upon the South for their prosperity and their existence, and how far the menace of disunion, supposing it is earnestly meant and may really be carried out, ought to be regarded by them with anxiety or alarm. That question we shall take an early occasion to consider.

RELATIVE POWER OF THE NORTH AND THE SOUTH.

North of Mason and Dixon's line, of the Ohio, and of the Missouri line, there are fifteen States, in all of which Slavery is prohibited. South of Maryland and Missouri there are twelve States in which Slavery is regarded as a blessing. Between these two great blocks of States lie three whose position it is required here to examine, to wit:

	<i>Free population.</i>	<i>Slave.</i>	<i>Total.</i>
Delaware	87,719	2,688	90,407
Maryland	485,946	89,204	575,150
Missouri	605,140	87,767	692,907
Total	1,178,805	179,659	1,358,464

Slavery exists in all of these, but the proportion of Slaves to free is, as our readers see, but little more than one to seven. The tendencies of the majority must, therefore, be in the direction of a Northern Union, and their interests carry them necessarily towards the North. Maryland is fast becoming a mining and manufacturing State, and the policy of the North favors diversification of employment, and thus furnishes a market for coal and iron that cannot be obtained in the South. Baltimore has a large trade with the West, and the largest portion of it, that which she has made the greatest efforts to secure, lies north of the Ohio; and it is in that quarter augmentation is most rapid. Her Slaves are few in number, and, in the event of separation, she would have the guarantee of the North for their possession during the period of preparation for gradual and quiet emancipation; whereas, were she in a Southern Union, but few would remain at the close of a single year from the date of separation from Pennsylvania. Her union with the North is one, therefore, not to be dissolved, and Delaware, of course, accompanies her, and becomes a part of the Northern Union. So, too, with Missouri. Her interests look eastward, and not southward. Railroads are rapidly uniting her with the cities of the Atlantic coast. Her farmers and miners look eastward for a market for their products. Her chief city looks westward and northward, and not southward, for its trade. Her Slaves are few in number, and cannot be retained if Iowa and Illinois constitute a portion of another Union. It may, therefore, be regarded as absolutely certain that, in the event of a dissolution of the Union, these three States will remain connected with the North. What would be the course of Kentucky and Western Virginia it is somewhat, though we think not very much, more difficult to determine. Both would have very strong reasons for pursuing the same course with Maryland and Missouri; but for the present we will assume that they will go with the South, and that the following is the proper classification of the States. —

In the North are — New England, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, California, and Minnesota, now soon to become a State. In the South — Virginia and the Carolinas, Georgia, Florida, Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas, and Texas.

	<i>States.</i>	<i>Free population.</i>	<i>Slave.</i>	<i>Total.</i>
North	20	14,800,000	178,000	14,978,000
South	12	5,200,000	3,000,000	8,200,000

Such were the proportions at the date of the census now nearly four years old; but since then they have been materially changed. The vast immigration of the last four years, coupled with the natural increase, must have swelled the population of the Northern set of States to little

less than seventeen and a half millions ; while the natural increase, and a small immigration, have probably carried the number in the Southern, one to nine millions. The total population of the Union in 1840 was scarcely greater than is that of the States which, in a sectional division, must constitute the North.

It is charged that the North lives upon the South, that its prosperity results from the vast trade furnished by the South, and that it could not prosper if separated from the South ; and these are the charges it is proposed now to examine. If they are well founded, and if the North owes to its Southern connection all its "power and gain," it may be well to submit to all the demands of the South "rather than return to their natural poverty and weakness by dissolving the Union ;" but, before doing this, it would be well to be assured that the facts are really so. We believe they are not, and are disposed to think that our readers will, at the close of the examination, agree with us in this belief.

The "gain" from a customer is dependent altogether on his power to purchase ; and this is, in its turn, dependent on his power to sell. The man who sells his day's labor for a dollar cannot be a customer to the storekeeper to a greater extent than a dollar per day. The farmer who has only 100 bushels of wheat to sell cannot purchase more than the value of those bushels. The planter who has but twenty bales of cotton to sell cannot purchase more goods than they will pay for. So is it with communities. Their power to purchase is limited by their power to sell. Such being the case, it would seem to be obvious that trade among the people of the North must be of vastly greater extent than among those of the South. In the latter, labor is not held in honor among white men, and slaves, as is well known, do but little work. Under such circumstances, we might, we think, fairly assume that the efficiency of Southern labor was not more than half as much per head as that of Northern labor ; and, if so, as the population of the Northern section is almost double that of the Southern one, it would follow that the productive power of the North was four times greater than that of the South ; and that it is not only so, but that the difference is even greater than this, can, as we think, readily be established. Commencing with the agricultural productions, we offer our readers the following facts derived from the census, begging them, once for all, to remark that, in the statements we shall furnish, the division between the North and South will be made in conformity with that of States and population given above :

	<i>Northern States.</i>	<i>Southern States.</i>
Wheat	bushels 80,000,000	20,000,000
Barley and rye	" 17,000,000	1,000,000
Oats	" 105,000,000	45,000,000
Buckwheat	" 9,000,000	...
Indian corn	" 294,000,000	298,000,000
Potatoes (white and sweet)	" 62,000,000	12,000,000
Rice	tons ...	100,000
Cotton	" ...	500,000
Hay	" 13,000,000	1,000,000
Butter and cheese	" 182,000	27,000

		<i>Northern States.</i>	<i>Southern States.</i>
Hemp	tons	11,500	18,500
Wool	pounds	42,000,000	10,000,000
Flax	"	4,000,000	1,000,000
Tobacco	"	53,000,000	116,000,000
Hops	"	4,000,000	
Beeswax and honey	"	14,000,000	700,000
Maple sugar	"	32,000,000	2,000,000
Cane "	"		217,000,000
Molasses	gallons	1,000,000	12,000,000
Orchard and garden products		\$12,000,000	\$2,000,000
Animals slaughtered		\$62,000,000	\$17,000,000

An examination of the above can scarcely fail to satisfy our readers that it is exceedingly inaccurate and unfavorable to the North. The export of animal food from the region north and west of the Ohio is twice, if not thrice greater than that from the region south and east of it; while the quantity consumed in the North must be six times greater. Such is the case, too, with orchard and garden produce. A single cent per day, per head, expended by the people of New York, Brooklyn, and Philadelphia, would amount to over four millions of dollars, or one-third of the whole amount here set down for a population of fifteen millions of people. The cause of error at the North is, as we think, readily seen. Where there are thousands of small proprietors, from each of whom a statement is to be obtained, the difficulty is far greater than when a single person represents a family of one, two, or three hundred hands, all of whose products go into one common treasury. Admitting, however, the returns to be correct, we will now furnish a comparative view of the products of the two different sections of the Union.

The Northern excess of hay is 12 millions of tons, and the Southern product of cotton and rice is 600,000 tons, or one-twentieth as much in quantity. The average value of the latter commodities being less than twenty times the average of the former, it follows that the hay more than counterbalances the cotton and the rice. Hemp, flax and corn, as the reader sees, balance each other. Leaving these, then, out of view, we have the following excesses.

<i>North.</i>	<i>South.</i>
Wheat 60,000,000 bush.	Tobacco 93,000,000 lbs.
Rye and barley 16,000,000 "	Sugar 217,000,000 "
Oats 60,000,000 "	Molasses 11,000,000 gal.
Buckwheat 9,000,000 "	Value, ... \$22,000,000.
Potatoes 50,000,000 "	
Butter and cheese 15,000 tons.	
Wool 32,000,000 lbs.	
Beeswax and hay 13,000,000 "	
Orchard and garden products . . . \$10,000,000	
Animals slaughtered \$15,000,000	
Value, ... \$195,000,000	

The total value of the principal products of Southern agriculture, for that year, is thus given in De Bow's Review, 3d series, volume ii. p. 141:

	<i>Exported.</i>	<i>Home Consumption.</i>	<i>Total Products.</i>
Cotton	\$71,984,616	\$33,615,384	\$105,600,000
Tobacco	9,951,223	5,048,777	15,000,000
Rice	2,631,887	400,000	3,031,887
Naval Stores	1,142,713	800,000	1,942,713
Sugar	23,037	12,396,150	12,419,187
Hemp	5,633	69,207	69,840
Total, ...	\$85,739,109	\$52,950,518	\$138,689,627

The average value of Indian corn for that year is given at 45 cents; but the distance from market and the difficulty of communication throughout the South, reduce it below the average. If we take it thirty-three cents per bushel, we shall probably be in excess of the truth, and this would give,

For the whole Southern crop, ...	\$98,000,000
Add to this for the animals slaughtered, ...	47,000,000
For the other products of agriculture, ...	50,000,000

And we obtain the total value of agricultural products, ...	\$333,689,627
If we now add to this, for manufactures, and for the product of labor in all other pursuits, one half of this amount, say	166,310,373
We obtain as the total Southern product, exclusive of the Negroes raised, which constitute so important an item of Southern produce, .	\$500,000,000

This, we think, is rather in excess of the truth, but if true, it would give an average product of about sixty dollars per head.

In comparing with this the Northern product, it is to be borne in mind that the Northern farmer is, in most cases, much nearer market, and always provided with much better means of intercourse. The corn that is worth, in Texas, fifteen cents, becomes worth sixty cents by the time it reaches Massachusetts, and the farmer of the latter obtains as much for one bushel as the farmer of the former obtains for four; and this is true, to a greater or less extent, with reference to all the products of agriculture. The prices of cotton, tobacco, rice, &c., above given, are their prices at the ports from which they are exported, and include all charges up to the time of shipment, even to warehouse rent and broker's commission on the sale.

To make a fair comparison of the agricultural operations of the two sections, it would be required to pursue a similar course with the North, taking the value of their products at the place of sale; and were this done, it would be found that the excess in that was so far greater than in quantity that it would be safe to estimate its agricultural production at much more than double the amount above given for the South, or at least \$900,000,000, making a total somewhat exceeding \$1,200,000,000.

The South, however, makes its exchanges but once in a year, while at the North, because of the proximity of markets, exchanges are repeated from month to month, throughout the year. The market-gardener furnishes cabbages and potatoes, peas and beans, to the man who converts them into coal. Thence they go, as coal, to another, who converts them into pig-iron; thence to the rolling-mill, whence they come out as bars; thence to the shops from which they come out as axes, spades, ploughs, or steam-engines; and thus there is a constant and unceasing motion in the produce of the North, and from this motion come the "power and gain," which, by our Southern friends, are attributed to the Union. The manufac-

tures of Massachusetts amount to not less than \$150,000,000. Her shoe manufacture alone is \$37,000,000. Those of the city of New York, in 1859, amounted to \$105,000,000, and those of Philadelphia were fully equal, and probably greater. Those of Cincinnati were \$10,000,000. Pittsburg and Cincinnati must now considerably exceed a hundred millions. At the present time they are all very far greater in amount. The iron trade, in its various departments, from the smelting of the ore to the finishing of the steam-engine, cannot be estimated at the present time at less than \$130,000,000, nor the coal trade at less than \$21,000,000; the manufacture of ships is more than \$20,000,000; books, newspapers, magazines, and engravings, amount to many millions. Add to the infinite quantity of manufactures scattered throughout New England, New York, Pennsylvania, and other Northern States, the mining of lead and copper, the enormous product of lumber, the ice trade, the production of horses, and the quantity of labor and manure applied to the improvement of land, while the South is every where exhausting its soil; and it will readily be seen how enormous is the production of the North as compared with that of the South. The earnings of canals, canal boats, and railroads are \$80,000,000; and if we estimate the value of the property carried, at only ten times the cost of transportation, we obtain \$800,000,000. The tonnage of the North is little short of four millions, almost half a million of which is moved by steam; and if we take the gross earnings of this at only one dollar per ton per month, we have nearly fifty millions, but they are probably considerably above a hundred millions. The *net* value of the property transported on the lakes and rivers, by canals, in coasters, and on railroads, is estimated by Mr. Andrews, in his Report on the Colonial and Lake Trade, (page 905,) at \$3,120,000,000; but a very small proportion of which, as our readers have seen, comes from the South.

We here conclude for to-day our survey of these impressive and eloquent facts. We think our readers will agree that they show that the North is very powerful, and the South comparatively very weak, and that if either has reason to dread the day of dissolution it is that which is oppressed and debilitated by the curse of Slavery. We shall next compare the effect of separation upon the commercial relations of the two sections.

THE COMMERCE OF NORTH AND SOUTH.

Seven years since, Mr. Walker estimated the total product of labor at \$3,000,000,000. Since then the population has increased at least twenty-five per cent., and if the product had increased only in the same rate, it would now be \$3,750,000,000. Estimating it, however, at only \$3,250,000,000, and that of the South at \$500,000,000, we should have, as the product of the North, \$2,750,000,000, or about \$180 per head, and this is certainly not in excess of the truth.

We ourselves believe that this view is in a high degree unfavorable to the North, and such, we think, will be the opinion of all our readers who reflect to what a wonderful extent Northern labor is aided by machinery, and to how small an extent that is the case with the South. A steam-engine capa-

ble of doing the work of twenty slaves can be purchased for the price of a single one, and fed at a less cost than the single laborer. Steam-engines count by tens of thousands, and the work performed by them is probably equal to the whole labor power of the South. At the North human labor is every where economized, while at the South it is every where wasted. The natural consequence is that capital accumulates at the North with vastly greater rapidity than at the South. The papers of the day inform us that the taxable property of Pennsylvania is valued by the revenue board of that State at \$880,000,000, and if to this we add that which is not liable to taxation, we shall obtain a sum little less than a thousand millions, or more than the value in 1850 of all the land in the States above given to a Southern Union. Aided by all this machinery, the *quantity* of Northern production is immense, when compared with that of the South, and of this we could scarcely desire better evidence than is found in the fact that the merchandise carried on the Pennsylvania canal, and the Erie canal, alone amounts to five millions of tons, or ten times the weight of the crop produced in the ten cotton-growing States, that have, with the exception of sugar, little else to give to the world in exchange for all they need to obtain. It is, we think, quite impossible to examine these facts without a feeling of surprise at the entire insignificance of the trade for which the North is indebted to the Union.

In estimating the "power and gain" to the North resulting from its union with the South, it is required that the reader should remark that *the whole* of their own vast product is in constant course of being exchanged among themselves; whereas, it is only the exchangeable *surplus* of the South with which the people outside of those States have any thing to do. The man of New York derives no advantage from the corn that is fed in Virginia to the slave that is raised for exportation to Mississippi. The corn raised in Alabama appears abroad only in the form of cotton, while that of Louisiana comes to the North only as sugar or molasses. The whole exportable product of the South consists of cotton, tobacco, rice, naval stores, sugar, hemp, and some grain, chiefly from Virginia and North Carolina. The value of the first six, as given by De Bow, for 1850, was, as the reader has seen, \$138,000,000, fifty-three of which were for domestic consumption, and eighty-five for export. The cotton, sugar, and other commodities required for their own consumption, are to be deducted, and this would leave the Northern consumption at about \$50,000,000. The mode in which these quantities are divided would seem to be as follows:

Exported from Southern ports, and paid for by imports into those ports from foreign countries, ...	\$15,000,000
Exported from Southern ports, and paid for by imports from, or through, the North, ...	59,000,000
Exported from Northern ports, and paid for from, or through, the North, ...	9,000,000
Retained for consumption at the North, ...	50,000,000
Total, ...	\$133,000,000

From this the reader will readily perceive that the total amount of trade from which the North can derive any "power or gain," is but \$118,000,000, or about four per cent. of its own productive power. The question to be

settled is, however, not the total quantity, but how much of it is due to the Union, and how much would be lost by a dissolution of that Union. So far as the South exports and imports directly, the North has no more to gain from it than from the export of Negroes to Alabama or Texas. Next, so far as regards the *export* of fifty nine millions to foreign ports from Southern ones, it gains nothing by the Union, because Northern ships enjoy in those ports no advantage over foreign ones, and they have, therefore, nothing to lose by secession. If a Boston ship will carry cotton as cheaply as an English or French one, she will have it to carry, and not else. Again, as regards the *export* of Southern products from Northern ports, there would seem to be little to lose, for the reasons for this trade would continue then to be the same as now. We import largely of men and other valuable commodities into Northern ports, and can, under ordinary circumstances, afford to take return freight so cheaply as to offer an inducement to bring cotton and other Southern products to Northern ports on their way to Europe. So far as regards navigation, and the profits of the export trade, then, there would seem to be nothing whatever to be lost by separation.

The amount of Southern products paid for by, or through, the North, would seem to be about \$118,000,000, of which the quantity required for consumption at the North is \$79 000,000. It is quite certain that this trade of *importation* for home consumption would continue, because we should certainly be willing to pay the highest prices, and the South would not decline to sell because the Union had been dissolved. As regards the *exportation* of goods to pay for them, the case would, however, be somewhat, though, we think, not very widely different.

The South would then be in the same situation with Canada; with, however, this disadvantage, that the latter builds and sails ships, which the former does not, except to a very small extent. Even now, Canada looks anxiously to a market in the Union. She can send her wheat to England, duty free, either direct or through our ports; and yet the price is always lower on the north of the line than it is on the south of it, by the whole amount of duty. She can have direct trade with England, duty free, and yet she takes from us goods to the extent of five millions of dollars per annum, in payment for her produce. With the South, the case is yet much stronger. Of all the articles of domestic production now sold to the South, a very large portion, including, of course, the products of the West, are cheaper than they can be obtained elsewhere, and we *must* continue to supply them. As regards foreign commodities, Boston will continue to import India goods; New York, teas; Philadelphia and Baltimore, coffee; and all will import the finer commodities of Europe, for the supply of the Southern as well as the Northern States that now constitute the Union. Many of these goods will be exported South in bond, as they are now exported to Canada and Cuba, but they *must* continue to pass through Northern ports. Admit, however, what we believe to be impossible, that one half of this one hundred and eighteen millions should be imported into the South directly from abroad, and that we should lose on this one half, in commissions and profits of various kinds, twenty-five per cent, the total

amount of "power and gain" to be lost by a dissolution of the Union would appear to be less than fifteen millions of dollars, or about eighty cents per head of the Northern Union. Against this, however, there would be, connected with our foreign trade, important offsets. Sugar would then be free as tea and coffee now are, and as we should be released from any necessity for interfering against the gradual emancipation of the slaves of Cuba, it may fairly be inferred that the trade with that island, and also with Brazil, would be greatly increased, and that we should derive from them nearly all the sugar, of which we take now to the amount of fourteen millions from the South. We should also be at liberty to recognize the free people of St. Domingo, and of Liberia, and our trade in those quarters would grow with great rapidity. These would, to a great extent, make amends for diminution at the South, and would, as we think, lessen the loss to one half, or about seven millions of dollars, at which sum, or forty cents per head, we feel disposed, after this examination, to estimate the pecuniary value of the Union to the North. What is the cost of that Union, we propose next to consider.

COST OF THE UNION.

The policy of the North looks homeward. Northern men seek no enlargement of territory, but they desire to render productive what they have. To accomplish that object they need canals, railroads, light-houses, and the removal of obstructions to the navigation of rivers, and for these latter purposes they have steadily and regularly asked the aid of Congress.

Southern policy looks outward. Southern men seek additions to their territory, but they do not endeavor to render productive what they have. Delaware, Maryland, and Virginia, and much of the Carolinas, and of Kentucky, have been exhausted by abstracting from the soil all the elements of production, and the occupants of their exhausted lands find themselves forced to seek abroad for new lands to be in their turn exhausted—and hence it is that the South is always on the watch to secure, by war or purchase, enlargements of its surface. Southern men, consequently, deny to the government the right of aiding in the construction of roads or canals, or of appropriating from the treasury any moneys to be used in the construction of light-houses, the formation of harbors, or the removal of obstructions from rivers; and it is to meet Southern objections to governmental action that it is now proposed to establish a great system of local taxation, calculated largely to interfere with the free circulation of men and merchandise throughout the Union.

Half a century since, the great territory of Louisiana was purchased, chiefly for the South. At the close of that long period the North has obtained from it but a single State, while the South has had already three, and now insists that the whole vast territory which yet remains unoccupied shall be thrown open to cultivation by slaves, and to ownership by the owners of those slaves. In 1820, the territory of Florida was purchased for the South, at a cost of seven millions of dollars, paid out by taxes imposed on property of the North and South. In the eight years succeeding that purchase

— from 1821 to 1829 — the annual expenditure of the government, exclusive of the payment of the national debt, was but thirteen millions of dollars, and yet out of that small sum, considerable sums were appropriated to the Cumberland road, and other works of internal improvement.

The administration of General Jackson succeeded that of Mr. Adams in 1829, and the expenditure rose in the first term to nearly seventeen millions, while in the second it was more than twenty-five millions, little if any of which was expended on any of those works of peace desired by the North, because the South had then determined that all such appropriations were violations of the Constitution. It was, however, deemed perfectly constitutional to swell the military and naval expenditure from eight millions, in 1828, to twenty-two millions, in 1836, because the object of that increase was the extirpation of the few and poor Seminoles of Florida, whose occupation interfered with the enlargement of the field of slave labor.

Mr. Van Buren followed, and in his period we find the expenditure to have been carried up to an average of thirty millions, no part of which was allowed to be appropriated to internal improvements asked for by the North, while the Florida war was permitted to absorb enormous masses of treasure contributed by the people of the Union, North and South. In the first two years of his administration, the expenditure for military purposes averaged no less than twenty-one millions, and the total amount so expended in the four years, was sixty-eight millions, or sixteen millions more than was expended for all purposes by Mr. Adams. It was, however, for Southern purposes, and *therefore* constitutional.

Under the succeeding administration, the total expenditure was reduced to twenty millions, or less than has been expended on the army and navy alone by Mr. Van Buren, while engaged in clearing out the Seminoles. The death of General Harrison having thrown the executive power into Southern hands, we find that twice during Mr. Tyler's occupation of the presidential chair was the veto applied to bills intended to satisfy the just expectations of Northern men anxious to improve the intercourse by the lakes and rivers of the West.

With Mr. Polk came the war for settling the boundaries of Texas, and enlarging the area of slave territory, and now the expenditure rose to an average of forty-four millions, chiefly bestowed on the army and navy. Large, however, as was the amount to be expended, not a dollar could go for the promotion of the peaceful improvements of the North, for when, in 1845, Congress appropriated about a million of dollars for improvements on the lakes and Western rivers, the bill was vetoed by Mr. Polk as unconstitutional; and when, in 1846, a still more modest bill was sent to him, appropriating only half a million to all such purposes, he *pocketed* it and it failed to become a law. The same difficulty occurred in regard to a bill for the payment of the debt owing by the nation to the unfortunate claimants on account of French spoliations. Passed by Congress, it was vetoed by the President, because *inconvenient* to pay such claims while engaged in a war for the extension of territory on our southern and south-western

borders. To secure that extension we had to support an expensive war, and finally to pay fifteen millions to the Mexican Government; but, happily "squatter government" secured to the Northern States a portion of the territory for nearly all of which they had been required to pay.

Texas had been dragged into the Union by Mr. Polk, and in 1850 the people of the North were required to unite in paying ten millions for this enlargement of slave territory.

The expenditure seems now to be fixed at from forty to fifty millions of dollars, of which the military and naval department, exclusive of the contracts for mail steamers, require more than twenty, or *one half more than was expended by Mr. Adams for all purposes*, internal and external. Having purchased Louisiana, Florida, Texas, and New Mexico for the South, we have but just escaped the payment of twenty millions for the enlargement of the area of Slavery, accomplished by General Gadsden, and yet not a dollar is likely to be obtained for removing obstructions from the great rivers of the West, or for improving the harbors of the lakes. Any amount may be lavished upon foreign missions, having for their object the removal of restrictions on the tobacco trade of France or Germany, because that interests the South; but the treasury is hermetically sealed against the claims of the North for any aid in developing the resources of its territory, or in facilitating intercourse between the States of the East and the West.

We beg our readers to reflect carefully upon these facts, and then to study how much expenditure would be required for a Northern Union. We need scarcely any army, for *we* desire no extension of territory. We do not desire to add Canada to the Union, and were the offer of annexation at this moment made it might not be accepted, while the South is always at work to obtain territory, by purchase or by force of arms. But recently, it offered a hundred millions for Cuba, to be paid out of the revenue contributed by all the States, and the chief reason for so doing was the danger that the slaves of that island might, at some future time, become free, and thus be placed in a situation that would render them dangerous to their slaveholding neighbors of Florida and Carolina. The North *dares not* even propose to accept, free of cost, the British possessions, with two and a half millions of free inhabitants; and yet the South does not hesitate at buying Cuba at a hundred millions, nor would it hesitate about involving the whole country in a war that might cost twice that sum, for the purpose of preventing any movement in the island looking to the gradual enfranchisement of its Negro population.

The North, as we have said, scarcely needs an army. It has but little need for a navy; but even admitting that five millions were required for that purpose, it is difficult to see how the expenditure of Mr. Adams could be much exceeded. The post-office of a Northern Union would support itself at lower rates than those now paid, for we have thrice the amount of population capable of maintaining correspondence, and three times thrice the quantity of exchanges, while the organized territory of the South is greater by almost one half than that of the North. The diplomacy of a

Northern Union would require small expenditure, for we have nothing to ask for, and there is nothing for which we desire to fight. Northern policy looks, as we have said, always homeward, while that of the South looks always outward, as witness the constantly repeated invasions of Texas and of Cuba.

Admitting, however, that the expenditures of a Northern Union should reach the sum of twenty millions, even that is less by five and twenty millions than its present amount — and not one half of that excess is paid by the South. How, indeed should it be? Nearly all our revenue comes from duties on foreign merchandise, of which slaves consume but little, and the poorer class of white people of the South consume but little more. Taking, however, the whole white population of the South, we have but five millions of consumers to put against thrice that number at the North, and if the consumption, per head, were equally great in all portions of the Union, their contributions would be but one fourth of the whole, or about one half of the twenty-five millions of excess expenditure. That the Southern consumption, per head, will average less, and much less, than that of the North, no one can doubt; and it is, we think, quite as little to be doubted that the contributions of the South towards the revenue are less than ten millions of dollars — a sum not more than sufficient to pay *the mere interest* upon the sums expended in the purchase of Southern land, and on the making of wars for Southern purposes. We are now about to spend twenty millions more, and if Cuba can be had at a hundred millions, it will be bought — and the interest upon these two sums alone will amount to seven millions two hundred thousand dollars, or a large portion of the whole amount of contributions furnished by the South. The same men who now urge upon the whole Union these enormous expenditures for Southern purposes, deem it so highly unconstitutional to appropriate a single dollar for the improvement of rivers and harbors, that to keep within the letter of the law they would violate its spirit by authorizing states, counties, cities, and towns to make improvements and charge tonnage duties upon ships and merchandise, by which Iowa and Illinois, Missouri and Kentucky, would be compelled to contribute largely in taxation for the promotion of the trade of New Orleans.

We are assured that all these expenditures are necessary to provide an outlet for the rapidly growing negro population. Well! the land is purchased, and next, we are told that labor is scarce — that negroes are high — that it is unjust to permit Alabama and Texas to be taxed by Virginia to the extent of a thousand dollars for a Negro, when as good a one can be brought from Africa for a hundred and fifty dollars — and that, therefore, we should reestablish the African slave-trade. Such is the tendency of things, and such is the end to which we are pointed at the close of much less than a century after the publication of the Declaration of Independence, in which it was asserted that all men were born "free and equal." Prussia has emancipated her serfs, and Russia and Austria are now moving steadily towards the perfect enfranchisement of their people, but we of the North are paying many millions of dollars annually for the

enlargement of Slave territory, to end in reestablishing the infamous trade by which Africa was so long degraded and depopulated. At this moment, we are urged to expend several millions on the enlargement of our steam marine, and among the important reasons for this measure offered by Mr. Bocoek, of Virginia, is, that "the latent spark" of Freedom is likely now to blaze out in Cuba, when the "blood of Mr. Crittenden and his companions will not in vain cry for vengeance." Should, however, the spark of Freedom blaze out among *the laborers* of that island, their steamships will certainly be used for its extinguishment. Mr. Bocoek is for extending the area of Slavery, and not that of Freedom, and it is for that object he would have us build so many ships.

There are in the United States, as we are told, 234 colleges, with 1,651 teachers, 27,159 students, and an annual income of \$452,314 from endowments, \$15,485 from taxation, \$184,549 from public funds, and \$1,264,280 from other sources; making, in all, \$1,916,629. Of public schools, for common and academic education, there are 80,991, with 92,600 teachers, 3,354,173 pupils, and an income of \$182,591 from endowments, \$1,681,414 from taxes, \$2,517,669 from public funds, and 2,117,853 from all other sources; reaching a total of \$9,591,539. Add these two sums, and we find an expenditure for popular education, in all its departments, of 11,508,158 of dollars. Of this, the proportion expended north of Mason and Dixon's line is probably about not less than four fifths, or more than nine millions of dollars; a considerable sum certainly, but yet *less than the interest on the expenditures for purchasing Florida and exterminating the Seminoles for purchasing Texas and carrying on the war that was declared to "exist," when it was deemed desirable to enlarge the bounds of that State by seizing on New Mexico.*

Of the hundred millions already offered by the South for Cuba, four fifths would be paid by the North; and if Northern men desire to understand the object for which they are required to pay this enormous sum, they will obtain the information by reading the following passage from the *Richmond Enquirer*:

"Our view of the policy of this measure, as of every other, is determined by the paramount and controlling consideration of Southern interests. It is because we regard the acquisition of Cuba as essential to the stability of the system of Slavery, and to the just ascendancy of the South, that we consent to forego our habitual repugnance to political change, and to advocate a measure of such vast, and, in some respects, uncertain consequences. The only possible way in which the South can indemnify itself for its concessions to the Anti-slavery fanaticism, is by the acquisition of additional slave territory. . . . We must reinforce the powers of Slavery as an element of political control, and this can only be done by the annexation of Cuba. In no other direction is there a chance for the aggrandizement of Slavery. The intrigues of Great Britain for the abolition of Slavery in that island are pursued with a zeal and an energy which cannot fail of success, unless the United States interfere to prevent the consummation. The only effectual mode by which this may be done, is by the transfer of the island to the dominion of the States. If we contemplate the possible alternative of the disruption of the Union, by the mad spirit of abolition, the necessity for the acquisition of Cuba as a support to the South, becomes even more manifest and urgent. With Cuba in the possession of a hostile interest, Southern Slavery would be exposed to an assault which it could neither resist nor endure. With Cuba as a member of a great Southern confederacy, Slavery might bid defiance to its enemies."

The following pleasant and suggestive article is from *The Southern*

Standard, an administration paper, published at Charleston, South Carolina. It is a frank, bold statement of the policy of the administration upon the Slavery question, which our readers will do well to look at by way of refreshing themselves. It will amply repay perusal:

"A general rupture in Europe would force upon us the undisputed sway of the Gulf of Mexico and the West Indies, with all their rich and mighty productions. Guided by our genius and enterprise, a new world would rise there, as it did before under the genius of Columbus. With Cuba and St. Domingo, we could control the productions of the tropics, and, with them, the commerce of the world, and *with that*, the power of the world. Our true policy is to look to Brazil as the next great Slave power, and as the government that is to direct or beise the development of the country drained by the Amazon. Instead of courting England, we should look to Brazil and the West Indies. The time will come when a treaty of commerce and alliance with Brazil will give us the control over the Gulf of Mexico and its border countries, together with the island, and the consequence of this will place African Slavery beyond the reach of fanaticism, at home or abroad. These two great Slave powers now hold more undeveloped territory than any other two governments, and they ought to guard and strengthen their mutual interests by acting together in strict harmony and concert. Considering our vast resources and the mighty commerce that is about to expand upon the bosom of the two countries, if we act together by treaty *we cannot only preserve domestic equality*, but we can dry the power of the world. With firmness and judgment, we can open up the African slave emigration, again to people the noble region of the tropics. We can boldly defend this upon the most enlarged system of philanthropy. It is far better for the wild races of Africa themselves. Look at the 300,000 in the United States who have had the blessings not only of civilization but of Christianity. Can any man pretend to say that they would have been better off in the barbarian state of their native wilderness? and has not the attempt to suppress, by force, this emigration increased the horrors of the 'middle passage' tenfold? The good old Las Casas, in 1519, was the first to advise Spain to import Africans to her colonies, as a substitute for the poor Indians, who, from their peculiar nature, were totally unsuited to bear the labors of Slavery. Experience has shown that his scheme was founded in wise and Christian philanthropy. Millions of the black men, yet unborn, will rise up to bless his benevolent memory. The time is coming when we will boldly defend this emigration before the world. The hypocritical cant and winning morality of the latter-day saints will die away before the majesty of commerce, and the power of those vast productions which are to spring from the cultivation and full development on the mighty tropical regions in our own hemisphere. If it be necessary to give the grain growing sections of America to the poor and hungry of Europe, why not open up the tropics to the poor African? The one region is as eminently suited to them as the other is to the white race. There is as much philanthropy in one as the other. We have been too long governed by psalm-singing schoolmasters from the North. It is time to thank for ours lives. The folly commenced in our own government uniting with Great Britain to declare Slave importation piracy. Piracy is a crime on the high seas, arising under the law of nations, and it is as well defined by those laws as murder is at common law. And for two nations to attempt to make that piracy which is not so, under the law of nations, is an absurdity. You might as well declare it burglary, or arson, or any thing else. And we have ever since, by a joint fleet with Great Britain on the coast of Africa, been struggling to enforce this miserable blunder. The time will come that all the islands and regions suited to African Slavery, between us and Brazil, will fall under the control of these two Slave powers, in some shape or other, either by treaty or actual possession of the one government or the other. And the statesman who closes his eyes to these results, has but a very small view of the great questions and interests that are looming up in the future. In a few years, there will be no investment of the two hundred millions, in the annual increase of gold on a large scale, so profitable and so necessary, as the development and cultivation of the tropical regions now slumbering in rank and wild luxuriance. If the slaveholding race in these States are but true to themselves, they have a great destiny before them."

As the first steps towards the accomplishment of these objects, we are now to convert the Mesilla Valley into Slave territory, and to arrange for bringing the Negroes of Cuba within the Union, and thus forever to

prevent that island from becoming the property of free black men ; and the mere annual interests of these two purchases — to say nothing of the additional army and navy that will be required — will amount to four-fifths of the whole amount now paid for educational purposes throughout the Free States of the Union.

Having studied these facts, we beg our readers now to remark how fully they bear out the statement of the *Charleston Courier* as to the error of those who suppose "that the action of the general government has been hostile to Slavery." "The truth is," as it continues, "that although hostile in its incipency, to domestic Slavery, it afterwards so changed its action that it has fostered the Slaveholding interest," and this it has done by taxing the free people of the North for the steady extension of the area of Slavery, while denying the constitutionality of any expenditures tending to the improvement of the lands, or of the people, of the North and West.

Such is a portion of the cost of the Union. What its value has been shown. On a future occasion we shall furnish some further items of the cost ; but meantime will beg our readers to reflect whether a trade that cannot be worth a dozen millions 'per annum is not dearly paid for by the maintenance of a system that takes from the North so many millions annually to be applied to the purchase of Southern land, and the support of Southern wars, when they might so advantageously be applied to the improvement of rivers and harbors by which Northern farmers could cheaply get to market, and the improvement of schools at which Northern children might be cheaply educated.

THE GREAT STRUGGLE.

The history of the world from the earliest ages is little more than a record of the efforts of the strong who have desired to enslave the weak, and of the counter efforts of the latter to obtain power to work for themselves. The former have, in all ages, been large monopolists of land, while the latter have at all times sought to obtain homesteads to be improved for their own benefit and that of their wives and children. The former have always sought cheap laborers, desiring to purchase at their own prices, the bone, the muscle, and the sinew required for their purposes, selling at the dearest rate the produce of the labor of their slaves ; while the latter have always desired to fix the price of their own labor, and to profit by their own exertions. By the former, honest labor has been held in low esteem, because they lived at the cost of those who labored in the field for the production of food or wool, and those in the town who consumed the food while making the cloth. By the latter, labor has been esteemed as a means of acquiring honest independence. In the former class we find the Slave-owners, politicians, and tax-consumers of the world, while in the latter we find the laborers and tax-payers of the world. In the one we find the advocates of armies and navies, war and filibusterism, and in the other the friends of peace and cheap government.

Between these classes there has, from time immemorial, been a contest for power; the one desiring to tyrannize over others, and the other to govern themselves, and to work for their own profit.

Such is the contest now in progress throughout this country. The great issue of our day is, as we are informed by the *Charleston Evening News*, "the extension or non-extension, of the institution [Slavery] whose foundations are broad and solid in our midst." It is, whether free labor shall become slave labor, or slave labor become free labor. At the South, we see a body of great land-owners surrounded by slaves who work for them, while they themselves live upon the profits derived from standing between the men who work to produce cotton, sugar, and tobacco, and those other men who require to consume those commodities. At the North, on the contrary, we see the whole surface of the country divided among a body of small land-owners, unequalled in the world for number, all working for themselves. On the one side we have a large body of men who desire to buy labor, and wish to have it cheaply; while on the other there is a vastly larger body that desire to sell labor, and to sell it dearly. The objects sought to be attained by the two sections of the country differ as widely as do the poles of the compass, and it can, therefore, be matter of small surprise that there is almost as great a difference in the course of policy that each desires to see pursued—the Northern portion of the Union seeking for protection against the cheap labor system of Europe, as the best mode of advancing the laborer, and the Southern portion clinging to the British free trade system as the most efficient means of cheapening labor, and enslaving the laborer.*

The men who own laborers are few in number when compared with the number of Northern men who own themselves, and seek to sell their own labor; but, as is the case in all aristocracies, the slave owners almost always work together, while the free people are divided among themselves. The consequence of this has been that the former have, generally, as the *Charleston Courier* boastingly informs its readers, "obtained the mastery in Congress," and have within the last twenty years "so changed its policy that its action for the most part, and with only a few exceptions, has fostered the slaveholding interest;" and this it has done at the cost of the free men of the North, who desired to be themselves the sellers of their own labor, or its products. In proof that such has been the fact, we propose now to review the votes of Congress in relation to the question of protection or non-protection to the American laborer.

The close of the great war in Europe brought with it intense agricultural distress. The foreign market for breadstuffs died away, and simultaneously therewith the domestic market that had been made by our manufacturing establishments was closed. The manufacturers themselves were ruined. The people of the South had then no doubts of the constitutionality of protection. Anxious to secure themselves against the competition

* This is pure demagoguism. The South favor free trade because it is the interest of all agricultural countries every where to buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest. Agricultural countries have no motive in building up manufacturing districts at their expense; hence the South has wisely opposed tariffs. J. R.

of the people of India, they gladly united with those of the agricultural States in the establishment of a system of minimums upon cotton and woollen goods, and the bill for that purpose passed through the Senate with but a single dissenting vote from south of Maryland. When, in 1818, it was proposed to prolong the duration of the protection thus afforded, Baldwin of Pennsylvania, Clay of Kentucky, and Lowndes of South Carolina, were found voting together in the affirmative.

The period that followed was one of ruin throughout the Middle and Northern States. Flour sold in Pittsburg at \$1.25 per barrel, while iron was so high that it required seventy, if not even eighty barrels of flour to pay for a ton of bars. From day to day the farmers came more and more to appreciate the truth of Franklin's doctrines, as given in the following extract from one of his letters, dated in 1771 :

"Every manufacturer encouraged in our country, makes part of a market for provisions within ourselves, and saves so much money to the country as must otherwise be exported to pay for the manufactures he supplies. Here in England it is well known and understood that, wherever a manufacture is established which employs a number of hands, it raises the value of lands in the neighboring country all around it,* partly by the greater demand near at hand for the produce of the land; and partly from the plenty of money drawn by the manufacturers to that part of the country. It seems, therefore, the interest of all our farmers and owners of lands, to encourage our young manufactures in preference to foreign ones imported among us from distant countries."

From day to day it became better understood that Jefferson had been in the right when he declared that our true policy was to "place the manufacturer by the side of the agriculturist;"† and thus it came that, in 1824, a new effort was made to protect the producer of food by bringing the consumer to his neighborhood. The tariff of that year was passed by the following vote :

	<i>For.</i>	<i>Against.</i>
Free Labor States, ...	88	32
Slave Labor States, ...	19	70
	107	102

The vote against it from the Free States was, to a great extent, from the shipping States of New England, while of the Southern vote for it a large portion came from Kentucky, always the most Northern in feeling of the Slave States. Deducting the vote of the States immediately adjoining Mason and Dixon's Line and the Ohio, it will be found that the advocates of cheap labor went almost solidly against protection.

The tariff of 1828 followed, and here the vote was as follows :

	<i>For.</i>	<i>Against.</i>
Free Labor States, ...	88	29
Slave Labor States, ...	17	65
	105	94

The period which followed the passage of this tariff was one of greater

* Exactly, but I do not see why Massachusetts should be built up at the expense of Michigan, Iowa, and Kansas.

† True; give equal rights to all; our farmers have no protection. Why should the manufacturers have superior advantages over them? J. R.

prosperity than this country had then ever known. The revenue was so abundant that it became necessary to abolish the duties upon coffee, tea, and various other commodities consumed by the laborers of the North; and yet, notwithstanding this reduction, the public debt which, at the opening of 1829 had stood at nearly sixty millions, was finally paid off in 1834.

The advocates of cheap labor had been, as we see, almost unanimous against the passage of this act, and almost equally unanimous did they prove in denouncing it after its operation had commenced. It was the tariff of "abominations" for them, for it tended to improve the condition of the laborer, and they desired to purchase bone, muscle, and sinew in the form of laborers. Mr. McDuffie undertook to prove, by his "forty bale theory," that the South paid all the expenses of government, and he and Mr. Calhoun finally succeeded in persuading the people of South Carolina that protection was unconstitutional, and that they had a right to nullify and set at defiance the law by virtue of which the revenue was then collected; and yet Mr. Calhoun had been, himself, one of the strongest advocates for protecting the cotton of South Carolina in our markets from all interference by the cotton of India.

Then, for the first time did the people of the Union commit the serious error of recognizing the right of the minority to dictate law to the majority. South Carolina, the State that, of all others, recognizes the existence of the smallest amount of rights among her own free white men — the State that of all others exhibits in its worst form the evils of an aristocracy — dictated to the Union that it should fall back from the ground it had occupied, and return to a strictly horizontal tariff of twenty per cent., abandoning at once and forever all idea of protecting the free cultivators of the North in their efforts to secure to themselves a home market for the products of their labor and their land. The compromise tariff of 1833 was passed, and thus the system that had been built up at the cost of so much effort, was almost at once prostrated. Slave labor had carried the day against free labor. The men who wished to buy laborers cheaply had achieved a victory over the men who wished to sell their own labor, and to sell it dearly.

It was a great mistake, and the consequences soon became apparent. Mills and furnaces were no longer built.* Importations were large, and within four years the banks throughout the Union stopped payment. The ensuing four years were years of loss and ruin. The power to purchase foreign goods declined, and the revenue fell off so greatly that in less than nine years from the date of the final discharge of a public debt upon which we had been paying an interest of *three per cent.*, the agents of the government were seen knocking at the doors of all the banking houses of London and Paris, Hamburg and Amsterdam, and asking for a loan at *six per cent.*, and asking it in vain. What were the losses of the people in those awful days we need scarcely state, for they are yet fresh in the recol-

* At the expense of the rural districts, good! — that is one praiseworthy act that South Carolina has rendered the country. J. R.

lection of most of our readers. Then, for the first time, was heard in the streets of our cities,

The cry of sober, industrious, orderly men : " Give me work ! only give me work ;
MAKE YOUR OWN TERMS — MYSELF AND FAMILY HAVE NOTHING TO EAT ! "

Thousands and tens of thousands of such cases then occurred, and by those who can now recall to mind the state of affairs that then existed, it will not be deemed extraordinary that we should state our belief that the cost to the people of the Free States of one such year as 1841-42, was more than the value of the trade with the Slave States, for which we are dependent on the Union, in half a century. This state of things had brought with it, however, a remedy in the change of public opinion that had been produced. Mr. Van Buren, the " Northern man with Southern principles " — the advocate of the policy which looks to the extension of Slavery — had been defeated, and the people called for a change of measures. Then, however, for the first time was the slave-labor policy advocated as a party measure, and in the division that then was had in Congress, the votes of both North and South were less unanimous than they previously had been, as is here shown :

	<i>For.</i>	<i>Against.</i>
Free Labor States, ...	83	49
Slave Labor States	33	62
	116	111

The tariff of 1842 went into operation, and its effect was almost electric. Credit was reestablished — mills and furnaces were built, and the people were once more enabled to purchase and pay for foreign merchandise. Public and private revenue increased, and within four years from the date of this triumph of the sellers of labor over those who desired to buy slave laborers, the prosperity of the country had attained a higher point than had ever before been known.

This, however, did not suit the advocates of the slave-labor policy. Then, as now, they desired that the free laborer should be cheap, and a crusade was gotten up against protection, among the most active promoters of which were the people of Virginia, *whose chief manufacture is that of negroes for exportation*, and who are protected in this department of trade by an absolute prohibition of all competition from abroad. This prohibition they have always regarded as constitutional, because it enables them to sell Negroes at a thousand dollars that might be imported from the coast of Africa for a hundred, and yet they deny to the free laborer of the North any right to protection to further extent than can be obtained by aid of duties imposed exclusively with a view to the raising of revenue. To carry their views into effect, it was deemed necessary to extend the area of Slavery by incorporating Texas within the Union — a measure that was carried out by aid of " Northern men with Southern principles," so well described by the *Charleston Mercury*, as " hucksters in politics," always ready to sell themselves and their constituents when the advocates of cheap labor are seen to need assistance. Texas in the Union furnished two senatorial

votes, and by aid of those votes, added to the Senate in defiance of the Constitution, the tariff of '42 was repealed, and that of '46 substituted in its place. The advocates of Slavery were thus triumphant, but the consequences to the free laborer of the North were speedily seen in a diminished demand for labor. Mills and furnaces were every where closed, and their owners were ruined; but the object of the South, the cheapening of free labor, was thereby accomplished.

In another paper we shall give some of the details of the working of this Southern system; but, in the mean time, will ask our readers to reflect upon the fact that, for more than fifteen out of the last twenty years, the men who buy laborers have had the control of the policy of the government, to the entire exclusion of the men who wish to sell their own labor. "Southern interests" have had, during that time, as the *Charleston Patriot* most truly observes, "the mastery in Congress," and "the government, although hostile in its incipency, to Slavery, and starting into political being with a strong bent towards Abolition, yet afterwards" — that is, since 1833 — "so changed its policy that its action has fostered the slave-holding interest, and swelled it," by aid of war or purchase, "from six to fifteen States, and from a feeble and sparse population to one of ten millions."

How has this been accomplished? By aid of taxes paid by the North for the purchase of land in the South, and for the maintenance of the fleets and armies required for the protection of Southern men and interests connected with the occupation of the lands so purchased. The people of the North have paid at least one dollar per head, per annum, more than would have been required had they stood alone, and thus they have done that Florida might be purchased and cleared, and that Texas might be converted from free Mexican territory into one or more Slave States; and they are now required to agree to the payment of a hundred and twenty millions for the conversion of the Mesilla Valley into slave territory, and for the prevention of the Africanization of Cuba. The more land they buy the greater will be the power of the South, and yet no Northern politician *dares* propose to increase the power of the free laborers of the North by the acceptance, *in free gift*, of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and the Canadas, with their two and a half millions of hard-working, instructed, and economical population. The South may *buy* land to be filled with slaves whose votes, through their masters, shall govern the North; but the latter may not *accept* land covered with men, because those men will then vote for themselves.

We see, then, that the Union is maintained at the cost of taxation to the North twice greater than would be required for the North alone. It is maintained at the cost of relinquishing all right to self-government in this important matter of protection to free laborers. What its value has been shown. We ask our readers to compare the forty cents per head gained by the Union with the many dollars per head that it costs, and determine for themselves the justice of the assertion of the South, that the continuance of the connection is of "such inestimable worth" to the North that, however disagreeable may be the purchase of Cuba or the repeal

of the Missouri Compromise, the bitter pills *must* yet be swallowed. And let them also determine what regard is to be paid to, and what terror is to be felt at, the menace of dissolution.

THE SOUTH AND NORTHERN INTERESTS.

The vast majority of the people north of Mason and Dixon's line has always believed with Franklin, Washington, and Jefferson, that protection tended to increase the value of labor and land, and to enrich both laborer and land owner. Whether right or wrong in this, the votes of their representatives have, on all occasions, proved that the belief existed; and it does, certainly, exist to so great an extent that were a vote to be now taken on the question whether protection should be maintained or abandoned, apart from all other issues, an overwhelming majority would be found favorable to its maintenance. Such being their belief, it would seem to be right and proper that they should be enabled to act in accordance with it; and yet, although almost thrice as numerous as the whites of the Slave States, they have rarely been allowed to exercise the slightest influence upon the action of government in reference to this most important subject. Why they have been so is, that in the Slave States every white person votes for *his property* as well as for himself; while in the Free ones men vote for themselves alone. In the House of Representatives, five millions of Southern whites counterbalance seven millions of Northern ones, and in the Senate, the taxes paid by the North for the purchase and protection of Louisiana, Florida, Arkansas, Texas, and Missouri, are represented by ten senatorial votes, and thus it is that Southern *property* and Northern contributions for its purchase are made to work for the enslavement of Northern men.

At the date of the passage of the tariff of 1828, Southern men like Madison and Jackson were still of the belief that protection was in a high degree advantageous to the country. The latter had then but recently given to the world, in the letter to Dr. Coleman, his opinion that the country had been "too long dependent on British merchants," and that all that was required for assuring its independence was, that we should adopt a policy tending to enable a few hundred thousand more persons to become consumers of agricultural products, thereby diminishing to the same extent the number dependent exclusively upon agriculture for subsistence. No one, however bigoted an advocate of British free trade, can, as we think, now read that letter without being strongly impressed with the correctness of the views of its distinguished author, Southern as he was.* Neither can any one compare the condition of the country in 1833 with that which had existed but half a dozen years before, without arriving at the conclusion that a continuance of what was then deemed the democratic policy would long before this time have placed the cotton, woollen, and iron

* Jackson was a good general and an able President, but his opinions on political economy were entitled to no respect. No one knows this fact better than the writer of this article. It is unworthy of a serious argument to introduce the clap-trap of a great name when it does not represent a great authority on the subject under discussion.

manufactures in a condition no longer to need protection. The democracy of that time had, however, never heard of the idea that the existence of a servile class, whose members were liable to be bought and sold, was essential to the maintenance of republican government.* It has been since discovered by those South Carolina philosophers, at whose command the tariff of 1828 was repealed. That change was followed by speculation and bankruptcy, and by ruin to an extent rarely exceeded in any country — the consequence of Southern policy. Once again, in 1842, did the Northern policy of protection to the free laborer prevail, but years were then required to repair the damage that had been produced, and during those years the free cultivators had to suffer from the loss resulting from large supplies of food and wool, small markets, and consequent low prices of all they had to sell. Furnaces and mills were built, but time was required to build them, and when built, years were necessary for giving to those who worked in them the instruction needed for the advantageous performance of their duties. The skilled laborers of 1833 had been dispersed by Southern policy, and thus had been sacrificed an amount of Northern capital ten times greater than could be replaced in a similar time by the profits of Southern trade. We beg our readers to look back and compare for themselves the high position occupied in 1833 with the degraded one in which the country stood in 1842, and then to determine if the losses of that period were not greater than would be compensated by even half a century of connection with a people who, being buyers of laborers, believe in the advantage resulting from the enslavement of the laborer.

In the five years that followed the passage of the act of 1842, the production of iron grew, as was stated by Mr. Walker, to more than 800,000 tons, or nearly four times the quantity produced in 1842. The consumption of cotton grew from 200,000 bales to half a million, and manufactures of all other kinds grew with vast rapidity. A demand was thus made for labor to be applied to the building of mills and furnaces, the opening of mines, the construction of machinery, and to the making of cloth, iron, and other commodities, far exceeding a hundred millions of dollars a year; and the necessary result of this was, that there was no longer heard, as in 1841-42, the cry of "Give me work! Only give me work! Make your own terms, my wife and family have nothing to eat." On the contrary, the demand for labor of every kind, skilled and unskilled, increased so much more rapidly than the supply that wages rose greatly, and with every step in this progress, there was an enlarged power on the part of each member of this army of laborers to purchase the fruits of the farm, to the great advantage of the farmer. Never was a resuscitation so rapid and so complete; and it was a direct consequence of the exercise by the free people of the Union, of the right of the majority to direct the policy of the country. Free labor had this time triumphed over Slave labor and its owners; but this did not suit the gentlemen who are now so anxious to insure the stability and permanence of Slavery by giving a hundred millions

* What has that idea to do with the argument?

J. R.

of dollars for the purchase of Cuba, or making war to acquire it at still heavier cost.

The then existing policy tended to strengthen the free laborers, and therefore was it seen that it must be broken down; but this object could not be accomplished without an enlargement of the Slave territory. Texas must be brought into the Union, as she would give two more Senators, representing a State in which men were held as property. That done, the Secretary of the Treasury found little difficulty in furnishing abundant arguments favorable to the Slave-labor policy. Addressing himself to the farmers, he assured them that their revenues were largely decreased by the enormous advance on manufactured goods consequent upon protection;* but when he spoke of the public revenue, he assured them that prices were falling, and there was danger that importations would fall off, and that a direct tax might be required for the maintenance of the government. It was the fable of the wolf and the lamb over again. The Free-labor policy was to be reversed, and if one reason would not answer, another could be made that would. The advocates of Slavery had obtained power by aid of two votes dragged into the Senate in defiance of the Constitution, and for the purpose of depriving the people of the North of all control over their own actions in reference to the important question whether laborers should be Slaves or Freemen.

Four years later the production of iron had fallen below half a million of tons, when it should have reached twelve hundred thousand, if not a million and a half, and the domestic consumption of cotton had fallen off a hundred and fifty thousand bales, when it should have increased two hundred and fifty thousand, and would have so increased but for the determination of the slave power to direct the whole movement of the government. Before this day, the production of iron would have reached two millions of tons, and the consumption of cotton a million of bales, while the woollen and other manufactures would have attained a corresponding development, and we should now be independent of all the world for hundreds, if not thousands, of the commodities for which we have been giving bonds to the amount of hundreds of millions of dollars, until our credit has been so far affected that they can now with difficulty be sold, and only at prices so low as to secure the payment of enormous interest.

What, however, it will be asked, should we be doing with all this enormous mass of iron, cloth, and other commodities? In answer, we say that we should be consuming it. Had the manufacture of iron been permitted to grow as it was growing in 1846, the farmers and planters of the country would now be supplied at fifty dollars a ton instead of having to pay seventy or eighty, and they would be making two miles of railroad where now they are making one, and buying two dollars' worth of agricultural machinery for every one they now can purchase. Increased facilities for going to market, and the presence of markets among the mines, furnaces, and factories that would now be found among all the States from Maine to

* There is no doubt about that; else why have protection at all? J. R.

Texas, would be rendering their labor twice more valuable, and enabling them to purchase twice the cloth they now can buy.* When men produce largely and exchange readily, they can consume largely. The only difficulty now in the way of doubling the consumption of manufactures, is the fact that more than half of the products of agricultural labor are eaten up in transportation to the place at which they are to be exchanged for iron and cloth. Were the mines of Missouri and Illinois, Ohio and Pennsylvania now in full operation, the farmers of those States would be producing far more than at this time they do produce, and obtaining twice as much iron and twice as much cloth for every bushel of grain they had to sell.

Of these mighty benefits, and of the increased power, freedom, and popular progress that would have resulted from them, the North has been deprived by the domination of Slave owners in our national councils. And now the Freemen of these States are called on to join in extending that domination, and giving it such power that it can never be removed. Will they lend themselves to the base and unholy schemes of those who would fain reduce all laborers to the weakness, ignorance, and stagnation of bondage?

PROTECTION AND SOUTHERN INTERESTS.

We are told, however, that protection is adverse to the interests of the men whose property consists of men, women, and children, and who raise cotton. In answer, we say that the real interests of the South are as much promoted by protection as are those of the North, and that nothing but its absurd jealousy, and its determination to grasp at power, prevent its people from seeing that such is the fact. It is protection that has caused the domestic consumption of cotton to attain its present large amount, the consequence of which is, that the quantity required to be forced on the market of England has been so far lessened, and the price so far sustained. Were we now consuming a million of bales, as we should be doing had the tariff of 1842 been maintained, the quantity going to that market would be less by three or four hundred thousand bales than it is, and we should not now be called to record a daily decline of price, notwithstanding a diminution in the amount of crop. Protection has largely increased the market for cotton in France, Belgium, Germany, Russia, and Spain, while in the unprotected countries there has been no increase. The direct tendency of the Free-labor policy is to increase the market for cotton by increasing the number of its purchasers, and to reduce the price of cotton goods by increasing the number of persons who have cloth to sell. Every farmer knows well that the greater the competition among the millers the higher is the price of wheat, and the less the charge for converting it into flour. The object of protection is to increase the number of persons who require to *purchase* food and wool, and to *sell* iron and cloth.†

* Bold assertions, but as false as bold; the contrary would have been the result.

† Then it is altogether superfluous, for the Lord attended to that matter long ago. Marriage fulfils that object better than "protection."
J. R.

Twenty years since, Germany exported almost all her wool, and imported nearly all the cloth and the iron she consumed. Now she converts her food and her wool into cloth, and the laborers who eat food and wear cloth convert her fuel and her ores into iron; the consequence of which is, that her own people are so cheaply supplied that they compete with England for the supply of foreign markets. That country has, fortunately for it, no slave power — no men who buy and sell laborers — and all feel that it is for their interest to enhance the value of the laborer.* Throughout Germany, there is a constant tendency towards an extension of the area of Freedom; whereas here, as the *Charleston News* informs us, the great question is, whether the area of Slavery shall or shall not be extended. In protected Austria, serfdom has lately been abolished; whereas our whole energies are at this moment directed towards preventing the enfranchisement of the Slaves of Cuba. Protected Russia has just diminished by one third the labor required to be given to the owner of land; whereas we are anxious to enlarge the area of Slavery by reintroducing it in the island of Hayti, as the means required for establishing, in its most perfect form, a republican government. Freedom grows in those countries in which the farmers are protected in their efforts to draw the mechanic to their sides, *and it grows nowhere else*;† and therefore it is that British free-trade is advocated by the men who purchase bone, muscle, and sinew, in the form of laborers, and hold in such disesteem the free-men of the North, who sell their own labor.

It is said, however, that the South is taxed for the maintenance of these "hireling laborers" of the North. We, on the contrary, maintain that it is to the skill and industry of the North that the South is indebted for the maintenance of the price of cotton, and that, were they left to themselves, they would not obtain one half the price at which it now is sold. Further, we maintain that it is greatly to Northern ingenuity they are indebted for the reduction in the price of cloth; and that, were they left to themselves, they would pay more for clothing their *property*, while obtaining less for their products. It is the North that stands between them and ruin. In protecting themselves for the purpose of obtaining a great domestic market, the farmers of the Middle and Northern States make no war against natural obstacles. Their water-powers are as good as those of Europe, and the coal and iron ore, by which they are every where surrounded, are as accessible as are those of England; and the only difficulty they have to overcome is that of the time required for the perfect establishment of a manufacture, by the proper education of those required to be engaged in it. Skill in the production of iron or of cloth is not obtained in a day, but, when obtained, it is never lost, except where mills and furnaces are every where closed, as was the case, to so great an extent, under Southern policy, in 1836-40, and 1848-52. In both these cases, the work-people who had acquired skill were scattered to the four winds of heaven, and in both the work of instruction has required to be recommenced; and so will it ever

* Fudge: but it has a *mill* power — just as we have.

† What about England, then, which is freer than *any* of those countries? J. R.

be while the South shall continue to exercise its present control over all the operations of the government.

The farmers of the North know well that the nearer the market the greater is the value of their labor and their land ; but whenever they undertake to govern themselves, and endeavor to bring the market to their doors, they are met with a demand to pay for more Slave territory, to be used in depriving them of all power to act in accordance with their own views of their true interests. They are asked now to yield up Nebraska on one side, and purchase Cuba on the other, and for what purpose? To rivet their chains by making eight, ten, or twelve more Slave votes in the Senate, that shall refuse them protection against a difficulty that tends steadily to diminish, while the advocates of Slavery take for themselves protection against a natural obstacle that time can never either diminish or destroy. Cuba and Brazil have advantages for the growth of sugar that are entirely wanting in Louisiana and Texas, the States purchased by the government for the extension of the area of Slavery. In the one, the cane is required to be planted but once in fifteen or twenty years, and the planter makes his crop at any time that suits him ; whereas in the others it has to be planted annually, and must be cut before the frost ; and yet the planter is well content with the protection against nature that he now enjoys, while denying the propriety of any protection to the Northern laborer, who wars not against nature, but only against those difficulties that time must unquestionably remove. The people of the North pay fourteen millions annually for the same quantity of sugar that they could have from Cuba and Brazil for ten ; and this is really a tax upon them, for they enjoy no advantages resulting from it, whereas the people of the South profit by Northern protection, in obtaining more for their cotton and paying less than they would otherwise do for their cloth and their iron.* In a Northern Union there would be no duty on sugar, and the gain to the people of the North from the abolition of this interference with the trade with Cuba, Brazil, Hayti, Liberia, and other sugar-producing countries, and the consequent extension of trade with them, would, as we believe, be fully equal to all the profits now resulting to the trade for which the North is indebted to the Union.

That, however, is but a small portion of the tax paid by the Free people of the North for the maintenance and extension of Slavery, and it is but a small part of the cost from which they would be relieved by that secession which, according to the *Charleston Mercury*, would constitute "the real triumph of the South." Once restored to the exercise of the right to govern themselves, their vast treasures of fuel, and of copper, lead, zinc, iron, and other ores would be developed, and the men employed in the work would then furnish a permanent market for food *three greater than that furnished by all the manufacturing countries in Europe*. Mark Lane would then cease to fix the prices of our farmers, while Wales and Staf-

* That shows the nature of protection — it protects *not labor but capital* ; not the millions of consumers but the hundreds of producers. In other words it builds up an aristocracy.

fordshire would cease to fix the price of iron, and we should cease to issue bonds for twenty-five millions a year to pay for iron to be laid over the great coal and ore regions of the West. The products of the farm would then increase in both quantity and price, while cloth and iron would be far cheaper than they are now. Labor would then be more productive of all the commodities required by the laborer, who would then enjoy advantages to which he now can make no claim, because the whole policy of the country is, and long has been, controlled by men who wish to purchase labor, and desire that bone, muscle, and sinew may be cheaply sold.

Let our readers now estimate for themselves the annual loss to which our farmers are subjected by reason of the distance of the markets to which they are forced to carry their products, because of the difficulty, under Southern policy, of bringing into activity the coal, the various ores, and the vast water powers of the Union, and see if it will be covered by ten, or even twenty dollars a head. To this let them add the annual loss from taxation for extending the area of Slavery by the purchase of territory, for the projected purchase of the Mesilla Valley and Cuba, for the maintenance of fleets and armies required by these new possessions, and the further loss from the fact that the construction of harbors and the improvement of rivers are, by the advocates of Slavery, deemed to be unconstitutional—and let them then determine if the estimate that has been submitted to them of the cost of the Union is not below the truth.

NORTH AND SOUTH.

We beg our readers, now, to compare with us the relative position of Northern and Southern States and cities. Sixty years since, Virginia stood at the head of the Union, with ten representatives in Congress, while New York had only six. Where stand they now? New York has thirty-three and Virginia thirteen. Sixty years since, South Carolina had five representatives, while Ohio had scarcely a white inhabitant. Now, the former has still her old number of five, while the latter has twenty-one. In that time, Massachusetts has grown from eight to eleven; Pennsylvania from eight to twenty-five, and even little New Jersey, which then had only four, now balances the State which furnishes the great aristocracy of the land in its Pinckneys, Rutledges, Cheveses, and Gadsdens. At that time, New York, Norfolk, and Charleston, might fairly have disputed the chances of commercial greatness that hung upon the future; but where stand they now? At the last census, Charleston had 42,806 inhabitants, having increased in ten years precisely 1,669. Norfolk had 14,320, or 3,400 more than she had in 1840, while New York and Brooklyn had risen to more than 600,000.

We are told, however, that this is all due to the action of the Federal Government; that "the immense commercial resources of the South are amongst the most startling and certain resources in all emergencies;" that "if there was no tariff of any kind, and absolute free trade, the Southern seaports would in a quarter of a century surpass the Northern

ones not only in imports and exports, but also in population and the arts," — and that the way to bring about this reign of free-trade and prosperity is to tax all merchandise imported from Northern ports, or in Northern ships, while admitting free all those imported from Europe, or in Southern vessels. Incredible as it may seem to our readers, such is the mode we find advocated in the *Richmond Enquirer* as the one required for the establishment of perfect free-trade.

If, however, the prosperity of New York, Massachusetts, or Pennsylvania, which are manufacturing States, has really been due to the tariff, and if protection is injurious to agricultural communities, how, we would ask, can we account for the growth of Indiana and Illinois, which are not manufacturing States? Agreeably to the Slavery theory,* they should suffer equally with South Carolina and Virginia, and yet we find them growing to almost a million each of population; while Arkansas, almost as old, has less than 200,000. Their railroads count by thousands of miles, while Arkansas has yet, we believe, the first mile of road yet to make. Southern men can scarcely charge the new State of Wisconsin with protection, and yet she bids fair to have a thousand miles of railroad before Texas shall have completed the first hundred miles of her first road. Telegraphs abound through the West and North-western States, and Ohio presents a perfect network of them; while Virginia, the Carolinas, and Georgia present to view little more than a single line, and that maintained almost exclusively by the transmission of intelligence across them from Northern cities to New Orleans. Look where we may, we find the same result; throughout the North there is the activity of Freedom and life, while throughout the South there is the palsy of Slavery and death.

The prosperity of the North-west is, however, as we are told, also due to the partiality of the Federal Government, the almost exclusive management of which has been so generally in Southern hands. What Massachusetts and this State gain from the tariff is made up to the newer States by donations out of the common treasury of lands. On this head we quote from the *Richmond Whig*:

"Illinois is indebted for these two thousand miles of railroad to the bounty of the Federal Government, a bounty indulged at the expense of the Southern States, whose feebleness and decay are sneered at. Every foot of these roads has been made by appropriations of public lands. Not a cent has come out of the pockets of the people. And railroads are not the only favors bestowed upon the hiring States. Immense contributions have been made to them all, for schools and colleges. We dare say, if the same liberal measure had been dealt out to the Slaveholding States; if their territory had been permeated by canals and railroads, and schools established in every neighborhood, at the expense of the Northern States, we, too, might boast of our prosperity. It would not be going too far to say, that Illinois herself, if, in addition to the millions she has received from the Federal Treasury, had had the benefit of Slave labor, might have been still more prosperous."

In reply to this, a contemporary furnishes the following abstract of a report from the Department of the Interior, made a few weeks since, showing the donations of land to six Western Free States, and six Slave States, to which we beg the attention of our readers:

* Which, be it noted, is *not* the free-trade theory.

	O., Ia., Ill., Mich., Iowa, Wisconsin.	Mo., Ala., Mi., La., Ark., Florida.
	Acres.	Acres.
School Lands	5,273,749	5,520,504
Universities	253,360	207,366
Seats of Government	28,560	22,300
Salines	261,045	161,230
Internal Improvement	1,569,449	2,600,000
Roads	251,355	
Canals and Rivers	4,996,873	400,000
Railroads	2,595,053	5,788,098
Swamp Lands	11,265,333	24,533,020
Individuals and Companies	60,981	17,839
Military Services	20,167,763	5,716,974
	46,723,391	45,167,325

The appropriations here appear to be equal, but when we come to deduct the lands selected by individuals who had their choice to go into Southern or Northern States, we find the Southern grants for public purposes to be forty millions against twenty-five millions of Northern ones. Men do not to any extent go voluntarily into the Slave States, but vast numbers leave those States to settle in the Free ones, as is shown in the fact that the late census exhibits more than 600,000 people from the former settled in the latter, while the latter exhibit but 208,000 persons from the former; and if we deduct from them the number settled in the three States nearest the Free ones, Delaware, Maryland, and Missouri, which *must* belong to a Northern Union whenever formed, we shall find but 123,000 remaining, or about one to five.

Freedom is attractive and Slavery is repulsive. Men of activity and intelligence seek the Free States, leaving the old Slave States to the occupation of men whose dreams are of the long-passed days, when Virginia was "the Ancient Dominion," and consoling themselves for present insignificance by paragraphs of which the following, taken from the *Richmond Examiner*, is a specimen: "

"Virginia, in this confederacy, is the impersonation of the well-born, well-educated, well-bred aristocrat. She looks down from her elevated pedestal upon her parricide, ignorant, mendacious Yankee vilifiers as coldly and calmly as a marble statue. Occasionally, in Congress, or in the nominating conventions of the Democratic party, she condescends, when her interests demand it, to recognize the existence of her adversaries at the very moment when she crushes them, but she does it without anger, and with no more hatred of them than a gardener feels towards the insects which he finds it necessary occasionally to destroy."

The aristocracy does not work. The democracy does; and hence it is that the six Free and six Slave States, having received from the Treasury, for all purposes, an equal quantity of land, presented to view, at the date of the last census, the following comparison between the railroads completed and in progress:

"The hireling States"
of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois,
Iowa, Michigan,
Wisconsin,
Completed. In progress.
2,913 4,955

The aristocratic States
of Missouri, Alabama,
Mississippi, Louisiana,
Arkansas, Florida.
Completed. In progress.
417 2,318

A similar comparison, now made out, would present results still more striking, but even this should be sufficient to satisfy our readers; first, of the insignificance of the trade offered by the South to the North as the price of Union, and second, that the enormous difference existing is not due to any action of the Federal Government, in the management of which the North has so uniformly been denied the slightest control.

We are told, however, that the North *must* cling to the South if it would not return to "the original poverty and weakness" that must follow a dissolution of the Union. Let us look at this proposition. At the North, every body works. At the South, the *property* only works. Freemen there think work disgraceful, and do little of it. At the North, there is a desire to increase the value of labor and to free the laborer. At the South, there is a universal desire to extend the area of Slavery, and to keep the laborer in a state of Slavery, even when he has "blue eyes and brown hair, and might readily pass for white." At the North, protection tends to diversify the employment of labor, to increase the demand for it, and to increase its reward, while public opinion tends towards the gratuitous distribution of public land among the actual settlers of it, and the establishment of a squatter sovereignty. At the South, the *Richmond Enquirer*, the organ of the Virginia aristocracy above described, tells its readers that it has "little hope of the defeat of the [Homestead] bill. The conservatism of the Senate," as it continues,

"Will hardly reject so plausible an appeal to popular passion. King Caucus is no longer monarch; the more soft, subtle, and persuasive Prince of Demagoguism now reigns supreme in the province of politics. It is barely possible that the measure may be arrested by executive veto."

Northern policy is attractive of immigration, because it looks thus to the elevation of the laborer. Immigration is always largest when mills and furnaces are being built, and when there is the greatest demand for labor, and it always declines as mills are closed and furnaces are permitted to go out of blast.* Under the tariff of 1828, immigration trebled, and by 1834 it had reached 65,000; after which it remained nearly stationary until the tariff of 1842 came fully into operation, when it commenced to increase with such rapidity, that in 1847, it had already almost reached a quarter of a million, the point it would have touched ten years sooner, had the people of the North been permitted to direct the operations of the government, in accordance with the views of Franklin, Washington, Jefferson, Madison, and Jackson; and long before the present time it would have reached a million.

To this, however, "the impersonation of the well-born, well-educated, and well bred aristocrat" is opposed. It dislikes "squatter sovereignty," and holds in great contempt the people of "the hireling States," who sell their own labor, while looking with great complacency upon the operations of its own people engaged in feeding corn to men, women, and children, to be sold in Louisiana and Texas, there to swell "the immense commercial

* The causes of the increase of emigration are very numerous, not one only; and the chief incitement to it is cheap land, not furnaces in blast. J. R.

resources of the South," which constitute, as we are assured in the *Enquirer*, "the basis of the commerce of the Universe." It would, therefore, if it could, put a stop to the voluntary immigration of free men, while it would gladly reopen the African slave-trade, now regarded at the South as the real measure of civilization.

North of Mason and Dixon's line, of the Ohio, and of $36^{\circ} 30'$, we have land sufficient for hundreds of millions of inhabitants. We need population, and the surest way to bring it is to afford to the people of Europe reason for believing that by coming here they will be enabled to earn higher wages than they can obtain at home, and enjoy, in greater perfection, the advantages of freedom. Every person that comes here is worth to the community all he cost to raise, and the average cost of the men, women, and children we import, is certainly not less than a thousand dollars. Were these people black, and did they come from Africa to Southern ports, they would be property, and the community would be regarded as being richer by at least five hundred dollars a head, because of their importation. If so there, why not so here? To the community it matters not who is the owner of property, provided it exists and is owned among themselves. The negro is the property of another, but the free immigrant is his own property, and hence more valuable than the negro, and every such person constitutes an addition to the wealth of the community of at least a thousand dollars. Northern policy, even as it is now carried out, attracts nearly 400,000 such persons annually, few or none of whom would come under an entire Southern policy, and to this vast immigration is to a great extent due the fact that in a single Western State, Illinois, the increase in the value of property in the year 1853, over that of 1852, was fifty-eight millions of dollars, or more than five times as much as the annual value of that portion of our trade with the South, that is dependent on its refraining from executing its threat of dissolution.

Had the Northern policy been fully carried out, we should now be importing people at double our present rate, and every man so imported would be adding to the value of Southern products, by consuming thrice, and perhaps five times, as much cotton and sugar as he consumed at home. At the same time they would be adding to the value of Northern land and labor to the extent of at least the sum we have named, or an amount of four hundred millions of dollars, being more than twenty dollars per head of the present population of the States we have assigned to a Northern Union. Adding this quantity to those already obtained, we feel disposed to place the loss of the North, from the continuance of the Union, at about forty dollars per head; while the gain therefrom does not exceed forty cents—the difference, or \$39.60 per head, being, as we think, the *net* annual loss to the Northern States.

THE CASE AS IT STANDS.

We have now in those States more than seventeen millions of people, and if we add thereto the population of the British provinces, the sum will be nearly twenty millions. Annexation of those provinces can never take

place while we shall continue so busily occupied in extending the area of Slavery, to which the people of Canada are so much opposed. They tell us, frankly, that they will make no connection with us,

"That will empower the slave driver to make Canada a hunting ground. Human flesh and blood shall never be bartered in Canada like the beasts of the field. The baying of the bloodhounds shall never echo through our woods. If Mitchell wants 'a plantation of fat negroes to flog,' he will have to seek it in some other place than Canada. If Canada ever becomes a State of the Union, it will not be until its soil is soaked with blood." — *Toronto Colonist*.

With a Northern Union, this difficulty could have no existence, and the advantages of Union are to the Provinces so great that, were it removed, annexation would follow as a necessary consequence.

What, then, would be the real loss resulting from a secession by the South, with a view to carry out the now favorite project of a great Slave Republic, embracing some of the Slave States, Cuba, Brazil, and probably Hayti, whose people would be reenslaved? * We should lose the companionship of five millions of white men who give seven millions of votes, and thereby deprive the whole free people of the North of all control over their own actions, while taxing them hundreds of millions for the purchase and protection of territory sufficient to enable themselves to hold the reins of government. We should, on the other hand, gain a connection with two and a half millions of free people who sell their own labor, and therefore desire that "the hireling" should be largely paid. We should lose a connection with five millions who differ from us in all our modes of thought in regard to the rights of man, and gain a connection with half that number who agree with us in reference to that important subject. We should lose a connection with men who look only to exhausting their land and then abandoning it, and gain one in which every man is cultivating his own homestead, and, therefore, desirous of improving it for the benefit of himself, his wife, and his children, and ready to unite with us in every measure tending to that result. We should lose a connection with a dead body, and gain one with a living man.

Further than this, a Northern Union, pursuing a policy tending to elevate the laborer, by diversifying and increasing the demand for labor, would attract twice the number of immigrants we now receive, and would thus add so enormously to our numbers and our wealth, that we hesitate not to express our full belief that such a Union would, in twenty years from this date, be richer and more populous than will be our present Union if it continued for that time. Stronger it would certainly be, for Slavery is an element of weakness. More respectable it would certainly be, for we cannot command the respect of the world while appearing every where as the advocates of Slavery, and the executors of the Fugitive Slave Law. † More moral

* Reenslave the Haytiens! All the forces of the South, and all the legions of hell combined, could not reenslave the Haytiens. It would be equally easy to enslave the Yankees.

† Such a Union would hasten the advent of Republicanism in Europe one half a century at least. Reformers of the Old World could then point to a truly free Republic. Now they dare not speak in praise of a country which carries the slaveholder's lash in its right hand, and the Declaration of Independence in its left.

would it be, for we do not covet our neighbor's lands, nor would we make of himself a chattel. Examine the matter, therefore, as we may, the balance of profit and loss seems to us to be in favor of permitting our Southern friends to exercise their own judgments as to the time, manner, and extent of secession. The case, as it now stands, is thus stated by the *Charleston Evening News* :

"It is vain to disguise it, the great issue of our day in this country is, Slavery or no Slavery. The present phase of that issue is, the extension or non extension of the institution, the foundations of which are broad and solid in our midst. Whatever the general measure—whatever the political combinations—whatever the party movement—whatever the action of sections at Washington, the one single, dominant, and pervading idea, solving all leading questions, insinuating itself into every polity, drawing the horoscopes of all aspirants, serving as a lever or fulcrum for every interest, class, and individuality—a sort of directing fatality, is that master issue. As, in despite of right and reason—of organism and men—of interests and efforts, it has become *per se* political destiny—why not meet it? It controls the North, it controls the South—it precludes escape. It is at last and simply a question between the South and the remainder of the Union, *as sections and as people*. All efforts to give it other divisions, to solve it by considerations other than those which pertain to them in their *local* character and fates, to divert it, to confound it with objects and designs of a general nature, is rendered futile. It has to be determined by these real parties, by their action in their character as sections—inchoate countries."

Such are the parties to this great question of the enlargement or contraction of the Freedom of man—"sections—inchoate countries." How soon they will become really different countries—enemies in war, and in peace friends—depends upon the South, which has for thirty years threatened secession, and has thus far been conciliated only by the exercise of almost unlimited power to buy land and create poor Slave States, with small population, as offsets to large, populous, and wealthy Free States at the North. The cup of conciliation has, however, been drained, and, if the Missouri Compromise be now repealed, even the dregs will scarcely, we think, be found at its bottom. That the monstrous Nebraska Bill can become a law, we do not believe, nor can we believe that Southern gentlemen will generally be found advocating such an extraordinary violation of faith; but should we err in this, and should the failure of this new attempt at the enlargement of slave territory and extension of slave power be followed by a determination on the part of the South to insist on their right of secession, why the only answer to be made will be in the words of Senator Fessenden, "They need not put it off a day on our account."

VIRGINIA.

For thirty years, the South has threatened to dissolve the Union, unless permitted to control its commercial policy, to tax the Northern people for the purchase of land and the maintenance of fleets and armies required for its own use, and to manufacture States like Florida and Arkansas, to be used as a set-off against the rapidly-growing States of the North-west; and now we are threatened with dissolution unless we yield up Kansas and Nebraska, on one hand, and pay a hundred millions for Cuba on the other. What is the profit and what the loss likely to result to the North from the practical enforcement by the South of its right to secession, we have here-

tofore endeavored fairly to place before our readers, and if the balance has been largely against the Union, the fault lies in the facts themselves, and certainly not in us. There is, however, as we are told by the *Richmond Enquirer*, "another and most important relation in which we must contemplate the dreadful contingency of disunion;" and that is, as to the manner in which it would affect the social condition of the North and the South. The statesmen of the former, as the *Enquirer* informs its readers, "have never displayed any high order of administrative talent;" and it greatly fears that, deprived of the aid of the latter, the North must fall into anarchy, and fail entirely in every effort at self-government that may be made. "Conservatism is," as we are assured, "the controlling element in the social system of the South," and to such an extent that

"There is not now and there has never been a community in which the principles of self government were so abundantly developed as in the Southern States of this confederacy. The necessary effect of the institution of Slavery is to impart a dignity, a sobriety, and a self possession to the character of the dominant race. Taught from childhood to govern himself and to rule others, the slaveholder begins life with all the qualities essential to the character of a safe and efficient member of society."

Unfortunately, however, Mr. Jefferson, himself not only a Virginian, but also a slaveholder, tells us just the reverse of all this, in the following passage from his *Notes on Virginia*:

"The whole commerce between master and slave is a perpetual exercise of the most boisterous passions, the most unremitting despotism on the one part, and degrading submission on the other. Our children see this, and learn to imitate it—for man is an imitative animal; this quality is the germ of all education in him; from his cradle to his grave, he is learning to do what he sees others do. If a parent could find no motive, either in his philanthropy or his self love, for restraining the intemperance of passion towards his slave, it should always be a sufficient one that his child is present. But generally it is not sufficient. The parent storms, the child looks on, catches the lineaments of wrath, puts on the same airs in the circle of smaller slaves, gives loose to his worst passions, and thus nursed, educated, and daily exercised in tyranny, cannot but be stamped with its odious peculiarities. The man must be a prodigy who can retain his manners and morals undepraved under such circumstances."

Which of these authorities is entitled to be believed our readers will determine for themselves. On the one side they have a Virginian of 1776, a lover of the Union, and one who held that God had created all men free and equal; and on the other a Virginian of 1854, an active member of the Pro-Slavery Party, that has for the last thirty years governed the Union by means of threats that, if interfered with, they would certainly secede, and thus bring about what the *Enquirer* is now pleased to style "the dreadful contingency of disunion." On the one side they have the representative of that Virginia which gave to the Union its Washington, its Henry, its Jefferson, and its Madison, and on the other the representative of the State which has placed in its Governor's chair Virginians like Extra Billy Smith—which gives John Tyler to the Union, and aids in placing Franklin Pierce in the Chief Magistracy to the exclusion of such a Virginian as the gallant Scott. Between the two, there is no great doubt which is to be respected.

Released from the control of their "conservative" friends—or masters—of the South, who tax them for the extension of the area of Slavery, and

then vote for *themselves and their property* — and left to tax themselves at their own pleasure for the improvement of rivers and harbors, and the increase in the value of their land, “what security is there,” asks the anxious *Enquirer*,

“That the non-slaveholding States would continue to cohere in one political and social system? The all pervading and controlling element of Slavery would give unity and consistency to the social and political system of the South. But the Northern States would be bound together by no such principle of union, and in the absence of the necessary centralizing tendency, diverse and antagonist interests would scatter them asunder, and, perchance, drive them into hostile conflict. At any rate, the Southern States, moving under the impulse of one will, and pursuing a single policy, would find it no difficult task to play off the Northern States one against the other, and thus acquire complete control over their destinies. It is obvious to the reflecting mind, that if the Northern States were cut loose from the South, they would be broken up into as many petty communities, or would else be overwhelmed in social anarchy. The latter alternative would, perhaps, be their more probable fate.”

In reply to this, we can assure our readers, North and South, that in the event of dissolution, the North would most certainly continue to have the aid of “conservative” Virginia, and of “the dignity, propriety, and self-possession” which are there, as the *Enquirer* assures us, so “characteristic of the dominant race.” That State is bound to go with the North and not with the South, and, therefore, our anxious friends may be quite relieved of apprehension in regard to the “social anarchy,” that would result from dissolution. *Of all the States of the Union Virginia is the one that is most dependent upon the protection afforded by the North through the intervention of the Federal Government* — and yet it is the most determined against permitting interference with what it calls freedom of trade. It has but one branch of manufacture fairly established within its limits, and that is of negroes for exportation, in which it is protected by an absolute prohibition of foreign competition, by aid of which it sells a negro for a thousand dollars, while similar ones could be imported from the coast of Africa at less than one-fifth that price. To what extent that export is carried on will be shown by the following figures: In 1830, the number of negroes in the State was 469,000, and these, according to the usual rate of increase, should, by 1840, have become 600,000, whereas they were only 449,000, and the export in that period must therefore have been about 150,000. From 1840 to 1850, the increase was 21,000, whereas it should have been about 120,000, and this would give an export of about 100,000. Taking the average of the twenty years, we obtain an annual export of about 12,000, and as they are generally fed at home until full grown, we may, we think, safely put them at not less than \$800 each, giving a total product of nearly ten millions of dollars for *commodities* that would not, under absolute free trade, sell for more than two millions, if even for that amount.

This is to “the Ancient Dominion” an important branch of trade, and its existence and prosperity are due to the Union with the North.* It is with the excess of eight millions that she pays for the iron that should be manufactured at home, and for the cloth that should be bought with the

* Were you ever asked, reader, What has the North to do with Slavery? Read our responsibility and condemnation in that sentence. J. R.

iron. With the dissolution of the Union this excess, however, would cease to exist, for among the first measures of a Southern Confederacy would be the reopening of the African slave-trade for the benefit of the planters of Alabama and Mississippi, long since tired of paying Virginia a thousand dollars for a negro that under "absolute free trade" could be bought in Africa for thirty or forty dollars, and transported across the ocean for as many more. What then would be the condition of Virginia, as a member of a Southern Confederacy? Her land is already to so great an extent exhausted by constant cropping, and constant export of all its products, that her own people are flying from it, and it is only by aid of Northern men and Northern labor, that it is here and there acquiring value. Once separated from the North, Northern men would cease to seek her soil, and the aversion of foreigners to the Slave States is, as we know, greater than is that even of our own people. We have at this moment before us the destinations of the passengers of the ship *Universe*, which arrived at this port a short time since, and they afford on this point such conclusive evidence, that we are induced to lay them before our readers, as follows:

TO "THE HIRELING STATES."		TO "THE ARISTOCRATIC STATES."	
Maine	1	Maryland	8
Massachusetts	39	District of Columbia	1
Vermont	5	Kentucky	1
Rhode Island	17	Missouri	2
Connecticut	25	Virginia	2
New Jersey	41	South Carolina	1
Pennsylvania	76	Georgia	1
Ohio	61	Louisiana	1
Indiana	2		
Illinois	56	Total, ...	17
Iowa	10		
California	1		
Total, ...	334		

Virginia obtains two and Pennsylvania no less than 76! Why is this? Because the former obtains its iron by the indirect process of manufacturing its corn into negroes, and the other by the direct process of feeding its corn to men who mine ore and coal and convert them into iron. Missouri, with all her natural advantages, obtains two, and her neighbor, Illinois, fifty-six, because Missouri still permits men, women, and children to be bought and sold, and Illinois does not.

As a member of a Southern Union, Virginia could no longer claim the aid of any sort of Fugitive Slave Law, and her negroes would, of course, have the strongest inducements to fly to the North. Her whites would, therefore, seek to fly with their *property* to the South, where they would be met by cargoes of newly imported Africans, and the consequence would be a depreciation of price to an extent far exceeding any thing ever known in the history of commerce. As a member of a Southern Confederacy, Virginia would be abandoned, her people would be ruined, and her towns and cities would pass out of existence. Within a Northern Union, on the contrary, she might flourish, for she would be then employing her labor in developing her great mineral wealth, and thus adding to the value of both

labor and land. Then would be realized the earnest wish of Washington, expressed in his letter to La Fayette, in the following words, referring to the emancipation of the slaves of the latter in Cayenne :

"Would to God a like spirit might diffuse itself generally into the minds of the people of this country. But I despair of seeing it. . . . To set the slaves afloat at once would, I really believe, be productive of much mischief and inconvenience ; but by degrees it might, and assuredly ought to be effected ; and that, too, by legislative authority."

The people of the North would then gladly coöperate with Virginia in her efforts at gradually freeing herself from the evils of Slavery, and men of intelligence and energy would then seek the State instead of flying from it, as is now the case. Her exhausted lands would then again be brought into cultivation, and then would Norfolk become a commercial city, which now it is not, nor can it ever be while the extension of the area of Slavery shall continue to be regarded as the true policy of the State. Her people would then be educated, and *The Richmond Whig* would cease to report such melancholy facts as are given in the following passage taken from its columns :

"The census of 1840 reported 58,732 as the number of whites over 20 years of age who were unable to read, with a white population of 779,300. The late census of 1850 shows the number to be 80,000 out of a population of 897,534. So that, with an increase of only 118,234 whites, we have 21,268 who are unable to read more than the last census indicated."

Well may the writer speak of this as presenting facts "humiliating to our pride," and well may he dwell on the "deep mortification" which, as a Virginian, he feels, in reflecting that if, in addition to those who cannot read at all, there be added those "who, although they read a little, yet do it so imperfectly as to be but little if at all benefited by it, the number will be augmented to more than 100,000," or *one fourth of the whole white population over twenty years of age*. As Americans we are grieved to reflect that such a state of things should exist in any State of the Union, and can readily imagine how great must be the grief of a Virginian who studies the fact that great as is now the proportion of the absolutely ignorant, it is likely at the next census to be yet far greater. But in the event of the menaced dissolution, with Virginia a Northern State, all would be different. Her coal and her iron ore would then be wrought, her water powers would be put to work, her land would become productive, her roads would improve until she might almost stand side by side with the young Indiana, with her 1,300 miles of railroad in operation, her 1,592 miles in course of construction, and her 732 miles projected and in part surveyed — and then her schools would increase in number and improve in quality, and her people would not only read but write.

The difference to Virginia between adhesion to the North or the South, is the difference between absolute ruin on one hand and high prosperity on the other. Such being the case, we cannot but hope that our friends of *The Enquirer* will feel themselves relieved from all apprehension of the occurrence of anarchy in the North as a consequence of the want of that portion of the conservative element which is now furnished by the State

they represent. Their fears are groundless. The State that gave to the nation Washington, Jefferson, and Madison, is not to be separated from those which furnished Otis, Adams, Greene, Hamilton, and Franklin. They are destined to stand or fall together; a truth of which we hope our Southern friends will now be convinced. What States, then, will constitute a Southern Union, if Virginia remain with the North? Kentucky will not be in it, for she is a noble and gallant State, whose feelings have always accorded far more with the North than with the South. Several of the reasons that, as we have shown, would influence Virginia, would be equally operative with her; and we are, therefore, entirely confident that whenever the "dreadful contingency of disunion" shall occur, the land of Henry Clay will be found standing side by side with those States with which, under his lead, it so long acted. Which, then, will be the frontier Slave State? North Carolina? Tennessee? Neither the one nor the other. Both will keep company with Virginia and Kentucky, and a Southern Union can embrace no State north of South Carolina and Alabama. Such a Union would be utterly powerless, and well do many of the loudest advocates of secession know that such is the fact. We need not, therefore, apprehend that the South will speedily rush into the alternative that she is so fond of threatening at every intimation that she is not to have her own way in the government. The South plainly cannot *afford* to dissolve the Union. That the North can we have already demonstrated, and if we have succeeded in establishing in the public mind the conviction of these two facts, we have done an important thing towards disarming the slaveholders of their favorite weapon of legislation, whenever they have some repulsive or outrageous measure to force upon the Free States. When the North shall scorn the threats of disunion from the South, and calmly allow the secessionists to go the whole length of their tether, these chronic threats of dissolution will quickly subside, and soon come to be looked upon as they should be, with utter contempt, both in and out of Congress. When that time shall arrive, the North will not hesitate to consider, and to act in reference to the fact that the benefits of the Union, as it now exists, enure to the South, and that its chief object, as now managed, is the extension of Slavery, for the attainment of which the people of the North are perpetually taxed for the purchase of slave territory, or free territory that is to be filled with slaves, while denied all protection to themselves, whether for the building of mills and furnaces or for the improvement of their rivers and harbors. With all this clearly felt and understood, and with no unmeaning menace of disunion permitted to palsy the nerves of the Northern people, we may look for them to make for themselves another and a very different government from that which of late years has been made for them by the Southern men, who have "obtained the mastery in Congress," and have "so changed its policy," that it has "fostered the interests" of those who desired to buy bone, muscle, and sinew, in the form of laborers, at the cost of those who desired to sell their own labor for the benefit of themselves, their wives, and their children.

REAL WEAKNESS OF THE SOUTH.

On a former occasion, we demonstrated to our readers that a separate confederacy of the Southern States could embrace no member of the present Union north of South Carolina and Alabama, and that, whenever formed, it would be utterly powerless for the accomplishment of Southern objects. This, however, would be equally true of any such Union, were it even to include all the States south of Maryland and Missouri, several of which can never, under any circumstances, venture to separate themselves from the North.

Power grows with the increase of wealth. The honest, industrious, and prudent man, who respects the rights of others, finds himself from year to year more able to claim and to enforce respect for his own. The spendthrift, the drunkard, and the gambler, holding in small respect the rights of others, lose by degrees all power to direct themselves, and end their days in hospitals or almshouses. The farmer who obtains good prices for his grain is enabled from day to day to add to his facilities for production and transportation, to improve the condition of his family, and to increase his contributions for the improvement of schools for his children; and with every step in this direction there is increase of power; whereas, he who is forced to accept low prices finds himself declining in power from day to day, until at length his farm passes into the hands of the sheriff, and he himself becomes a wanderer and a day laborer. So it is with communities; those that are enabled to command high prices find themselves becoming more powerful from year to year, whereas, those which, like Portugal, Turkey, Mexico, India, Virginia, and Carolina, are from year to year obliged to give more commodities for less money, become weaker with every succeeding period.

The policy of the Slave States tends in one or the other of these directions. And as the question of power is only a question of wealth, we may here advantageously examine what has been the effect of their past course upon the prices of their staples. If they have tended upward, then may the South form for itself a powerful Union, but if they have tended in the opposite direction, then must that Union, wherever and however formed, be a weak and insignificant one. What are the facts, we propose now to show:

Twenty years ago, say in the period from 1832 to 1838, the average yield of cotton was about 1,350,000 bales, and the average price, as stated by Mr. Walker some years since, was thirteen and a half cents per pound. Since then, the population of the cotton-growing States has almost doubled, and the crop has somewhat more than doubled, having thus but little more than kept pace with the increase of numbers. The crop of the present year is now estimated at little more than 2,800,000 bales, and yet the price of middling, which gives the average of the whole, is at this moment quoted at New Orleans at eight cents, "with a declining tendency." Fortunately for the planter the crop is very short. Had it proved to be as was expected, 3,300,000 bales, it may well be doubted if it would now command

even *one half* of the average price of the period to which we first referred. Here is a great reduction, and to what is it due? To any increase in the value of money? Certainly not; for in the time that has since elapsed the great gold fields of California and Australia have been discovered. To any general diminution of prices? Certainly not; for wheat, corn, rye, hay, butchers' meat, and all the raw products of the earth, *except those in the raising of which Carolina, Mississippi, and Louisiana are concerned*, have largely advanced in price. Copper, tin, lead, and iron have also advanced. House rents are higher than were ever known; the freights of ships are enormous. And thus all things are high except cotton and sugar, the two commodities upon the price of which depends the power of our Southern neighbors.

In this period our crop of sugar has risen from about nothing to 330,000 hhds., or 350 millions of pounds; and that of molasses to 21 millions of gallons, and the chief part of this increase is due to the protection afforded by the tariff of '42. But for that portion of Northern policy, nearly the whole force employed in raising sugar would be now at work in the cotton-fields, giving probably another half million of bales, with a price less by one third than that at which it now is sold. To the diversification of employment thus given to the South is therefore due the fact that the price has, even thus far, been maintained. It is the North, as we have already said, that has stood between the South and ruin.

The South had three cents a pound on sugar, but jealousy of the North prompted it to inflict upon the people of the Union the tariff of 1846, with its *ad valorem* system, and what has been the consequence? The duty has fallen to one cent per pound; the import has risen to 500 millions of pounds, and the price has fallen in this market to four cents, one half of which is swallowed up by casks, freights, and commission, leaving the planter two cents, or only twice the amount of the duty on foreign sugar.

We see thus that two of the most important commodities produced in the world are steadily settling down in price at a time when all the raw produce of the world, *that of the tropical countries excepted*, is as steadily rising; a state of things tending to the increase of the power of the communities that have to *buy* cotton, coffee, and sugar, and to the diminution of the power of those that have to *sell* those commodities. Why this is so is, that the people of the South have never yet been able to open their eyes to the truth of General Jackson's views, as given in his letter to Dr. Coleman, that the true way to increase the power of the people who have raw commodities to sell, is to adopt the measures required for diminishing the number of producers and increasing the number of consumers. All their projects look to increasing the number of producers of cotton and sugar, and of course increasing the competition for their sale. All their ideas of the true commercial policy of the South are borrowed from the books of English writers, who seek to have cheap cotton and cheap sugar, and those ideas are carried into practice by the men of Alabama and Mississippi, who desire that cotton and sugar may be dear; and who persist in carrying out the English policy in face of the fact that, notwithstanding

the great increase in the supply of gold, the prices of their commodities tend steadily towards a lower point, and their own power tends steadily to decline. It was said of old that "those whom the gods would destroy they first make mad," and all history proves the fact; but it would be difficult to find any where a more striking proof of its truth than is now being furnished by the Slave States of this Union.

The South now desires Cuba, and for the purpose of obtaining it will agree to tax the people of the North some eighty millions of dollars towards the hundred millions required for its purchase. Suppose, however, this object attained, and the island purchased, will that increase the power of the South? We doubt it. Thus far its real power has diminished as its territory has increased, and it has only been by means of purchasing "Northern men with Southern principles" that it has maintained its position in the Union. Its real and enduring strength is far less now, as compared with the North, than it was before Florida was bought, and greatly less than it was before Texas was dragged into the Union; and it will be still less after Cuba shall have been purchased. The reason for this is, that thus far all its measures have tended to increase competition for the sale of its products, and such is the tendency of the present Cuban movement.

With the annexation of that island, the duty on sugar will cease, and the sugar cultivation of Louisiana and Texas must pass away, the consequence of which must be a steady tendency to increase the number of producers of cotton, with a decline in the price of that staple. We shall, however, be told that the negroes of Texas will be taken to Cuba to raise sugar. Admit that such be the case, will not the effect be to produce a still more rapid decline in sugar, and will not this drive more people to the production of cotton? Such must certainly be the case. The only effect of the incorporation of Cuba into the Union will be to increase the competition for the sale of Southern products and to diminish their prices.

It is not, however, Cuba alone that is to be incorporated with the South; Hayti is to be added. "With Cuba and St. Domingo," says *The Charleston Standard*, "we could control the productions of the tropics, and with them, the commerce of the world, and *with that*, the power of the world." Well, suppose Hayti added, and her land rendered more productive, can such a measure have any other effect than that of increasing the competition for the sale of Southern products, and diminishing their prices, and the power of the men who have them to sell? We think not. We see every where that men who have to work cheaply lose power, and to produce this state of things appears to us to be the tendency of all Southern measures.

It is not, however, to Cuba and Hayti alone that Southern *insanity* now directs its attention. It would have the lands of the Amazon rendered productive of all the commodities that Southern men have to sell, with a view, probably, of reducing their prices with the greatest possible rapidity. We quote again from *The Standard*:

"Our true policy is to look to Brazil as the next great slave power, and as the government that is to direct or license the development of the country drained by the

Amazon. Instead of courting England we should look to Brazil and the West Indies. The time will come when a treaty of commerce and alliance with Brazil will give us the control over the Gulf of Mexico, and its border countries, together with the islands, and the consequence of this will place African Slavery beyond fanaticism, at home or abroad. These two great slave powers now hold more undeveloped territory than any other two governments, and they ought to guard and strengthen their mutual interests by acting together, in strict harmony and concert. Considering our vast resources and the mighty commerce that is about to expand upon the bosom of the two countries, if we act together by treaty, *we can not only preserve domestic servitude, but we can defy the power of the world.*"

To accomplish all these objects, however, large supplies of laborers are required, and, that they may be obtained, the African slave trade is, according to *The Standard*, to be opened up "again to people the whole region of the tropics." Will this, however, enrich and strengthen the South? We think not. With the reopening of the slave trade, the price of negroes will probably fall about three fourths; and if we take the present average value of men and women, old and young, sick and well, at but five hundred dollars, here will be a diminution of wealth to the extent of not less than twelve hundred millions of dollars. In such case, what will become of the owners of the existing generation of slaves? Must they not be ruined?

This, however, is not all. The more slaves the more cotton and sugar there will be, and the more of these commodities for sale the larger will be the quantity to be given for the same quantity of cloth, corn, lead, or iron. Every planter knows that he profits by short crops of cotton in India, or of sugar in Brazil, and that he suffers when they have large crops; and yet these very men are now laboring to increase the crops of Cuba, Hayti, and Brazil, under the idea that power goes with the surface owned, and with the quantity of commodities produced, and not with the quantity of other commodities obtained in exchange for them. A more remarkable case of insanity has never yet been furnished by the world.

We are told, however, that the North is being enriched by immigration, and that the condition of the immigrant is improved, and are asked, as the eminent authority we have already cited tells us,

"If it be mercy to give the grain-growing sections of America to the poor and hungry of Europe, why not open up the tropics to the poor African? The one region is as eminently suited to them as the other is to the white race. There is as much philanthropy in one as in the other. We have been too long governed by psalm singing schoolmasters from the North. It is time to think for ourselves. The folly commenced in our own government uniting with Great Britain to declare slave importation piracy. Piracy is a crime on the high seas, arising under the law of nations, and it is as well defined by those laws as murder is at common law. And for two nations to attempt to make that piracy which is not so under the law of nations, is an absurdity."

That the North is enriched by immigration is most true, but such would not be the case if the North were pertinaciously to insist that every immigrant should raise only wheat, corn, or tobacco. The men who come to the North sell their own labor, and are always seeking so to diversify their employments as to render each and every man a customer to his neighbor. The market, therefore, grows with the supply, and the faster men come the greater is the demand for labor, except when Southern policy intervenes to close the mills and furnaces, and to force the whole people of the North to resort to agriculture as the sole means of subsistence, as was the

case in 1841-42. With all the vast increase of production, the domestic demand that has resulted from protection, even so far as our farmers have obtained it, has grown so fast, that we have now far less food to send abroad than we had thirty years since, and prices are far higher now than they were then. Had the North repudiated protection it would be poorer now than it was then, for it would have more to send abroad, and would get less in exchange for it. Had the South adopted protection, it would have now far less for which it must seek a market abroad, and would be receiving twice as much cloth, iron, copper, tin, and lead, in exchange for the diminished quantity. Under the Northern system profit and power grow with increase of population, but under the Southern one all have diminished, and must continue to diminish. The greater the territory and the greater the population, the greater *must* be the quantity of Southern produce required to go abroad, the lower must be the prices, and the weaker must become the cotton-growers; and therefore the realization of Southern schemes to their fullest extent can only render the members of the anticipated Southern Union very much poorer, weaker, and less respectable than they are at present.

THE NORTHERN SLAVE STATES.

Our readers must, we think, be satisfied that no division of the Union can take place which will deprive Virginia, Kentucky, North Carolina, or Tennessee, of the benefits they now derive from their connection with the North. The last three have been Whig States, generally identified with the North as to the true course of national policy, and nothing but the wildest insanity could lead them to a connection with the extremists of the South. As regards Virginia, the State so remarkable, as we are told by *The Enquirer*, for the perfect development of "the principles of self-government," and for "the dignity, propriety, and self-possession of the dominant race," she has been kept in her present position only by a denial to nearly one half of her *nominally* free population of any claim whatever to the exercise of "self-government." Her system is a tyranny equally with that of South Carolina. Out of 92,000 votes cast in 1848, General Taylor had 45,250, or within 750 of one half the whole number, and yet this immense minority was represented on the floor of Congress by but a single member, "the lone star" that was by "the dominant race" permitted to shed its light upon the deliberations of the House of Representatives. Such, too, has been the case during many years, that the State has been nearly equally divided between the Whigs and Democrats. Out of 96,000 votes, Mr. Clay had within 2,500 of one half; but so admirably had the State been *Gerrymandered* by "the dominant race," so conspicuous for its admiration of "self-government," that that great minority was almost entirely denied the privilege of representation, and was thus gagged to prevent it from disturbing in any manner the "dignity, propriety, and self-possession" of those who preferred the government of "Northern men with Southern principles" to that of high-minded and honorable Southern men like Henry Clay and Winfield Scott.

One fifth of the whole population of the State over twenty years of age cannot read at all, and this would give about 20,000 voters who can neither read nor write. Of these nineteen twentieths may be set down as belonging to the Gerrymandering party that has ruled the State, being at least six times the majority by which it has been so long administered in the interests of the South. The celebrated "tenth legion," the stronghold of what is called Democracy, has in it little short of two thousand voters who can neither read nor write, and whose votes are given, invariably, for the pro-slavery candidate, and it is by such men that the majority is furnished. The day is not, however, distant when the intelligence and moral feeling of the State will obtain some control over its management; for already its people are awakening to the fact that with every advantage nature could give them, they are declining in wealth and power, while the State is diminishing from year to year in its influence upon the movements of the Union. Her people are now being told by *The Lynchburg Virginian* that,

"Her coal fields are the most extensive in the world, and her coal of the best and purest quality. Her iron deposits are altogether inexhaustible, and in many instances so pure, that it is malleable in its primitive state, and many of these deposits in the immediate vicinity of extensive coal fields. She has, too, very extensive deposits of copper, lead, and gypsum. Her rivers are numerous and bold, generally with fall enough for extensive water power. The James River, at Richmond, affords a convertible water power, immensely superior to that of the Merrimack, at Lowell, and not inferior to that of the Genesee, at Rochester. The James River, at her passage through the Blue Ridge, and the Potomac, at Harper's Ferry, both afford great water power. The Kanawha, or New River, has an immense fall. There is hardly a section of five miles between the Falls of Kanawha and the North Carolina line, that has not fall enough for working the most extensive machinery. . . . A remarkable feature in the mining and manufacturing prospects of Virginia is the ease and economy with which all her minerals are mined; instead of being, as in England and elsewhere, generally imbedded deep within the bowels of the earth, from which they can be got only with great labor and at great cost, ours are found every where on the hills and slopes, with their ledges dipping in the direction of the plains below. Why, then, should not Virginia at once employ at least half of her labor and capital in mining and manufacturing? Richmond could as profitably manufacture all cotton and woollen goods as Lowell, or any other town in New England. Why should not Lynchburg, with all her promised facility of getting coal and pig metal, manufacture all articles of iron and steel just as cheaply, and yet as profitably, as any portion of the Northern States? Why should not every town and village on the line of every railroad in the State, erect their shops, in which they may manufacture a thousand articles of daily consumption, just as good and cheap as they may be made any where?"

Simply because Virginia has preferred to manufacture her corn into negroes, by the sale of which to purchase her cloth and her iron, rather than take for herself the protection required to enable her to make her cloth, her iron, her railroad bars, and her steam-engines at home. She has been the steady advocate of the policy that looked to the depression of the free laborer to the condition of the slave, when her true interests lay in the direction which looked towards the elevation of the slave to the condition of a freeman. She has pursued a policy that has kept her, as *The Virginian* further says,

"Dependent upon Europe and the North for almost every yard of cloth, and every coat and boot and hat we wear, for our axes, scythes, tubs, and buckets—in short, for every thing except our bread and meat? It must occur to the South that if our relations with the North should ever be severed—and how soon they may be none can know (may God avert it long!)—we would, in all the South, not be able to clothe ourselves. We could not fell our forests, plough our fields, nor mow our

meadows. In fact, we should be reduced to a state more abject than we are willing to look at, even prospectively. And yet with all these things staring us in the face, we shut our eyes, and go on blindfold."

All this is most true, but why is it so? Because whenever, under the free labor policy, as in the years 1844 to 1847, any attempt is made at establishing manufactures in Virginia, the representatives of its tenth legion in the House and in the Senate are always found ready with their votes to crush the unfortunate man who has been induced so to invest his capital. Her Senators even now stand, as we believe, instructed to vote for the abolition of the duty on railroad iron, and yet she is capable of furnishing the whole demand of the Union for that important commodity. To the folly of this course, her people are now becoming awake, and even *The Richmond Enquirer* tells its readers that,

"In no State of the Confederacy do the facilities for manufacturing operations exist in greater profusion than in Virginia. Every condition essential to success in these employments is found here in prodigal abundance and in a peculiarly convenient combination. First, we have a limitless supply of water-power—the cheapest of motors—in localities easy of access. So abundant is this supply of water-power that no value is attached to it distinct from the adjacent lands, except in the vicinity of the larger towns. On the Potomac and its tributaries; on the Rappahannock; on the James and its tributaries; on the Roanoke and its tributaries, on the Holston, the Kanawha, and other streams, numberless sites may be found where the supply of water-power is sufficient for the purposes of a Lawrence or a Lowell. Nor is there any want of material for building at these localities; timber and granite are abundant; and, to complete the circle of advantages, the climate is genial and healthful, and the soil eminently productive. . . . Another advantage which Virginia possesses for the manufacture of cotton is the proximity of its mills to the raw material. At the present prices of the staple, the value of this advantage is estimated at ten per cent. Our railway system, penetrating into every part of the State, will facilitate the transfer of cotton to the most remote localities. Instead of expatiating on the causes of the shameful neglect of the magnificent resources and advantages for manufacturing operations which Virginia possesses in such abundance, we choose rather to suggest some reasons why the State should, especially at this particular juncture, apply its energy and capital to this inviting field of enterprise. One among the inevitable effects of the crisis in Europe, is the comparative prostration of the manufacturing interest in Great Britain. The withdrawal of capital from the operations of trade to sustain the operations of war—the general rise in the price of bread—the stringency, uncertainty, and sudden fluctuations in the money market—will all contribute to impair the ability of Great Britain to maintain its ascendancy, while, in consequence of the rupture of old commercial relations, new and exclusive markets will be thrown open to the products of American industry. Moreover, in this general interruption of trade and prostration of the manufacturing interest, the great Southern staple must suffer unless an original and compensating demand for cotton be created in this country. Leaving out of view its effect on the general prosperity of the State, the creation of a new demand for labor by manufacturing enterprises would tend to arrest the tide which annually sweeps away so large a portion of our Slave population. The increase in the value of Slave property, consequent on the demand for labor on our works of internal improvement, has already partially checked the trade to the South. An additional counter demand would stop it entirely."

This is almost true. "An additional counter demand" for labor would terminate the domestic Slave-trade, to the great advantage of the Slave, his owner, and the State. The establishment of such a demand would, however, be entirely impossible in connection with any Southern Union, for the repudiation of protection is a cardinal principle with all the advocates of such a Union. They seek to have free trade in the importation of cloth, iron, and negroes, whereas Virginia needs either protection for cloth and iron, or a continuation of that protection to the negro trade that

she has so long enjoyed, and without which she cannot exist, unless, as suggested by *The Enquirer*, she establishes such a "counter demand" for labor as shall render her soil attractive of immigration, instead of being, as heretofore, so repulsive as to drive from it not only the slave but the free population.

In the last thirty years, the politicians who have Gerrymandered the State have governed it with special regard to their own private interests; and have thus compelled the export of population to such an extent as to have built up an extreme South, that now proposes to act for itself in opposition to all the States north of South Carolina and Alabama, as was done by the former State and Georgia at the time of the formation of the Constitution. They desire to free themselves from the necessity for paying high prices for Virginia slaves when Africans can be bought at low ones, and they therefore repudiate altogether the idea of having her or Kentucky, North Carolina or Tennessee, in the new Union, that is, as we are told, to people "the noble region of the tropics;" to "control" their productions, "and with them the commerce of the world." "We will not have them," say they—"we do not want them; we desire to have no grain-growing State; Virginia and North Carolina may go where they please, but they *shall not* be admitted to our companionship." Such are the circumstances under which Virginia now exists, and those who will reflect upon this will, as we think, come to the conclusion at which we long since have arrived, that it is not only absolutely impossible that any Southern Union should be formed embracing the States north of South Carolina and Alabama, but equally impossible that the present attitude of the extreme South should fail to produce in the more northern of the Slave States a feeling of the necessity for strengthening themselves by an adoption of the policy of those north of them, with which their interests must, of necessity, continue to be connected.

THE REAL DISUNIONISTS.

The only States that can by any possibility secede from their connection with the North, are South Carolina, Georgia, and Alabama, and the five States that have been formed from the territory purchased by the Union, *and mainly at Northern cost*, for the South, to wit, Florida, Mississippi, Arkansas, Louisiana, and Texas. These eight States, that now undertake to dictate the whole policy of the Union, contained at the last census four millions of persons, of whom nearly eighteen hundred thousand were property, enabling less than *two and a quarter millions of whites* to countervail in the House of Representatives the votes of *three and a quarter millions of Northern freemen*.* To the Senate they furnished sixteen members, while New York, and the two adjoining States, with almost seven and a half millions of people, *none of whom are property*, gave but six, and thus it has been that this population, so insignificant in point of numbers or wealth, has been enabled to tax the North for the accomplishment of its purposes.

* That is, of voters.

The South, the formidable South, of which we hear so much, constitutes then, at the present moment, so far as the white population, which is the element of strength, *less than one tenth of the Union*, but so far as regards the black population, which is the element of weakness, it is more than one half of the Union.

The North, the poor and contemptible North, that lives, as we are told, upon the contributions of the South, possesses at this moment twenty millions of free white people who sell their own labor, while it contains but a million and a half of men, women, and children, of the class whose labor is sold by others. To compare the two, as regards strength, would be to compare the infant with the full-grown man, or the pygmy with the giant; and yet, this weak and insignificant South has been permitted to direct, and does now direct, the policy of the Union. Sinbad like, the North has permitted the South to mount its shoulders, and to play the part of "the old man of the sea," until Northern patience has become at length exhausted, and Northern men have begun to calculate the real strength of the faction by which their destinies have been so long determined.

The South desires now to purchase Cuba, to obtain possession of Hayti, to conquer Mexico, to add the British and French West Indies to the new Slave Republic; then to open the territory of the Amazon to cultivation by slaves, and thus, in concert with Brazil, to obtain, as it says, control of "the commerce of the world." Among the earliest of the measures required for the accomplishment of these great objects is the reopening of the African Slave-trade, with the view to obtaining what is so much desired by English manufacturers and American planters, a cheap and abundant supply of slave-labor.

This is a magnificent scheme, but what is it to cost, and whence are to come the means for its accomplishment? A hundred millions have already been offered by the South for Cuba alone, and the price of two hundred and fifty millions has since been mentioned. To purchase the control of Hayti would require many millions, and yet this would constitute but a very small portion of the very numerous millions that would be required for reintroducing Slavery into the other islands, and for reestablishing the Slave-trade in the face of the unanimous decision of the world, that it is to be regarded as piracy, and treated as such. To do all this would require fleets and armies of great power, and if we add the cost of them to payments for land, it will, we think, be fair to say that the scheme of the South cannot be carried into effect at a smaller cost than fifty millions of dollars a year, in addition to the ordinary expenditures of government. Since the South obtained control in 1829, it has swelled the expenditures from twelve millions to more than forty, and there is no reason to doubt that if Southern domination be continued, *they will be swelled to seventy,** or fifty millions more than would be required for the maintenance of a government administered on Northern principles.

In the event of secession, however, the South—that is to say, the peo-

* True, as inspired prophecy. Already, in 1850, only five years after this was published, the expenses have run up to nearly \$80,000,000 a year. J. R.

ple of the eight States of the extreme South — would have to pay for the cost of carrying out their schemes; and we may, therefore, properly inquire into the extent of their means for doing this. They have about two and a half millions of bales of cotton to sell, and at present prices those may be set down at about ninety millions of dollars. The sugar trade would perish from the moment of secession, and the sugar planters would be driven to cotton, the effect of which would be a large reduction in its price. We will, however, admit that the new republic may export cotton and rice to the amount of a hundred millions of dollars, or twenty-five dollars per head of its Free and Slave population, and that is certainly the highest estimate that can be made. With this hundred millions it will have to purchase its silks and its laces, its cottons and woollens, its wagons, carriages, and furniture; its axes and ploughs, its mules and horses, and much of its food, and when these shall be paid for there will remain small means for maintaining the fleets and armies required for carrying into effect its numerous and extensive schemes of aggrandizement. It has now entire freedom of trade in by far the largest part of all the commodities required for its consumption, but under its new system, a duty of fifty per cent. upon all the commodities that entered within its limits would by no means suffice for its expenditures. The first act of the new "free trade" Union would, of necessity, be an increased interference with trade.

The Southern mode of carrying on a government is, however, chiefly by aid of loans. Under the Northern system, that prevailed from 1829 to 1833, we paid off our debt. Under the Southern one, that prevailed from 1834 to 1842, we contracted a new debt at six per cent., after having paid off one at three per cent. Under the tariff of 1842, we commenced anew to reduce the debt, but when the South again obtained control of the government, we ran again into debt for the maintenance of war for the accomplishment of Southern objects. Such being the case, we may reasonably suppose that the new Slave republic would, in the outset, endeavor to stretch its credit, and thus as far as possible avoid the necessity for taxation. Here, however, it would encounter great difficulties. Of the eight States there are three that have not yet paid their old debts; and until they shall do so, they will never be permitted to contract a new one. Texas, Mississippi, and Florida are now in a state of repudiation, and they would constitute three eighths of the new republic. Such a Union would have no credit even for the most laudable purposes, and still less when its object was boldly proclaimed to be to "reopen the African Slave-trade," to "preserve domestic servitude," and to "defy the power of the world." The commercial credit of such a community would be on a par with that of Algiers, Tripoli, Tunis, or any other piratical State. Neither Europe nor America would lend money for the promotion of such objects, particularly when it was clearly seen that the only effect of the accomplishment of Southern schemes would be to increase the quantity of Southern produce pressing on the market, and to diminish its price. Every capitalist knows well that the larger the quantity of a commodity that *must* be sold, the poorer and more dependent *must* become its producer. Every such man

applied to for a loan would see that the whole tendency of Southern projects was towards increasing the competition for the sale of Southern products, the *only ones whose prices are even now falling, notwithstanding the increased production of gold*, and that every step in that direction must increase the dependence of their producers. The South could therefore effect no loans, and were it to attempt to raise by taxation the means required for carrying out its schemes, it would drive its population back to the North as the only means of escape from the oppressions of the Slave republic.

Such a Union would be utterly powerless, and we may, therefore, rest secure that it will never be formed. The North has thus far carried the South on its shoulders, and so it is bound to do in all time to come. It has purchased its lands, maintained the fleets and armies required for its purposes, and stood between it and the public opinion of the world while maintaining the value of its commodities and giving value to its labor and land. During the whole of this period it has borne unmeasured insolence, and has, for the sake of peace, permitted its whole policy to be governed by a body of Slaveholders amounting to but little more than a quarter of a million in number. It has made one compromise after another, until at length the day of compromise has past, and has given place to the day on which the South and the North — the advocates of Slave labor on the one side and of Free labor on the other — are now to measure strength, and we trust it *will* be measured.

Falstaff was strong in words, but weak in action. So it is with the South, whose every movement betokens conscious weakness. For a quarter of a century past she has been holding conventions, at which it has been resolved that Norfolk, Charleston, and Savannah *should* become great commercial cities, which obstinately they refuse to be. She has resolved upon all kinds of expedients for raising the price of cotton, which yet is lower by one third than it was twenty years since. She has resolved to suppress the discussion of Slavery, and the discussion is now more rife than ever before. She has resolved upon becoming strong and independent, but is now more dependent on the forbearance of the world than in any time past. Under such circumstances, there need be small fear of her secession from that North, which has so long stood between her and ruin. The irritability of our Southern friends is evidence of conscious weakness, and while that irritability shall continue, the danger of dissolution will continue to be far distant.

The Union *must* be continued until at least the South shall have had the opportunity for taxing the North for the accomplishment of its projects. *Until then, the Union cannot be dissolved.* Such being the case, the real friend of the Union is he who opposes the annexation of Cuba and Hayti, and the extension of Slavery; and the real disunionist is he who advocates compliance with Southern demands. Thus far, all the measures adopted for the promotion of Southern objects have been followed by increased abuse and increased threats of separation, and such will certainly be the case with all such future ones. To preserve the Union, it is re-

quired that the North should insist on its rights, and determine to refuse the admission of any more such States as Florida and Arkansas as offsets against such as Illinois and Michigan. To preserve the Union, it is required that eighteen millions of Northern men should refuse to be ridden over rough-shod by two millions of Southern men voting for *themselves and their property*. To preserve the Union, it is required that we go back to that fundamental principle of our system which says that the majority, and not the minority, shall rule. To preserve the Union, it is required that the freemen of the North should insist on having the government administered in the interests of freedom, as counselled by Washington, Jefferson, and Madison, refusing any longer to permit it to be administered in the interests of the Calhouns, the Butlers, and the Toombses, who would perpetuate the system under which men, their wives, and their children are hunted by bloodhounds and sold like cattle in the market. The more fixed and united the Northern people show themselves to be — the more strenuously they resist the addition of any more Slave territory or the admission of any new Slave States — the longer and the more certain will be the endurance of the Union. The only real disunionists of the country, north of Mason and Dixon's line, are the political doughfaces, like Pierce, Douglas, and Richardson, and the commercial doughfaces, like many we could name, who sell themselves to the South for the promotion of those objects on which Southern madmen now are bent.



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See page 300.

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